APRIL

25 CENTS

REDBOOK

MAGAZINE

Beginning

Mowery's

The

WILDERNESS SINGER

also a short story by

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Chesterfield

"I'd rather have a Chesterfield"

Only when it comes to taste do cigarettes differ. Chesterfield too is mild; but it is wholly different in taste. "A character all its own," say millions of smokers. *You* will find the change to Chesterfield a *real* change—and a mighty welcome one!

Don't let "pink tooth brush" *go on··and on··and on!*

REMEMBER the first time you noticed that your gums were yielding a trace of "pink"? A little disturbed, weren't you? And then you forgot all about it—just became accustomed to "pink tooth brush".

So many people have it! The modern menu is made up almost entirely of foods which fairly melt in your mouth. Your gums get little or no stimulation and exercise. They gradually become flabby and touchy and tender. Next step—there's "pink" on your brush.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. It opens the way for many gum troubles—for Vincent's disease, for gingivitis, even for the less frequent but more dreaded pyorrhea. Neglect it *too* long, and it may lead to infection at the roots of teeth which today are perfectly sound . . which often means the loss of those teeth.

Ipana Checks "Pink Tooth Brush"

It isn't *necessary* to let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. First get some Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But afterward, put some more Ipana on your brush and *lightly massage it into your tender gums.*

Your teeth will soon recover their natural sparkling polish. And within the month your gums will have become firmer, with a healthier color. The ziratol in Ipana—the same ziratol used by modern dentists for toning and stimulating the gums—together with the massage, speeds the circulation in the gum cells and hardens the walls.

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IPANA *Tooth Paste*

REDBOOK
Magazine

for APRIL 1931

DONALD KENNICOTT, *Associate* EDWIN BALMER, *Editor* SID L. HYDEMAN, *Art Editor*

SHORT STORIES

ECHO OF THE GONG—*It never quite dies out of an ex-fighter's ears* . . . ***Octavus Roy Cohen*** 26

PAJAMAS—*A rollicking yarn by the newest Nobel prize-winner* . . . ***Sinclair Lewis*** 28

BIG TIMER—*The artless monologue of a soda-fountain Lochinvar* . . . ***Kay Kennedy*** 32

MUDDER AND FODDER—*Speed the versatile wins a race-horse—and a girl* . . . ***Sam Hellman*** 50

NEW LEAF—*A modern version of the story of the Prodigal Son's brother* . . . ***Elmer Davis*** 54

THE GOOD NAME OF A WOMAN—*A lovely thief succeeds at honesty* . . . ***Arthur Somers Roche*** 62

LOVE LETTER—*What a woman can read between the lines* . . . ***Margaret Culkin Banning*** 76

DÉBUT—*The song is not always to the singer* . . . ***Edward McKenna*** 82

SERIAL NOVELS

THE WILDERNESS SINGER—*The radio's magic comes to the Far North* ***William Byron Mowery*** 20

THE LONE WOLF'S SON—*Who has taken the Habsburg emeralds?* . . . ***Louis Joseph Vance*** 45

THE FOOTPRINT OF CINDERELLA—*Money is more magic than a wand* . . . ***Philip Wylie*** 58

ISLAND OF DESIRE—*Triumphantly home come Kilgore and his castaway bride* . . . ***Peter B. Kyne*** 70

THE SPIRIT OF OUR TIME

REVOLT—*And its necessity for youth* . . . ***Bruce Barton*** 18

YOUR LIFE DEPENDS UPON THE POLICE—*An article of vital importance* . . . ***Bruce Smith*** 34

IN TUNE WITH OUR TIMES—*Brilliance and beauty of the day* . . . 37

A VISIT TO CHINA—*Change comes over the unchanging country* . . . ***Will Durant*** 66

AMERICA IS THE BETTER FOR— *Redbook offers a new department.* . . . 80

COVER DESIGN . . . ***McClelland Barclay***

Next Month

CONINGSBY DAWSON

Who wrote that beloved romance

"The Kingdom Round the Corner"

tells of the ecstasies and *despairs* of a *very* young wife who married the right man—*after* having married the wrong one

in

"A PATH to PARADISE"

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Subscription Offices—Dayton, Ohio. Editorial and Executive Offices—230 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

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The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES

C—*haracter*

A—*ssociations*

M—*anual Skills*

P—*leasure*

I—*nitiative*

N—*ature*

G—*rowth*

Camping is *different!* It is an escape from the cells of our routines. Styles of dress are dictated, not by Paris, but by comfort. Activities are prescribed, not by necessity, but by purposeful pleasure. Going is tuned, not to a machine age, but to personal initiative and a re-creative harmony. Ozone, ultraviolet, and the call of stream and woods all around us! Little wonder, some 3,000,000 of us under eighteen reach for it more eagerly each year.

Historically, we in America have always camped. The aborigines, the colonists, the armies, the frontiersmen and women on the Big Trails, the railroad builders, the highway makers—all camped. Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Hoover—camped. What are the values of camping?

Camping as experienced in the modern organized camp of today is an attractive, relatively controllable, educational device, where spontaneous urges abound *to do* and to explore and to learn and to accept responsibility. In Camping we *live with,* and adjustments to other personalities must be made. The social control is natural and is our own. Camping evokes the *Robinson Crusoe* in us. We improvise and make things.

If well managed the diet, rest, exercise and fun schedules are painlessly balanced to build morale and contribute to abundant health. The out-of-doors, woodlore, woodcraft, enjoyment and spiritual values are learned from nature, from necessity, from leaders and from each other.

There are rich emotional moments! The crackling fire dies down. Its tongue-like thrusts of light stab more feebly at the surrounding darkness. The wind rustles the leaves. The stars twinkle their eternal benediction. A night bird calls. The age-old mysterious noises of the night are there. The world seems very large. The little lighted circle seems very small. A bit of fun is had. A lofty ideal is sounded. It echoes up among the branches. It stirs the eager, receptive heart of youth—*Taps* sounds at a distance!

Yes—spiritual values are abundant. They occur in provisions for worship, in personal counsel with leaders, in personal relationships, they are most everywhere! And spirit is life!

Dr. Huber William Hurt is Research Executive, Younger Boy Character Education Research, Boy Scouts of America

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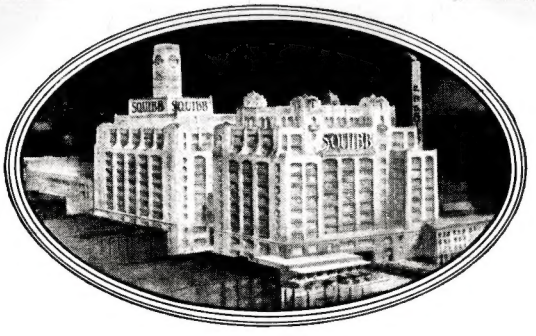

THE POWER TO AFFECT HUMAN WELFARE

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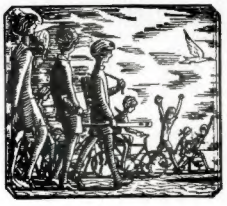

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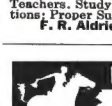

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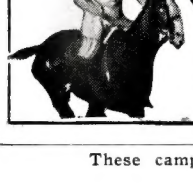

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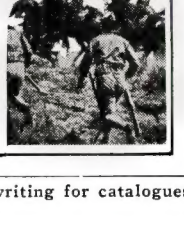

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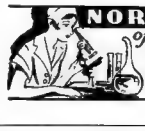

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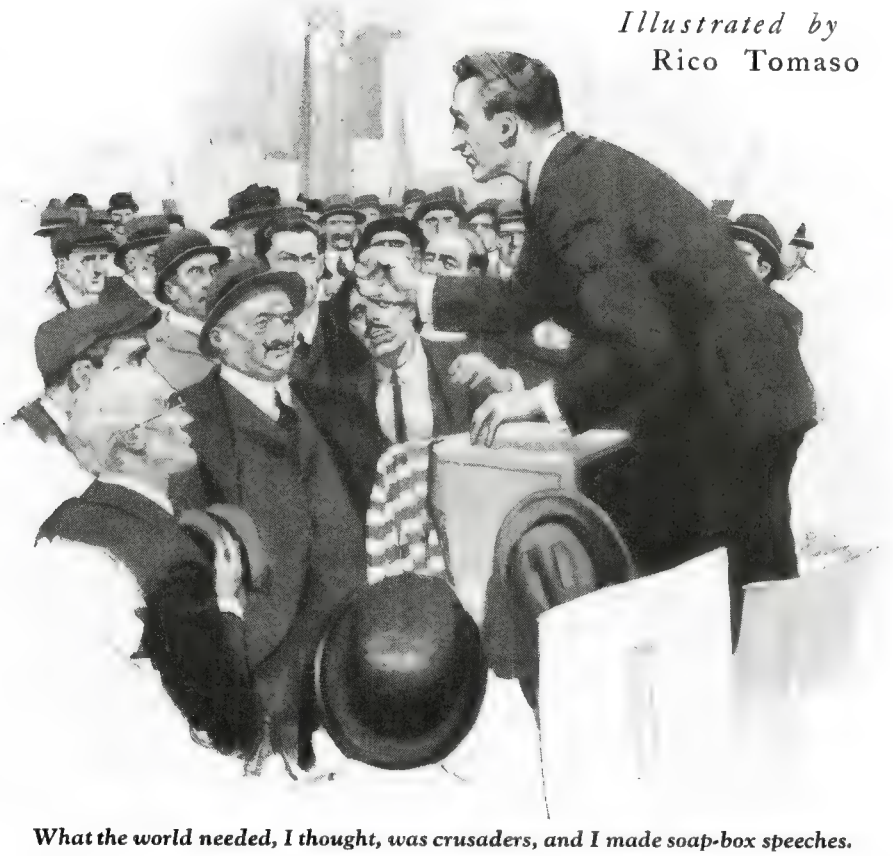
Redbook Magazine School Directory Continued on pages 148-149.

Revolt

by
Bruce Barton

Illustrated by
Rico Tomaso



What the world needed, I thought, was crusaders, and I made soap-box speeches.

SOME years ago an attractive and talented man of thirty came looking for a job, and by good fortune we were able to work out something for him.

In the course of our first conversation I asked him why, with so much ability, he had taken such a long time to settle down.

"It's my own fault," he answered with an engaging smile. "I have been a rebel."

"You mean you thought the social system so iniquitous that you refused to join it?"

"Just so," he said. "I was in college when the muck-rakers were at their peak. What the world needed most, I thought, was crusaders, and I determined to be one. I joined the Socialist party and made soap-box speeches. Later I visited Russia. More recently I have been doing some organization work for a trade union and writing articles for the radical papers. I've also had some fiction published—in the magazines that pay.

"Altogether, I don't think I have done much harm, and it's been an interesting experience. I don't regret it. But it's all over now."

"Why are you so sure it's over?" I asked. "What has happened to change you?"

For answer he pulled out of his pocket a photograph and passed it across the desk. It showed an attractive young woman with a year-old baby in her arms.

"The evils of the world are too big for one young fellow to cure," he laughed. "I've surrendered. After this I'm going to let society solve its own problems. I'll devote myself to the needs of that young woman and her son."

From this experience, and others of the same sort, I have developed a rather philosophical view of youthful radicalism.

I hold that a certain amount of protest on the part of young people is essential to keep the world from stagnating. It will be a sad day for the race when youngsters of twenty are as satisfied as men of fifty—when youth has no period of revolt.

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WITH a rifle between his knees, Wolf was crouched in a jumble of boulders a hundred yards above timberline, sharply watching a game trail that came winding up from the mountain balsams below.

An extra clip of cartridges, ready for quick shooting if necessary, lay beside him on his hat-brim. A ground wind, whispering down from the glacier above, ruffled his black wavy hair. Sunburned, hardened, his lean sardonic features were almost the same color as the weathered granite around him. In his grayish corduroys, moccasins, patched leather jacket, he merged so well with the lichen-padded rocks that a dainty doe and fawn were nibbling peacefully not thirty steps away.

West along the slope, a family of black bears were turning stones for mice, smashing the scampering tidbits with amazing dexterity. High overhead, a golden eagle hung against the sky, waiting for the tiny fawn to stray far enough from its mother's shoulder. Wolf kept a protective eye on the little thing, ready to save it from that feathered death-bolt even if he had to give away his ambush.

In the woods below him, dusky grouse were booming their hollow note and chortling along the mountain brooks. It was June; they were mating, playing, happily nesting now; but last winter during the January blizzards they had died by hundreds, perishing of hunger and the brutal cold. Those that were drumming and mating in the surging days of spring were those which had proved stronger of life than the others.

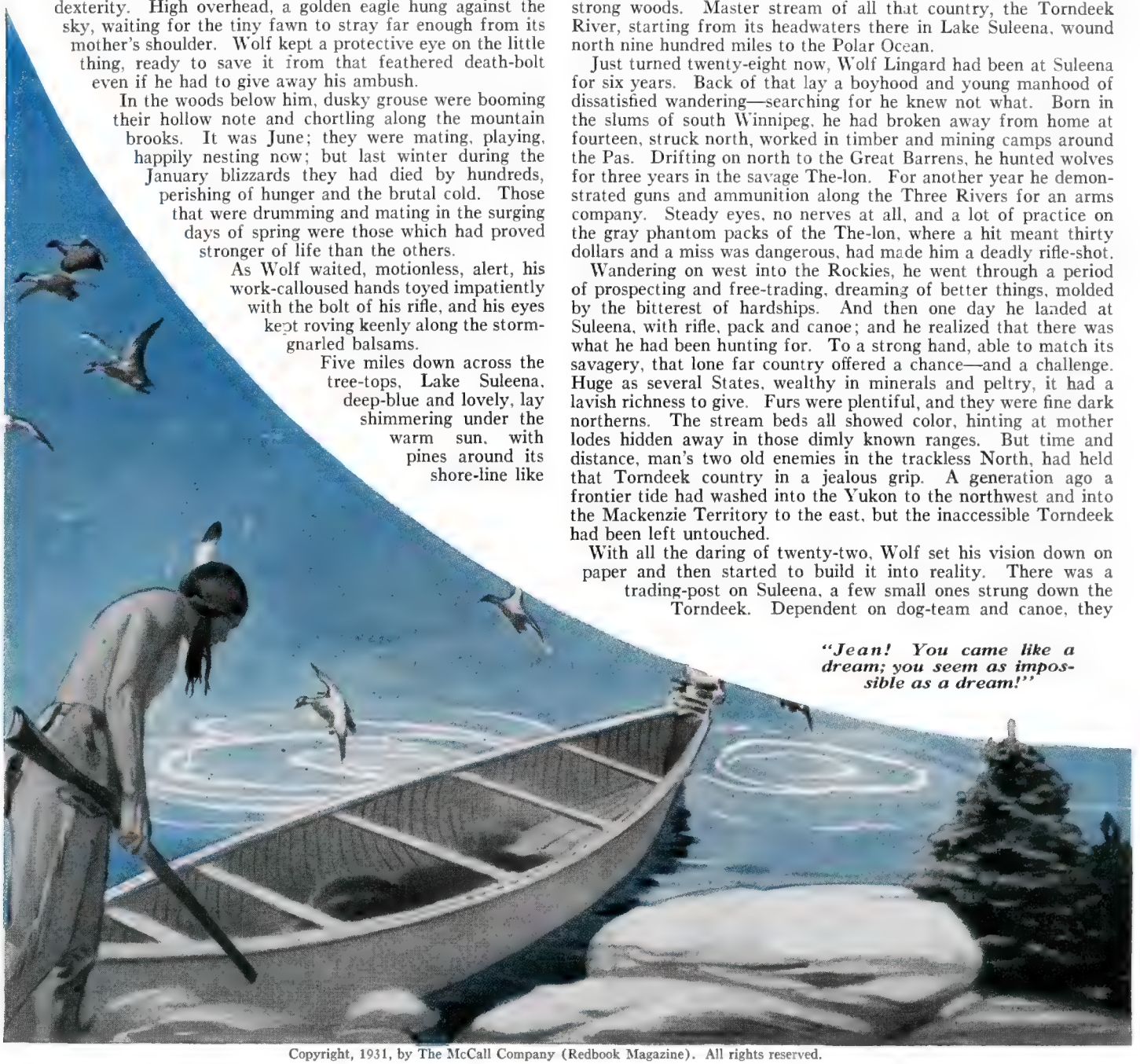
As Wolf waited, motionless, alert, his work-calloused hands toyed impatiently with the bolt of his rifle, and his eyes kept roving keenly along the storm-gnarled balsams.

Five miles down across the tree-tops, Lake Suleena, deep-blue and lovely, lay shimmering under the warm sun, with pines around its shore-line like the lashes around a girl's blue eyes. In every direction stretched a wilderness of ranges, snow-capped, lordly, reaching out of sight in the blue-hazy distance. Buried hundreds of miles deep in the sub-Arctic Rockies, it was a wild land that Wolf Lingard gazed out over—a beautiful country of tumultuous rivers, lonely lakes, virgin strong woods. Master stream of all that country, the Torndeek River, starting from its headwaters there in Lake Suleena, wound north nine hundred miles to the Polar Ocean.

Just turned twenty-eight now, Wolf Lingard had been at Suleena for six years. Back of that lay a boyhood and young manhood of dissatisfied wandering—searching for he knew not what. Born in the slums of south Winnipeg, he had broken away from home at fourteen, struck north, worked in timber and mining camps around the Pas. Drifting on north to the Great Barrens, he hunted wolves for three years in the savage The-lon. For another year he demonstrated guns and ammunition along the Three Rivers for an arms company. Steady eyes, no nerves at all, and a lot of practice on the gray phantom packs of the The-lon, where a hit meant thirty dollars and a miss was dangerous, had made him a deadly rifle-shot.

Wandering on west into the Rockies, he went through a period of prospecting and free-trading, dreaming of better things, molded by the bitterest of hardships. And then one day he landed at Suleena, with rifle, pack and canoe; and he realized that there was what he had been hunting for. To a strong hand, able to match its savagery, that lone far country offered a chance—and a challenge. Huge as several States, wealthy in minerals and peltry, it had a lavish richness to give. Furs were plentiful, and they were fine dark northerns. The stream beds all showed color, hinting at mother lodes hidden away in those dimly known ranges. But time and distance, man's two old enemies in the trackless North, had held that Torndeek country in a jealous grip. A generation ago a frontier tide had washed into the Yukon to the northwest and into the Mackenzie Territory to the east, but the inaccessible Torndeek had been left untouched.

With all the daring of twenty-two, Wolf set his vision down on paper and then started to build it into reality. There was a trading-post on Suleena, a few small ones strung down the Torndeek. Dependent on dog-team and canoe, they



"Jean! You came like a dream; you seem as impossible as a dream!"

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A romance *of* regions where *primitive impulses* reign

by William Byron Mowery

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

scarcely paid for the staggering cost of bringing in supplies. Quick to pierce to the heart of a problem, Wolf saw the solution of that trouble. The airplane! A plane carried more than a canoe or komatik. It was quick. It looked more expensive, but in actual figures it was less. It asked no landing-fields except the innumerable waterways, and no road except the one the eagle used.

On the proverbial shoe-string he bought a secondhand plane, built a small post on the shore of Suleena; and the Lingard Trading System was born.

Where the traders already in that region took a whole open season to water-dog supplies in and peltry out, he flew south to Steel-end in one day and back the next, at a tenth the cost. Somehow the Indians and 'breeds took to him—he got furs that first winter from four hundred miles away. His competitors, pinching pennies and robbing the Indians, fought him viciously. But his plane gave him a tremendous advantage; and he could fight as savagely as his enemies. Ruthless, a good many people considered Wolf Lingard, ruthless and proud and hard as steel—a man whose name fitted him.

All that was six years ago. Now the Lingard posts, starting at his home at Suleena, stretched

northward six hundred miles down the Torndeek. Eaux Mortes, Wind Harp, Misty River, Lake of the Lost—it was the newest and most vigorous trading system in the North. His fur ranch was something to be proud of. He owned several placer claims in the valuable Century Lake field five hundred miles south, with a chance that one of them might come through big. The territorial government had wished on him a weather station, forestry, game and Indian commission; and in Edmonton men looked upon him as a man of mark.

But to Wolf there was something ludicrous in his situation. He was poorer than the day he landed at Suleena, for his daring expansion had plunged him into debt by tens of thousands. He was literally hanging on by his fingernails. A venture like his ran into money, with cabined planes at twenty thousand dollars, with gasoline costing four dollars a gallon placed on the Torndeek. It was odd to be opening new trading-posts when his very jacket was patched; to buy a new plane when he sometimes had to go without pipe tobacco; to be paying his managers salaries that he would have envied for his own personal use.

He often thought, with a wry smile: "As a man of mark, I'm about the poorest fellow I ever heard of. I don't know about being a howling success, but I'm sure getting handy with a needle and buttons!"

Down the mountain slope, a moose-bird began quarreling at something just inside the timber. Watching through the trees, Wolf caught a glimpse of a huge furry form lumbering up the game-trail.

He crouched lower and eased his rifle out at ready, glad that his avenging hunt would end in a few moments more.

All that spring an old grizzly that had waked up too early had been prowling around Suleena, surly and vicious. A week ago it had fearfully mauled Jacques Brulette's little girl, and had killed several of the dogs that pitched into it. In his cabined Fokker, Wolf flew the little *métise* out to Fort Smith, but she died in his arms while he was taking her ashore. Coming back, he dropped all work and went after the dangerous brute. With Loup-Ailé, his young Indian partner, he tracked it through moraine snows, built huge deadfalls, ambushed game-trails, but till now had not caught a glimpse of the grizzly.

The huge silvertip trundled out of the timber and came on up the path. Fifty yards away it stopped, reared up and sniffed the air, growling ominously. Wolf fired twice. The bullets from his powerful rifle toppled the bear backwards, and it went rolling, clawing, snarling down the slope till it fetched up against a dolomite boulder.

Wolf rose and stepped down the path toward it, approaching carefully, with rifle at alert. But his bullets had hit the heart; the old murderer was stone dead. What a magnificent robe that grizzly would make! But then he pictured that sorrowful hour when he brought *p'tite* Françoise back to Jacques and Paula, and he felt he did not care to have that pelt in his study.

As he stood there on the slope, lighting a pipe after his four-hour vigil, a rifle spoke out suddenly—crashingly in the silence—from a drogue of black spruce three hundred yards down the mountain. Wolf jumped as a bullet whanged against the dolomite boulder within inches of his leg, and sang its ricochet song out through the air.

An instant later a different gun barked from that same drogue. Wolf felt a little twitch at his jacket sleeve. Clipping through the leather, that second bullet passed between his elbow and body, three inches from his heart.

Instinctively protecting himself, he dropped down behind the carcass of the bear where he was sheltered from those rifles.

His first thought was that a pair of his Indians or *métis* at Suleena had slipped away from their work and come hunting up the mountain.

Wolf saw a strange girl playing with a baby bear. The plane had come two hours ago.

They had glimpsed the silvertip, had somehow failed to see him; and believing the bear was sunning itself, had excitedly started banging away. Rising to a knee, he called out: "Hello, down there! Come alive! Be careful where you're sending those lead bumblebees." On the chance that they might be Indians, he added in Tinneh: "Have you got spider-webs in your eyes, Denneh-men, from walking through the woods? Old Siam-Siam is already dead."

Imagining what a consternation his words must have caused down in that drogue, he rose up, smiling a bit in spite of that hole through his sleeve. But the surprise turned out to be all his own. No answering hail or sheepish apology came. Instead, one of those rifles spoke out sharply at the instant he rose. His hat flipped off his head as though knocked off by an invisible hand. A steel-jacket, singing murderously, drilled a neat hole through the loose flesh under his thumb, grazing the bone of his left forefinger.

As he dropped again to cover, a regular fusillade of bullets came whanging against the boulder and thupping into the silvertip.

Wolf gasped in astonishment and slid lower behind his shelter, "Lord!" he breathed. "Those men mean business!" There could be no doubt that they had heard his call. They had seen him standing over the bear when they first shot. Whoever they were, they had made no mistake.

The suddenness of the whole thing was dazing. He had imagined himself all alone on the mountain, miles from any human being.

He was not so much frightened as puzzled. Over and over again he kept asking: "Who in hell can that pair be?" There were no stray prospectors thereabouts, no white trappers, no strangers whatsoever. And why should any stranger want to kill him, anyway? 'Breeds or Indians, maybe? But they were his friends, almost to a man. Some of them worked for him; most of them brought him their furs; all of them came to him with their troubles. He knew of no personal enemy, no enemy at least who sought his life, in that whole country.

"You lousy damn' snipes!" He flipped blood from his stinging hand. "Your luck'll be out if I get a look at you down a rifle-barrel!"

After that flurry of shots, the drogue quieted. Not a further stir from those two unknowns. Were they circling him? Wolf reached for his hat, poked it above the carcass of the bear to draw a bullet. He drew several. His hat jumped off the weed-stalk and fell beside him.

"So you're still there! Know you've got me in a tight corner, eh? Waiting for me to make a wrong move, I suppose."

To be trapped, to be shot at by a pair of bush-sneaks, roused all the dangerous anger in his make-up. Debating how to break the deadlock, he thought of Loup-Ailé. On a moraine slope four miles east across the mountain valley, his young Indian partner had taken up a station to wait for the old silvertip. A superb woods-runner, swift and silent as a fluted arrow, Loup-Ailé would like nothing better than to play a hand against those two unknowns. If only he knew! But it was impossible to shoot him a signal: the distance was too great, the wind was three-quarters wrong.

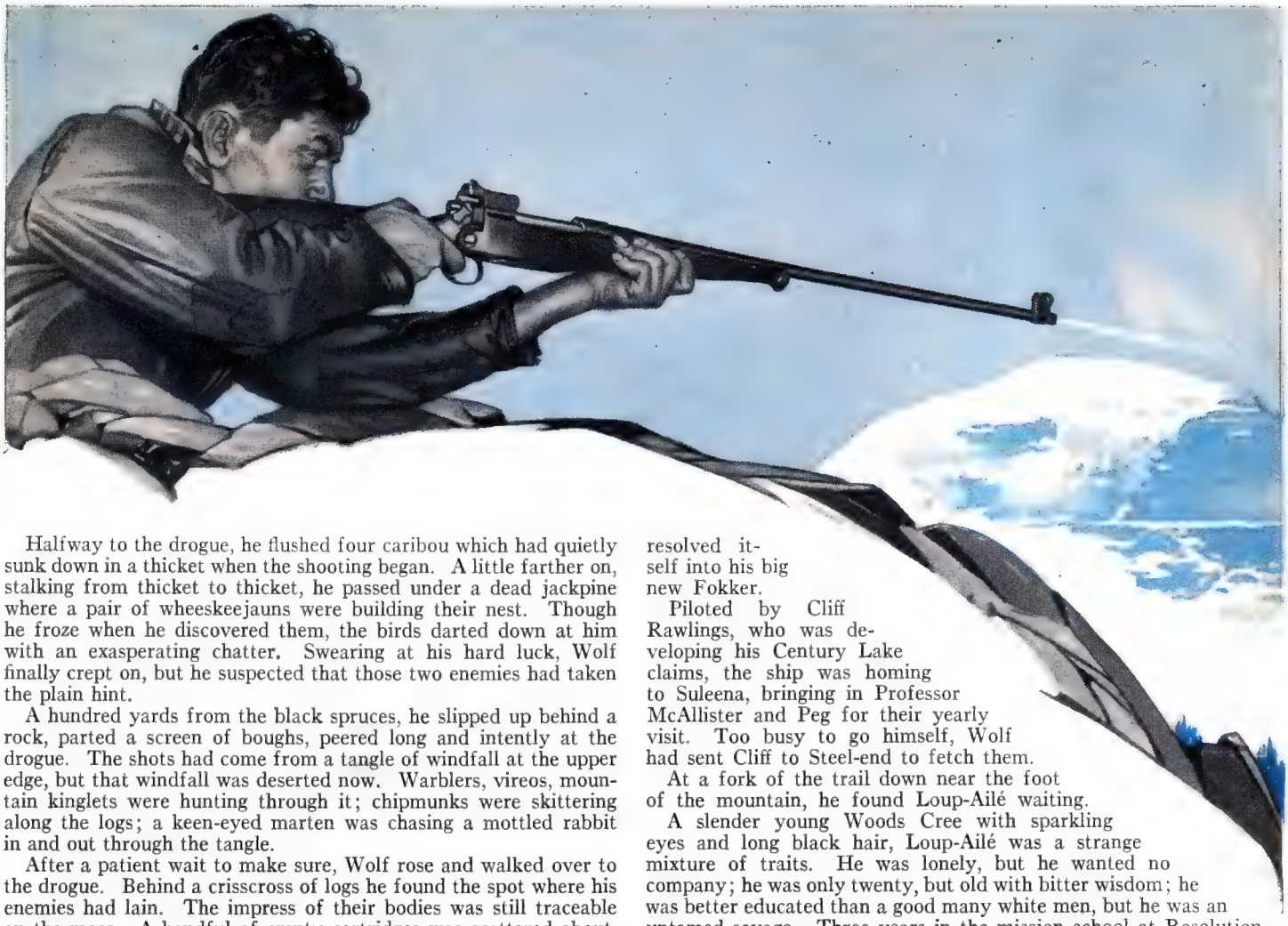
"Up to me, I guess," Wolf decided. "If they haven't got the nerve to finish what they started, I'll finish it for them!"

Glancing around, he carefully planned his steps. A wrong move would be fatal.

Rising suddenly to his lanky height, he leaped down the slope toward a dense thicket of deerbush. His quick move, utterly unexpected, caught his enemies off guard. Reaching the deerbush in two jumps, he flattened himself behind a sheltering rock before they could train on him.

For a little while he wisely lay quiet there. When the shooting died down again, he began worming out along the slope, making his way through the rocks and buckbrush, yard by cautious yard. Coming at last to a hog-back, a bare ridge that offered no protection, he rose again, sprang across the exposed ground, and slipped down into a snow *couloir* seven hundred yards from the drogue.

Free of the trap, he could have escaped easily enough. But his fighting blood was up; he swore to smoke that pair out. Dropping down on the snow *couloir* to the belt of heavy timber, he whipped into the pines and swung back west toward those black spruces.



Halfway to the drogue, he flushed four caribou which had quietly sunk down in a thicket when the shooting began. A little farther on, stalking from thicket to thicket, he passed under a dead jackpine where a pair of wheeskeejauns were building their nest. Though he froze when he discovered them, the birds darted down at him with an exasperating chatter. Swearing at his hard luck, Wolf finally crept on, but he suspected that those two enemies had taken the plain hint.

A hundred yards from the black spruces, he slipped up behind a rock, parted a screen of boughs, peered long and intently at the drogue. The shots had come from a tangle of windfall at the upper edge, but that windfall was deserted now. Warblers, vireos, mountain kinglets were hunting through it; chipmunks were skittering along the logs; a keen-eyed marten was chasing a mottled rabbit in and out through the tangle.

After a patient wait to make sure, Wolf rose and walked over to the drogue. Behind a crisscross of logs he found the spot where his enemies had lain. The impress of their bodies was still traceable on the moss. A handful of empty cartridges was scattered about. Catching a metallic glitter on the green of the sphagnum, he bent down and picked up several tiny particles of metal. Cuprous-lead, v-shaped, cut out by a knife, they told him those bullets had been dumdummed. Had one of the slugs struck him, it would have torn a hole as big as a saucer.

As he stood there, looking at those dumdum cuttings in his hand, Wolf's suspicions flitted to a middle-aged trader Sam Carns, who had owned that post at Suleena and another down the Torndeek at Wind Harp. A horny-handed fellow of no discernible ideals, Carns had been the most vicious of his former enemies. Nursing his grudge, he had been hanging around in the country, talking about having a show-down. Maybe he had at last tried to carry out his threat.

At second thought Wolf saw it could not be so. Carns would never resort to the rifle, not because he had any scruples, but because he lacked the personal courage for a gun fight. Besides, the man had been six hundred miles down the Torndeek, near the Circle Lake post, only eight days ago. To get up south to Suleena in that time was just about impossible. Carns was out. This wasn't his work. It was somebody else.

Utterly unable to guess the identity of that pair, Wolf searched carefully for some telltale bit of evidence. But he found nothing. They had escaped clean.

As he turned away, the unenviable realization came home to him that now he was a hunted man, liable to a bullet in the back. Whoever that pair were, they evidently were out to kill him. They would certainly shadow him again. The next time he might not be so lucky.

"Case of me getting them before they get me," he thought. "Thing to do is to take Loup-Ailé and go after 'em, and have it out now."

Halfway down the mountain he stopped at a fern-hung spring, washed the blood from his hand and bandaged it with a bit of kerchief. As he took up his rifle to go on, he heard a high singing whine, faint as a mosquito's hum, far away southeast. Searching out through the trees, he located a glistening speck above a range. It loomed rapidly larger; the whine became a deep drone; the speck resolved itself into his big new Fokker.

Piloted by Cliff Rawlings, who was developing his Century Lake claims, the ship was homing to Suleena, bringing in Professor McAllister and Peg for their yearly visit. Too busy to go himself, Wolf had sent Cliff to Steel-end to fetch them.

At a fork of the trail down near the foot of the mountain, he found Loup-Ailé waiting.

A slender young Woods Cree with sparkling eyes and long black hair, Loup-Ailé was a strange mixture of traits. He was lonely, but he wanted no company; he was only twenty, but old with bitter wisdom; he was better educated than a good many white men, but he was an untamed savage. Three years in the mission school at Resolution had left no mark on his wild-born nature. He was so different from the tame Treaty Indians of the Great Waterways that he seemed to belong to a different race altogether. Roaming alone in his slender birchbark throughout the sub-Arctic North, he was an incarnation of the wilderness spirit.

Wolf had had many warm partners—'Poleon St. Denis, Bill Jenks, Sergeant Kulgren; but none so near to him as this young Cree. In his regard for Loup-Ailé there was none of the usual white man's condescension toward an Indian. There in the lonely North, where men were few, where friendships rooted deeply rather than broadly, Loup-Ailé had become a younger brother to him. Pity was a big part of his affection, for he knew all the details of the tragedy which had given the young Indian his bitter outlook on life: Three years ago Loup-Ailé had fallen passionately in love with a Sikanni girl, had taken her into the lonely Spearheads with him; and through one long white winter they lived there together in a kind of idyllic life. At the break-up the girl inexplicably jilted him and went to the tepee of a Carrier sub-chief who was well-to-do in dogs, peltry and caribou blankets.

Following, Loup-Ailé killed the seducer, took the girl back to her people, and left her there as a gesture of contempt.

Since then he had far-wandered, never living a month in one place. He had been seen at Hudson Bay, in the heart of the Great Barrens, on the Yukon, at the Aleutians. An incredibly keen trailer, he had guided Sergeant Kulgren of Century Lake on several wilderness man-hunts. Once or twice a season he would show up at Suleena, drawn back there by the unspoken friendship between him and his white *tyee*. Wolf Lingard, older, stronger of personality, seemed to be the one stable thing in his disillusioned life.

After nodding that he had killed the silvertip, Wolf sat down on a boulder with Loup and told him of the ambush.

Pondering the story, Loup-Ailé glanced at the jagged hole in Wolf's jacket-sleeve, at the red-splotched bandage on his hand. A glitter came into his eyes at realizing how closely death had brushed his one friend on earth.

Finally he remarked, echoing Wolf's own judgment: "It is not Carns, *tyee*. He would never fight. He has the heart of a slinker

That grizzly had mauled Jacques Brulette's little girl and killed several of the dogs.

wolf. And if he had tried to hire 'breeds or Indians, I would have heard. My ears are close to the ground." He added, sardonically: "Besides, an Indian never kills for money, as your white brothers sometimes do."

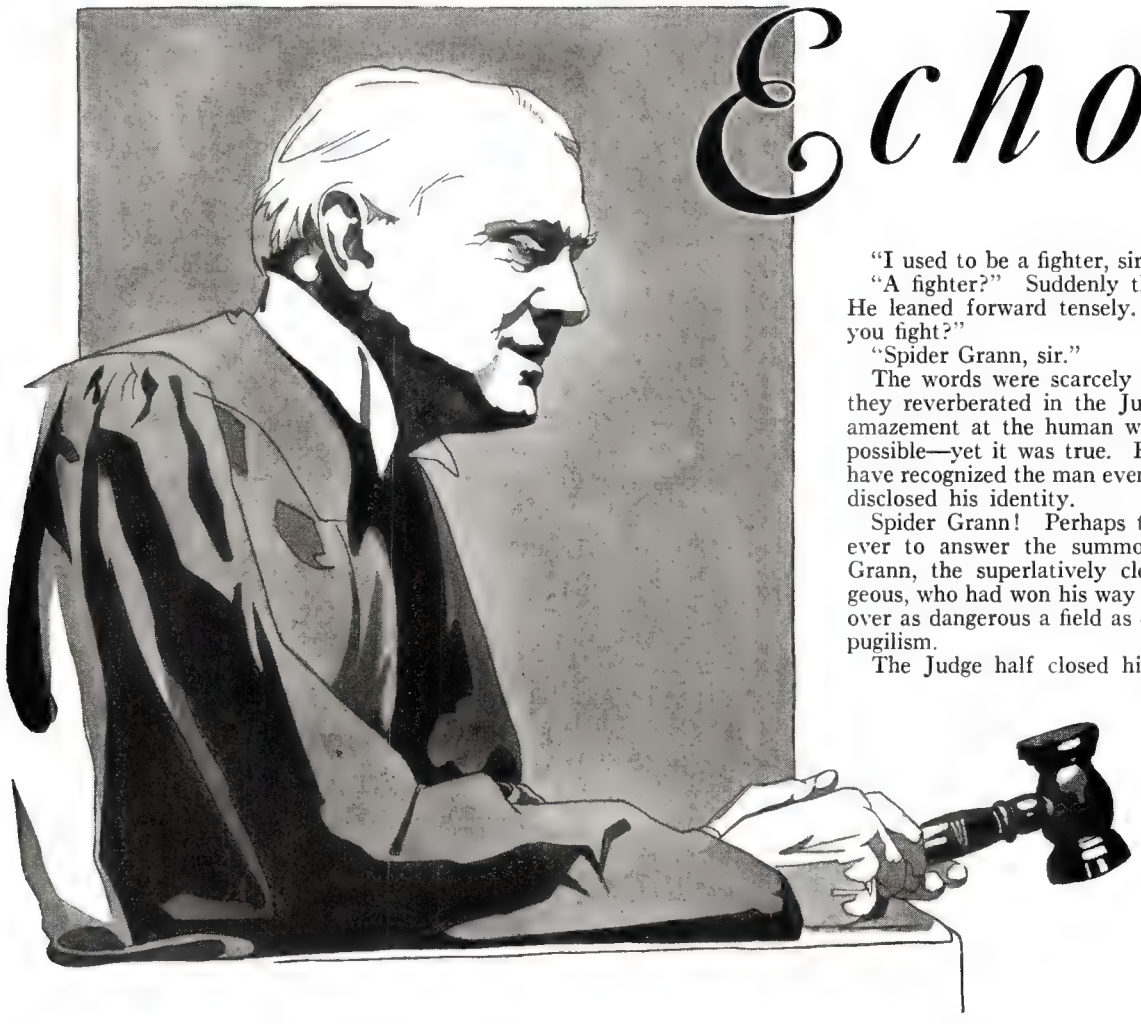
"Well, then, who are that pair, Loup?" Wolf asked.

Loup-Ailé shrugged his shoulders. "I know less than you. But we will find out."

For several minutes they talked the incident over. Wolf finally directed:

"Loup, you go up there to that windfall and pick up their trail and run 'em down. They're likely camped somewhere close around here. I meant to go along, but I couldn't help you much on that trailing, and Cliff just brought in the McAllisters. I'll have to go down to them now. But you find out where that pair are camped, then come and get me, and we'll go after them together."

Loup-Ailé nodded. Warning him not to start a fight lone-handed, Wolf watched him slip away up the *(Please turn to page 114)*



Echo of

"I used to be a fighter, sir."

"A fighter?" Suddenly the Judge lost his apathy. He leaned forward tensely. "Under what name did you fight?"

"Spider Grann, sir."

The words were scarcely more than a whisper, but they reverberated in the Judge's ears. He stared in amazement at the human wreck. The thing was impossible—yet it was true. He believed that he would have recognized the man even if he had not thus simply disclosed his identity.

Spider Grann! Perhaps the greatest featherweight ever to answer the summons of the gong. Spider Grann, the superlatively clever and superbly courageous, who had won his way to a world's championship over as dangerous a field as ever graced the history of pugilism.

The Judge half closed his eyes and permitted his vision to span the years. He saw the sprawling desert town; an uncouth, unkempt settlement of perhaps three thousand rough and ready souls—now swarming with ten thousand eager fight fans. A place infested by gentlemen and by males who were not gentlemen, all drawn to the spot by the featherweight championship battle between Spider Grann and Mickey Dolan: forty-five rounds to a decision. Two of the greatest featherweights the world had ever known: Dolan a calm, brave veteran who was clever; Grann, a man of less craftiness but with a heart which could not understand defeat.

THE Judge's index finger moved slowly down the typewritten page. His voice sounded mechanical and tired.

"Next case," he said. "John Grann."

The bailiff turned importantly and faced the motley crowd gathered for the morning's police-court session.

"John Grann!" he bellowed. "An' make it snappy."

A plain-clothes man reached into the prisoners' dock and wrapped powerful fingers around the arm of a small, frightened little fellow who seemed shabby both of apparel and mind. The officer propelled this man along the aisle and shoved him through the swinging gate so that Grann stood looking up at the man on the bench.

"Charge?" inquired the Judge.

"Grand larceny, Y'r Honor."

"Hmm!" The Judge looked down at the prisoner as the plain-clothes man—not for the moment interested—fell into whispered conversation with the bailiff.

There was little dignity in this court. Into it drifted the flotsam of a large city; men and women who were bad, and men and women who were merely unfortunate. Those charged with traffic violations were usually well dressed, and they sat apart. The others—the actual and potential criminals—were a world unto themselves. They received scant consideration from the court attendants, and perhaps deserved as little as they received. Except, occasionally—

The Judge looked down at the prisoner. He saw a slender man, a frail man; a man in whose watery gray eyes was a furtive, frightened light. The little fellow stood twirling a battered cap, and his glance told the Judge that the brain behind those eyes caused John Grann to walk in empty places.

Somehow Grann riveted the attention of the Court. He was drab and unpicturesque, old beyond his years, battered cruelly by life—and by the hand of man. The Judge noticed a cauliflower ear, a nose which was flattened, and several scars near the corners of the eyes. Something clicked in the judicial mind, a flash of recollection from the distant past.

"Your name is John Grann?"

The prisoner shivered and raised troubled eyes.

"Yes sir."

"Mmm! Where did you get those scars?" asked the Judge.

The Judge's mind carried on to the next day: to the great circus-seat arena only sparsely occupied, the blistering sun, and the two gallant little men in the ring. He had been in the first row as a sports writer for a San Francisco paper—and had joined with others in the early part of that epic battle begging the referee to stop it in order that a man might not be killed. The man for whose life they feared was Spider Grann!

The Judge recalled the profane and ungrudging enthusiasm of that crowd as it came to realize that Spider Grann, alone of that throng, did not know the tide of battle was going against him. As early as the eighteenth round, Spider's eyes were closed and his white trunks were crimson. His frail body never winced beneath the merciless pounding of Dolan's iron fists; his own gloves never ceased stabbing at the target which was now a mere shadow.

Mickey Dolan, himself a grand warrior, pleaded with the referee to stop the slaughter. He declared that he did not wish to commit murder. But the referee did not stop the battle, and when the thirtieth round was reached, the fight-wise saw that a miracle was occurring.

Spider Grann was battered out of human semblance; his eyes were closed and his body a mass of welts—but he was always boring in, always the aggressor. No less honor to the great Dolan that Spider Grann was greater.

It was a vicious, cruel exhibition—but the most gallant the sporting world has ever known. Spider Grann did not break Mickey Dolan's body—he broke his heart. Dolan faced a man who was more than human, a spirit which was impervious to punishment. And in the forty-fourth round Mickey Dolan collapsed and Spider Grann was declared featherweight champion of the world.

The unbelievable had happened. The Judge recalled the frank incredulity of the sports writers which had been transmitted to an astounded populace by means of incoherent dispatches. And he

the GONG

by Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by
Sid L. Hydeman

"I saw you win the title from Mickey Dolan," said the Judge. . . . . "Haven't you any money left? No job?" "No sir," he replied. "They say I'm goofy."

remembered how, after that, Spider Grann's star had rapidly faded. Twice more in the course of two years the Spider fought battles each of which lasted more than thirty-six rounds. In the second the flesh was unequal to the heart, and Grann was no longer the champion. Since then the Judge had not seen him. He had heard that Grann had "gone goofy," which is the way the *cognoscenti* proclaim that the brain of a great battler has been made dim by his profession.

The Judge looked now upon the pitiful figure of the magnificent old fighter. Twenty years ago! He could see Grann as he was that day in the desert town—the greatest of them all. Then the toast of the world: today a derelict whose eyes told a story of bewilderment and blankness.

"I saw you win the title from Mickey Dolan," said the Judge.

For just an instant a light flashed in Grann's eyes. Then they became dead again.

"He was a fine lad, Judge."

"You were finer. The greatest I have ever seen. And since then?"

"I dunno, Judge. I just sort of slipped."

"Haven't you any money left?"

"Not a cent, Judge."

"No job?"

"No sir," he replied. "They say I'm goofy." The man was making no plea for sympathy: he was merely stating a stark fact—and stating it simply.

The Judge was visibly disturbed. "This whole thing is outrageous!" he roared. "We'll have to do something about it. You're a tradition, Grann—do you realize that? You gave of yourself without stint! And now to be penniless and jobless—and in court!" He raised his eyes and summoned the plain-clothes man.

"Did you make this arrest?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

Spider Grann raised piteous eyes to the Judge. That dignitary touched the prisoner on the shoulder. It was as though he reached back across twenty years.

"Don't you worry, Spider. I'm handling this."

The Judge again addressed the officer.

"Grand larceny is the charge?"

"Yes sir."

"What did the prisoner steal?"

"A case of motion-picture film, Your Honor—from an exchange on Donville Avenue."

The Judge was incredulous.

"He stole a motion picture? What was it a picture of?"

"It was the picture of a prize-fight, Your Honor—a prize-fight that took place about twenty years ago in a little town out West."

Pajamas

by Sinclair Lewis

Our Nobel Prize winner writes *of* an American *inland* city *at midnight* from the viewpoint *of* a man *in* pajamas

Illustrated by William Meade Prince

I HAVE a prejudice against being taken on a ride, with the muzzle of an automatic jabbed into my ribs, so I shall not reveal the name of the city where all this happened. But as I was saying: I was going out to California, last winter, to recover from my operation.

The first two nights out from New York, I slept fairly well; but on the third night, when the train was barging into the farther reaches of the Middle West, I could not pass out for more than an hour at a time.

You know how it is.

Here you have been asleep and happy, dreaming that your Almanacs Inc. stock has again risen to twenty, and that the flexible flapper with whom you danced at the Wishepamoggin Country Club, last Tuesday, really liked to dance with you, and did not regard you as the father of a large family.

Just then, the engineer decides to have some fun with the passengers.

"Aw, what the deuce!" he thinks. "Here's all these millionaires, bankers and magazine editors and advertising men and college presidents and Floyd Gibbons, all of 'em sleeping in their nice warm beds, while I'm here alone at the wheel of the doggone train, having to change from third to low and jam on the brakes every time a farmer tries to beat the game at the crossing. What an idea! Perfectly ridiculous! *Formez les bataillons!* While they're sunken in their gilded and decadent slumbers, they'll find there's one guy awake on this train!"

So, as the train quivers into the next station, the engineer slams on the brakes, the train comes up all standing, and the passengers awake with a low moan.

Anyway, I did, that night, and with frequency.

Oh, for the wings of a dove, that I might describe how a Pullman lower berth feels and looks and smells, especially smells, when you can't sleep and you turn on the light! In the polished wooden bottom of the berth above you, you are reflected as a cotton doll. Your face looks long and melancholy, and your pajamas look—well, they look like wrinkled pajamas. As the train starts again, sometimes mooing and sometimes yowling and all the time clanking sardonically, "Awful luck, awful luck, awful luck, awful luck," it begins to sway, and the coat and vest and trousers which you have carefully draped on the hanger against the green curtain sway with it.

"Oh ho!" my coat seemed to sneer, as it flipped a horribly empty sleeve at me. "All these years since you bought me at Moe's Piccadilly Suiterie, Climb One Flight and Save $16.75, I've wiggled and bent at the elbow when *you* wanted me to. Not no more! No sir!" And it frivolously waved its sleeves at me, while the trousers trembled with derision.

I ignored them. Nor was I shaken by realizing from time to time that the train had run off the track, caught fire, hit a motorcar, and just generally taken to playing leapfrog. No! In fact, the only thing that disturbed me was the steady, methodical, earnest snoring of the man across the aisle. The train clanked and belched and fell upon cross-tracks with a furious desire to destroy them, but all through this clamor, the subdued and inescapable snoring went on: "Garrhh—*woof;* garrhh—*woof!*"

But I got so lonely in my cell that I welcomed even this proof that there was still one soul, besides myself, living in the world of roar and chaos.

European observers of America have asserted that the trouble

I sped after her to explain this, when I saw a large policeman emerging from a hallway. He unwound his nightstick.

with our sleeping-cars is that the curtains which divide you from the person opposite—who may be a safe-blower, a suicide, a member of the W. C. T. U., or any equally dangerous stranger—do not give you sufficient privacy. The fact is (for if you take European or British views of America exactly by opposites, you will be reasonably accurate) that the trouble with our sleeping-cars is that they are too confoundedly private.

To lie awake in a Pullman berth is to be stranded on a desert isle without the coconuts. If you are traveling by steamer, you can always go up and be thrown off the bridge by the first officer. In New York there are, day and night, dog-wagon waiters, policemen, evangelists, authors and bartenders with whom you can talk. In Sauk Center, you can all night long find the bus-driver awake at the Palmer House. But on an all-Pullman train, there is apparently no one awake besides the porters, and the engineer, who would almost certainly not welcome you if you climbed over the coal into his cab and demanded: "Do you think that Humanism will give a more austere purpose to American letters?"

So I reconciled myself to reading a detective story.

It was a nice story.

I reached the page which ran:

"A shot rang out on the mysterious nocturnal stillness of Lime-house, and smote Detective-Inspector Simms full on the forehead. 'Oh, I say,' grumbled the Inspector, quietly brushing the bullet away, 'that isn't quite the thing, now is it?' Then he started. He looked keenly at the Chinaman who had shot him. He said gently: 'Now, Wung Chung Lug, we mustn't have any more of this. Not at all, sir. Because I perceive that you are no Wung Chung Lug, nor even Wung Chung Low, but none other (although, sir, in disguise) than Brig. Gen. Sir Arthur Plupe, D. S. O., K. C. M. G., R. A. C.' "

Oh, hang it. I'd read this story before!

Of course! I remembered Sir Arthur Plupe, who from time to time appears in the tale disguised as Wung Chung Lug, as Lady Bonaventure, as Michael Arlen, as Hiram P. Scroug of Indianola, Indiana, and even, though less convincingly, as Brig. Gen. Sir Arthur Plupe. He hasn't done the dirty deed, though good old Inspector Simms (C. I. D.), who happens to be on the spot, has seen him rising with a bloody Malayan dagger from beside the corpse of his uncle, Lord Neversly.

And I had nothing else to read. The man across the aisle was now snoring "Urf—*keek!*" and the car-wheel beneath me was not only obviously flat, but likely to fly to pieces, wrecking the train. I tucked on my slippers, pulled my dressing-gown over my pajamas. And they were lovely pajamas, given to me by my wife at Christmas, checkered green and yellow, while the dressing-gown, fortunately warm, as it was now February, was a nice domestic thing of pink wool edged with mauve cord.

I swayed, occasionally catching at the curtains for support but not awakening more than two or three apprehensive old maids, along the dim tunnel to the smoking-room. It was occupied by the porter, and a row of shoes, which looked curiously collapsed and dead. I lighted a cigarette and glanced doubtfully at the porter. He had taken one look at me, and his expression suggested that the one look would last him the rest of his life.

"Cold evening," I said politely.

"Yes, it's pretty cold if you have to get out at every station and help off passengers!"

The way in which he said "passengers" made them sound in a class with blow-outs, rent-bills, sticking typewriter keys, and the Xenopsylla cheopis Rothsc., or Indian Rat Flea.

I tried again: "Interesting work you have, isn't it!"

"It isn't."

"I mean, meeting such types, varieties, and assortments of people."

"I don't."

"But going so many places."

"Why?"

"Oh, yes—well, I see."

"And furthermore—" He raised his eyes from a light natty gent's Oxford, looked at me for the last time, and observed: "And furthermore, my name is not George, the train is not on time, I do not know how late we shall be when we reach Denver, the train for Colorado Springs goes out of the same station, I am not a graduate of Hampton, and the city through whose miserable suburbs we are now staggering is—"

And having named the scene of the strange and romantic adventures that I am going to chronicle, he threw down the natty tan shoe as though he did not care for it, changed into a blue jacket, and left me as one without sorrow.

"I see," I said.

The train stood in the huge city station. The blinds of the smoking-compartment were up, and uncouth workmen stared in at me, at my dressing-gown and pajamas, with crude, unworthy derision. The little room was filled with the smell of dead cigar-smoke, perished soap, and that curious moldy smell of sleep. Cold though it was, I ventured out into the vestibule for a slice of fresh air. The snow had sifted under the bellows between vestibules and lay in a pointed streak across the iron-bordered linoleum. I shivered, and was going in, when I saw a restaurant just across the platform.

There was no one in it save one male waiter, who would presumably not be demoralized by my pajamas, and a cup of coffee would be good. I knew that in the city of Blank the train must stop for at least ten minutes. I might have asked the porter, standing down beside the train, but I felt that he and I weren't buddies any more.

I flashed across the platform, the wind very playful with my ankles. As I guzzled the coffee, I was horrified to see my train pulling out.

"Don't worry. Just switching. They're taking on the car from Kansas City," the waiter comforted me.

"Does it come back on the same track?"

"Usually. Plenty of time, anyway, brother."

I almost burst into tears at again being recognized as a human being, and ordered three doughnuts. I even ate part of one of them, and then, feeling like a man of the world, I stepped briskly out on the platform.

I scrabbled in the dust and cinders savagely, ready to kill any interloper; I found the five cents.

And I had forgotten the name and number of my Pullman!

The Pullman now drawn up across from the restaurant was christened "Phagocytosis." I had a notion that my car had been named "Werewolf" or "D'Annunzio" or "Hoboken" or something like that, but this certainly looked like mine, and the porter looked like mine—at least, he was colored and had a blue coat with silver buttons. He was yelling: "All aboard!"

I leaped up—I don't know what the thing is that they use for circus bears to sit on and for Pullman passengers to climb on, but that was what I leaped up onto, and shivering, I pranced into the grateful warmth of the train.

Just inside I met the conductor, growling "Tickets!"

"My tickets are in my berth—Lower 4."

"Say, what's the big idea? There's no one in Lower 4. Hasn't even been made up."

"I'm probably on the wrong car. Anyway, my berth is Lower—"

The conductor looked at the chart which the Pullman conductor held out to him. "Then if you're in the only other Lower 4 on this train, your name is 'Mrs. S. Bezelius & daughter.' Maybe you're them. You look like it! Say, what train do you think you're on?"

I was thrust into the cell. From his pillow, one of the most extraordinary men imaginable raised his head.

"The Platinum Plate Limited to Frisco, of course."

"It isn't called 'Frisco of course.' It's called San Francisco. And this is the train for Jefferson City. You'll find your train back on Track 7. Except that it'll be gone when you get back there!"

He pulled the communication-cord like an executioner.

"Hey, you can't put me off this train—not out into the night!" I tried to make my voice warm and menacing, but it skidded, just as the train seemed to rear up its whole agonized length from the track and come down with a bang.

The conductor said nothing. The Pullman conductor said nothing. The porter said nothing. The three of them merely propelled me toward the vestibule, in the tomby stillness that had settled down on the train.

But plenty was said by the passengers. Heads popped from between berth curtains, and a bald man informed a lady who had done up her hair in a small fishing net: "He's a pickpocket; they caught him stealing watches." With a cold swiftness, like going down a shoot-the-chutes in November, I was galloped through the vestibule, down the steps, into the city outdoors—and already the train was heaving ahead.

Busy though I was at shivering, I appreciated what a lot of loneliness and cold there was everywhere, and what a distinct lack of warm berths. I was at the end of what seemed to be a million miles of railroad yards, all in a modernistic picture—rails that swooped on me like rays of light, red lanterns and green arc-lamps overhead, and the headlights of locomotives that grew in size as though they were exploding, and pointed me out as though they were hunting me down. And all this illumination made the spaces between switchmen's towers and tool-shacks only the darker and more forlorn.

Impossible to find my train there, even if it had not gone. I must get help somewhere in the city. And I knew no one in the city!

Stumbling across tracks, just leaping aside as a vast train burst by me, viciously cold at ankle and wrist and throat, I found a watchman's fire with no one near it just at the moment, and stopped a second to explore my pockets. I possessed, besides the dressing-gown and pajamas and slippers, a now deflated cigarette package with three wrinkled cigarettes, a quarter-box of matches, three doubtful handkerchiefs, ever so many cigarette-crumbs in one pocket, and a piece of paper which, anxiously examined over the fire, was discovered to be a note from our maid: "Cabbages will be delivered tomorrow."

It was my sole identification.

And I found five cents—my change after coffee and doughnuts at the restaurant. I looked at it with proud wrath, and hurled it on the ground. Instantly I realized what a huge sum five cents could be. With it I could get a telephone call, a newspaper or, in many Five and Ten Stores, a beautiful tin fire engine with three red firemen. I scrabbled in the dust and cinders, savagely, ready to kill any interloper; I found the five cents and slipped it into my pocket. And thus I came on something *(Please turn to page 94)*

Big

A Confidence

CHOCOLATE malted and egg sandwich, right? Say, baby, aren't you afraid of losing that girlish figure of yours? One more pound, and you're a stylish stout. Aw, *all* right, *all* right, don't look at me like that. Anyone ever tell you that you got one swell pair of lamps? Turn 'em my way, baby.

Here's your malted—what? Well, why didn't you tell me you wanted the eggs on white bread? I was just trying to do you a favor giving you whole-wheat. It's not so fattening. *All* right, *all* right. Eddie, slip that chicken-roe on white bread. The little lady don't mind if she has to buy a forty-four next time she gets a dress.

No fooling, baby, you got one cute pair of eyes. How about using them looking at me some night after I get off work? Sure, I'll give you a break. Why the giggles? Watch it, you'll spill that malted.

Here you are. White bread and lots of nice, tasty calories. But remember you won't get any dates with Jerry if you get fat. I was out with a girl last night who was so thin she didn't dare walk over the iron gratings on the sidewalk. She's some kid—from the chorus of "Four in Hand."

Well, here's little Margie, the girl steno. How's tricks? Why the frown? You look about as sour as our chocolate eclairs. Did some nasty man hand you a booful diamond bracelet and then say "I'm glad you like it—it's for my wife?" Aw, *all* right, *all* right. Ham on rye and not much mustard. Oke.

Here's your coffee. No cream? Why the black java, Margie? A stormy night, eh? Uh-huh! And without asking Uncle Jerry if you could. Some fun, eh, kid?

I had a big time myself last night. Yeah, took a couple of eyefuls from the "Four in Hand" chorus over to the Hot Spot Club. Set me back a century note, but I don't worry about things like that when I'm out for a good time. No cheap—

Hey, come back here, chubby. Not so fast, not so fast! You owe me another nickel—that little snack sets you back just exactly forty cents. Oke. See you tomorrow, and from now on you get whole-wheat bread and like it. See? Aw, *all* right, *all* right.

That's some cute kid, Margie. Why shouldn't I call you Margie? It's your name, isn't it? Don't be like that. Yeah, chubby's all right, only she's going to get fat if she don't watch her oats. She was trying to date me up just now—nervy, huh?—but I wasn't having any. I was polite about it, you know, but no small-time stuff for Jerry. Hey, Eddie, where's that sandwich for Margie here? She's got a date with a typewriter that she's got to keep.

What's that, lady? . . . . Sure, I'll wait on you—can't you see I'm busy? Hot chocolate? Yes, lady, in just a minute.

You know, Margie, you've got the cutest pair of eyes I've seen in a long time. How about using them looking at me some evening when I get off work? Oh, here you are. What? You said combination on white, didn't you? Well, I certainly thought you did. —Hey, Eddie, Margie says she ordered ham on rye. Oke. And Eddie, throw yourself into high; she's in a hurry.

You better have more hot coffee. Yeah, you need it, you do. You've got that why-did-I-ever-get-up-this-morning look. Say, those babies I had out last night were plenty hot stuff. I bought them a couple of bottles of gin— Here's your ham on rye. Mustard? You said you didn't want any. Aw, *all* right, *all* right. —Hey, Eddie, a forward pass with the mustard. Got it.

Yes, lady, you'll get your order right away. I only got two hands.

What you doing next Saturday night, Margie? Nothing? Well, that's too bad. Hope you won't be lonesome. Ha! Ha! I'd sure like to see you, but I got a big party on. A bunch of girls from the show are throwing a party and made me promise to come. I'd rather take in a movie or something quiet, but you know how it is.

All right, lady, *all* right. Right with you.

Hot chocolate? Why, you been telling me for the last hour you wanted tomato bouillon. The manager? He's out to lunch.

Hey, Eddie, fix up a club on toast—here comes Blondy. —Hello there, sister, where you been the last couple of days? I got Eddie working on your sandwich—sure, I always know what you want, don't I? What'll you drink with it? Just a small coke. Straight? With no chaser or anything? Aren't you rough! No fooling, though, that's the way I was drinking it myself last night. No, not coco-cola, you sap. Giggle-water. Laughing soup. Dynamite juice. Liquid T. N. T. Yeah, you know, genuine stuff right off the Jersey City ferry. Pre-war. The next war, I mean.

It was *some* party, let me tell you. Too bad you couldn't've been there. Some night you and me'll get together in a great big way. Did anyone ever tell you what cute eyes you got?

Here's your sandwich, sister. Maybe I won't take you out after all—you got too big an appetite. If you eat club sandwiches for lunch when you're paying for them yourself, what would you want for dinner with some guy footing the bill? Not that it'd make any difference to little Jerry. No sir, he don't count the coins when he takes a girl out, the way some guys do. Last night I had three girls from the "Four in Hand" company out after the show over to the Hot Spot, and I fed those kids up right. It busted two century notes wide open, but that's the way I am.

One of them—a little blonde like you, only her name is Betty—just phoned me awhile back to get me to meet her tonight, but I got a date to go up to Harlem.

What's that, sir? . . . . No sir, I didn't hear you order anything. Well, why don't you speak up so I can hear you? Doughnuts and milk? Right. Just a—

Well, if it isn't the kid herself! 'Lo, Jane—what's on your

Timer

by Kay Kennedy

Illustrated by David Robinson

Eddie, slip that chicken-roe on white bread. The little lady don't mind if she has to buy a forty-four next time she gets a dress.

mind, if any? Sure, I'll get it for you right away. —Hey, Eddie, sardine on toast, full steam ahead. —What's the big rush, baby? Oh, yeah? Well, that's right. You got to start in being prompt on a new job—anyways till the boss falls for them cute eyes. Did anyone ever tell you—

Aw, *all* right, *all* right, mister, you'll get your doughnuts. A fellow can't be in two places at once. And here's your coffee. Milk? What do you mean milk? You *said* coffee—and anyway, who ever heard of eating doughnuts with *milk? All* right—no offence.

What'll you have to drink, Janey, hot chocolate? Oh, I don't pay any attention to guys like that. Don't know their own mind from one minute to the next, and expect you to neglect your other customers just to wait on them. Huh! I don't let 'em get in my hair. Now, when I'm out at a restaurant, I try to be decent to the waiters. I gave a ten-dollar tip to the fellow over at the Hot Spot last night—sure I was there. You was? That's sure funny you didn't see me. I had a big party from the "Four in Hand" chorus with me. Some molten mammas! And how they lapped up that champagne I got them. Say, I was knee deep in chorines—maybe you got there after we left. We went kind of early up to a brawl we'd been invited to. I had a terrible time parking all those dames in one taxi—I had about three of them on my lap. Didn't do my Tux no good, either. But it was a good binge, and I didn't care.

Another sandwich? You must be making better money at this new job, huh?

Here, Eddie, another one of these for Janey. Not bad, is she? Shh! Not so loud. She's been coming here for lunch ever since I worked here—except when I was on my vacation, and then she didn't bother. Same way with the little blonde that just went out. Of course I just kid 'em along— *(Please turn to page 139)*

Your Life *depends*

by Bruce Smith

Here is an astounding and yet plain, matter-of-fact picture of police conditions in American cities, drawn by the man who knows most about them. Since 1916, Bruce Smith has been with the National Institute of Public Administration; he was manager of the Institute from 1920 to 1928, and has made about fifty special studies of American police departments; also, surveys of all the State police forces and special studies of police systems of England, France, Belgium and Germany. He is a member of the Executive Board of the Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology; Director of Uniform Crime Records, International Association of Chiefs of Police, and Director of the Chicago Police Survey, authorized by the Police Commissioner.

"When you sum it up, you see clearly that those who dominate our cities politically do not want efficient police. A competent police establishment would destroy corrupt forces that keep them in power."

WHEN crime waves appear in our American cities, we people who live in them are likely to write letters to the editor vehemently expressing our belief that the police have scored a complete failure. As a matter of fact, it requires an extraordinary set of circumstances to show us what a complete failure of the police means to society. The single example of such an occurrence in our recent history is worth recalling for the reason that it is a dramatic reminder of something that most of us do not ordinarily appreciate—our utter dependence upon police protection.

It happened in Boston in 1919. The blue uniforms of policemen had vanished from the streets. The cops were on strike. Within a few hours that city, which normally is quiet and orderly, according to American standards, had been plunged back into the savagery of the Dark Ages. Out of nowhere gangs of hoodlums appeared and took control. Prudent citizens who kept within the bolted doors of their homes could hear in the disorderly streets the sounds of crashing glass, and occasionally the scream of some girl. Shops were looted and property destroyed. The old Boston Common, a shrine of American liberty, had become a center for riotous assemblies of toughs. Neither lives, property nor chastity were safe.

Strangely enough, according to reliable and informed authorities, professional criminals were conspicuous by their absence from the rowdy gatherings that made the streets places of danger for decent

upon the Police

Photos by *Lazarnick*

"Mamma," he cried, "there's the man who—" Instantly the mother clamped her hand across the boy's mouth.

persons. I have been told that the professional criminals were so shocked by what was happening that they sent a deputation to notify responsible leaders of the city that they would not ply their customary illicit trades until order had been restored.

This curious circumstance may be variously interpreted. Some will say that it was an expression of that honor which we are told exists among thieves. Others may say it was inspired by a certain pride of craft, a disdainful reluctance to take advantage of the situation. Personally I believe that the old familiar offenders were conscious of a certain social solidarity with the police and wished to see them succeed in their demands. Whatever the true facts of the case, there can be no doubt that Boston welcomed the hasty recruitment among returning soldiers of the A. E. F. of policemen to take the places of those on strike, and the gradual restoration of order and the consequent feeling of security as blue patrols once more appeared in the streets to challenge disorder wherever they found it.

I do not think there is available any more dramatic example of what the collapse of police protection means than the Boston police strike. It had world-wide notice. The ugly thing which was swift to show its head during the two days of that crisis made every person in the country conscious of the great primary importance of having disciplined, courageous men in uniforms patrolling the streets twenty-four hours a day. They were conscious of that need then, because of the swiftness of the breakdown and the ease with which its significance could be comprehended.

Indeed, they were so appalled by the two-day glimpse of what would happen to our civilization without police, that they gave a magnificent demonstration of how they, the people, can use that power which they hold. Calvin Coolidge was then governor of Massachusetts, and he settled the police strike question for at least a couple of centuries when he said there is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, at any time. It is an unquestioned fact that this utterance, associated in the public mind with the restoration of police protection, was the most potent act in his career. He was lifted to

"Now, damn you," he said to the prisoner, "you are going to talk." He did not speak again; he drew on that rope.

the vice-Presidency; and in the 1924 campaign the part he had played in the police strike of 1919 was one of the telling things that elected him President of the United States.

Today we all realize clearly that policemen have no right to strike. Nevertheless what is happening today is in its effects the same as a strike. Police *patrols* in American cities are dwindling in size to the vanishing point even while the police *forces* are increasing in proportions. The reasons are not far to seek.

Growing demands for traffic control have diverted large numbers of uniformed men to contend with that baffling problem. A disposition by the public authorities to use the eyes and ears of patrolmen for a variety of tasks far removed from genuine police duties accounts for a further diversion of patrolmen from the streets. They cannot patrol the streets when they are being used as license-inspectors, for supervising public hack operators, for periodic enumerations of inhabitants, for checking the lists of registered voters, and many other activities of a miscellaneous character only vaguely connected with true police work.

How this sort of thing occurs may easily be comprehended. New bureaus spring up at police headquarters. Sometimes they do represent necessary extensions of police service. More often than not, however, they begin as temporary expedients; but just let a clever fellow in uniform be detailed to such a task, and within ninety days he will have acquired a typewriter, an assistant or two, and a private office. A new bureau has been established, and he is its chief. No more night patrols in the rain and sleet for him!

Remember what happened in Boston when a strike caused all the patrolmen to vanish from the streets, and then consider Chicago today. In that city with its population of 3,350,000 and an area of two hundred and ten square miles, where in places people are hived like bees, there are only two hundred and fifty policemen engaged in foot patrol at any given moment. There are 6,712 policemen on the payrolls, but only two hundred and fifty of them are ever to be found pounding their beats. As far as the stick-up man is concerned, 6,462 of the Chicago policemen might just as well be on a strike. He does not have to worry about them when he starts out to look for a victim. There are automobile patrols (small cars) and squad cars (thirty-two eight-cylinders), but there is barely one man to each square mile of Chicago for the good old-fashioned work of observation and protective patrol. Is it any wonder that hold-ups are common occurrences in Chicago? Is not the really astounding thing about the situation the fact that there is not more crime and more disorder in Chicago's unpatrolled streets?

Where are all those policemen who are on Chicago's payroll? Well, six hundred of them are engaged in strictly bureaucratic work; 232 are on the sick list; 276 are on their annual vacations; 380 are engaged in clerical employment; 151 are detailed to State, county and Federal offices; 1,150 are indoors at district stations or operating patrol-wagons; 323 are detailed as auto-washers, painters, hostlers, printers, and the identification section; 419 are assigned to traffic duty; and the balance are scattered about in detective-bureau squads, detective duty, crossing duty, motorcycle duty, juvenile work, at bridges, depots, markets and automobile patrol (unquestionably valuable police work); others are at baseball parks and other amusement places, at the homes of officials, at newspaper offices and other commercial organizations. This leaves precisely seven hundred and fifty men who are available for foot patrol; but the seven hundred and fifty must be divided into three shifts of two hundred and fifty men each. They constitute the only old-fashioned policemen who are left where their blue coats have a really repressive influence on prowling criminals—on the city sidewalks.

Now, we cannot assume that those two hundred and fifty men who are the most that ever patrol the sidewalks of Chicago on foot are actually all engaged in doing the work to which they are assigned. Lax discipline, for which all American city police forces are notorious, has a part in cutting that number of supposedly alert guardians to a still smaller proportion. Lax discipline, whether in the home, the classroom, the barracks or the police station, usually results from an absence of any fear of the consequences of a dereliction of duty. The adventures of the portly "cops" at back doors, beside kitchen fires and other hide-outs have for many years furnished our comic papers with material. It is only when we realize the consequence, expressed in crime, of such behavior, that it ceases to be a joke. It is only when the policeman "off his beat" is dealt with as sternly as such negligence deserves that we have any right even to hope for something like complete efficiency *(Please turn to page 102)*

In Tune *with* Our Times

Photo by Lazarnick

REHEARSAL SCENE

This suggests that "first nights" do not just pop onto the stage ready-made. Long before "The Gang's All Here," in large lettering, illuminated the outside of a theater, Dave Gould had been very busy inside directing Ted Healy and his supporting cast.

© Robert H. Davis

GENE TUNNEY

A study of a champion in retirement. His romantic marriage remains one of the idyls of the news; and his friends include Bernard Shaw and Thornton Wilder. Recently appointed a major on the staff of Governor Cross of Connecticut, he made one of his few public appearances—and was given an ovation which for enthusiasm left little to be desired—and surpassed, indeed, the Governor's own.

ANNA MAY WONG

The mysterious essence of the Orient lurks in this shiny bob and these snappy eyes—which may explain why Miss Wong (who, by the way, was born in Los Angeles) was only eleven at the time of her motion picture début, and sixteen when she first starred. Later she acted in Berlin and London. Now she is still further exercising her talents in the stage thrills of Wallace's "On the Spot."

Photo by Lazarnick

Photo by Maurice Goldberg

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

Not so long ago a child dancer made with infinite suavity her first stage appearance in a pantomime. With a continually rising average of all the assets, she has been very much at it ever since. But chiefly a delightful blandness identifies the child with the star of "Private Lives," the combined expression of Miss Lawrence's and Noel Coward's art, which recently moved from London to New York.

Portrait by Ray Jones

LEW AYRES

There's a scramble in Hollywood for the services of this hero of "All Quiet." Everything happened all of a sudden to change him from a player in a jazz orchestra to the amazed possessor of the season's coveted rôle. After that came "Fires of Youth" and "Iron Man." If he were not just twenty-two, he might be a bit out of breath, but his managers still have plans up their sleeves.

Photo by White Studio

Five men of double identities who play parts as both the potter and the clay in five outstanding theatrical ventures.

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

(At left)

boasts a dual capacity in "Once in a Lifetime," but his career shows the actor far overbalanced by the playwright. He has had a hand in making many famous plays.

Photo by White Studio

ALBERT HACKETT

(At right)

has figured in acting annals since he was six. "Up Pops the Devil" is the first play of his own composition, and he is himself part of its cast in Los Angeles now.

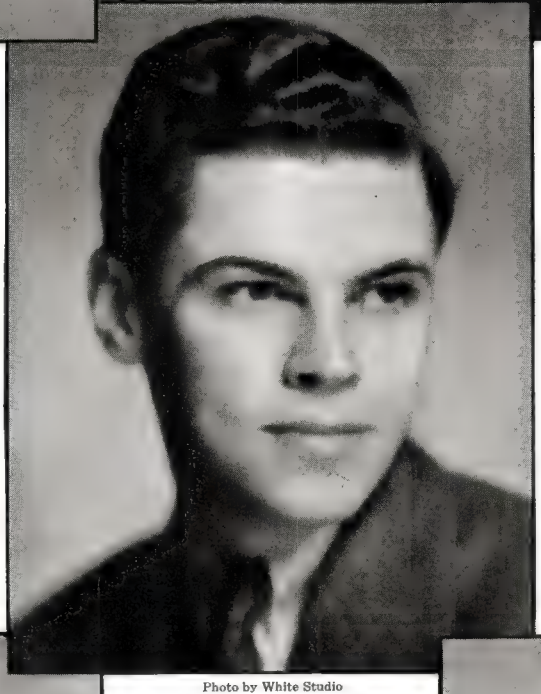


Photo by White Studio

FRANK CRAVEN

(Above)

The popular author-star of "That's Gratitude" appears to be achieving with it, according to audiences and critics, a success equal to that of his famous "First Year."

Photo by Mitchell Studio

IVOR NOVELLO

(At left)

is a name synonymous with the authorship of many songs and plays, and with dramatic rôles in London. Now "The Truth Game" charmingly blends his two arts.

MOSS HART

(At right)

concocted the original and in-the-rough version of "Once in a Lifetime" and is essaying the humorous Kaufman rôle in the Los Angeles production of this play.

Photo by White Studio

Photo by Gray

G. PATRICK NELSON

When many another artist was falling for ultra-impressionism and causing committees to quarrel as to whether the prize picture was hung upside down, Mr. Nelson was proceeding with the art of character delineation, and now is a most graphic illustrator—as you may see by his pictures for "The Wilderness Singer," in this issue.

Photo by Dworshak

MARGARET BANNING

Author of "Country Club People" and "A Prelude to Love," whose talent for understanding and portraying emotion mingled with mind is shown in "Love Letter," in this magazine.

MAURICE HINDUS

who has the distinction of making comprehensible to Western minds many of the contradictions of Russia. His "Humanity Uprooted" is a thrilling adventure in understanding.

Photo by Achille Volpé

Photo by Harold Stein

CAROL DEIS

It is just incidental that Miss Deis is very beautiful. More significant is the fact that she aspires to be an opera singer and that she—recently a twenty-five-year-old secretary in Dayton, Ohio—is now the recipient of five thousand dollars in cash and a two-year musical scholarship—first-place girl's award of the National Radio Audition conducted by the Atwater Kent Foundation.

Photo by International News

MR. and MRS. HERBERT L. BOATWRIGHT

An interesting study of the radiance of 100% Southern blue-blood immediately after making vows at the court of Prince Charming. The former Miss Suzanne Pollard exemplifies the famed charm of the South, where, before her marriage to Mr. Boatwright, she was the lovely hostess for her father, the Governor of Virginia.

The Lone Wolf's Son

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

by Louis Joseph Vance

"He's such a lamb," Fenno said, without looking up. "How can one help wanting to save him?"

A famous father finds, with *alarm*, *that* he is an example *to* his son

The Story Thus Far:

THE Lone Wolf sat at the Captain's table—erect and handsome still, debonair now as in the days when his name was famous on both sides of the Atlantic for his daring lawbreaking, his buccaneering in the grand manner. He carried with him still the air of romance which stood him in such good stead in those early days as a gentleman thief, but the past was far behind him now, as he sat at the Captain's table, an honored guest, with Mrs. Innes Crozier, wife of one of New York's richest men, on one side of him, and her lovely daughter Fenno on the other. He was Michael Lanyard now, on his way to New York on strictly legitimate business—opening a branch of the firm of which he was a partner, Délibes et Cie.

"Homeward bound with Continental loot?" he asked his partner idly.

Mrs. Crozier grew confidential. "The Habsburg emeralds. I want to bring them in without duty, though. I'll show them to you after dinner."

Lanyard listened, advised against it, but his thoughts were divided. He was wondering who the handsome youth was whom he had met up on A deck just before dinner—whose face was so disconcertingly like his own when he was young; and he was wondering why the lad's manner had had something almost too nonchalant about being where he was.

Later Mrs. Crozier showed him the emeralds. "But these are imitation," he told her.

She was furious. "But who could steal them? I kept them with me every minute—never left them till a few minutes before dinner tonight."

Again Lanyard recalled the handsome youth, and found out his name from the steward—Maurice Parry, on D deck. He had had no particular business on A, then. Later Lanyard joined a card-game with the boy and two other players whom he knew to be sharps. Lanyard was soon able to accuse them of cheating and force them to restore the money they had won from Maurice.

A passenger named Crane, whom Lanyard had known in the old days as an enemy detective, now gave him friendly warning.

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"Watch out—you've got two bad ones sore at you. Clay and Thwaites, they call themselves; but we call them Jack-knife Anderson and English Archie."

Later Maurice invited him to his cabin. "How can I thank you?" he asked.

"By restoring the Habsburg emeralds to Mrs. Crozier immediately."

Young Parry went pale. "I haven't them," he stammered—but Lanyard merely unscrewed the top of Parry's malacca cane and poured out seven stones.

"But these are your imitations." he added. "I have already recovered the real ones and put them in her room while you were dancing with her daughter."

Through his annoyance the young man smiled. "At least, it took the Lone Wolf to outwit me. If you think I'm ashamed of not being a match for my father—"

So that was why he had wondered who this boy was. It all came out now—this was his son by the young French wife for whom he had given up his trade of thief, and whom he had lost in the sack of Louvain. But the little son had not died, it seemed; here he was telling how he had survived, been picked up by a family who brought him up a thief—of how only last year he had heard for the first time the name, "Michael Lanyard," which his dying mother had whispered to him. Now here they were together—the famous father reformed, the son on his way to the fame the father had given up.

Next day Lanyard pondered this strange meeting, while chatting with Fenno Crozier, to whom Maurice had told the news, and who thought it most romantic. A ship's officer suddenly summoned him to Mrs. Crozier's cabin, where he found the angry Captain, a French detective he had known to his sorrow years ago, a M. Plon, and a doctor busily reviving Mrs. Crozier. "Chloroform," the physician explained briefly. "The stewardess found her on the floor unconscious."

"I've been robbed again," she called to Lanyard. "Oh, why didn't I put the emeralds in the purser's office as you advised?"

"Perhaps," cut in the Captain, "you will tell us who did this—evidently the same man who robbed her last night, and she tells us that you know him."

Determined to shield Maurice, Lanyard answered politely, "I retrieved them only by promising not to tell the name of the man who took them."

"Honor among thieves!" sneered M. Plon.

"Here are my keys," said Lanyard. "Search my cabin." And while they were gone, Mrs. Crozier assured him of her faith in him.

Suddenly Plon and the Captain were back triumphant, in their hands a box with the gems —found in Lanyard's trunk!

But Mrs. Crozier spoke up. "But these are not my emeralds —merely the imitations I told you about, which I—I gave M. Lanyard as a souvenir."

A knock on the door; the purser was admitted. "These were dropped on my desk while I was out," he said. In his hands lay the emeralds. *"Deposit for Mrs. Crozier and give her receipt,"* read a paper accompanying them.

Lanyard, thus freed twice over, went to keep a luncheon appointment with his son. But first he stepped to the deck with him, and into the water he threw the package of imitation gems Mrs. Crozier had bestowed upon him.

He fell asleep that night, wondering how to make his son let slip from his shoulders the old cloak of the Lone Wolf he wanted to wear. It could be done, though Maurice, while generous and warm-hearted, was none too biddable a lad—but Fenno would help.

He woke to hear the click of a pistol and an ugly voice in the dark, telling him to go fifty-fifty with the gang on the gem loot. "If not," the voice added menacingly, "your kid goes on the spot."

Lanyard leaped at the intruder and floored him. Suddenly the room was flooded with light, the gun went off harmlessly, and Maurice stood there, tearing a black handkerchief from his face. "Get up—if you love me—quick! There's no time to lose." And as the dazed intruder was stood up, Maurice knocked him unconscious.

Officers were at the door—also M. Plon. "Miss Boyce has been robbed of her pearls," he said. "The thief came in here."

The Rajah had not budged. "I must tell you, monsieur, my servants hold my person

And the detective crossed to the unconscious gunman, knelt to ransack his clothing, and fished from one pocket a rope of pearls.

But Lanyard had seen his son put something in that pocket just before he knocked the man out. *(The story continues in detail:)*

WHEN the dinner-hour in the *salle-à-manger* drew to its close, the third night out, and wonder waxed at the continued failure of Maurice to show up at the chief engineer's table, Lanyard was somewhat discountenanced to find Fenno Crozier sounding his mind.

"If it's just paternal solicitude that makes you so remote tonight, M. Lanyard—well, I can tell you it's no use your keeping an eye on the companionway; your lamb isn't mixing with us plain people this evening."

"No? Where, then—since you apparently know—is that innocent straying?"

"'Straying?'" Fenno put a crinkle in her pretty eyebrows. "That's not bad, you know—the circumstances you don't know considered. Maurice is dining tonight in the Ritz café, with Tess Boyce and her gang. Just a little dinner the lady's throwing in his honor, for saving her pearls from that sneak-thief."

"Indeed?" Lanyard smiled against the grain: say what you would, the sheer impudence of the scamp's accepting such a testimonial was irresistible. "Gratitude," he pensively submitted, to cover his thoughts, "is a devastating sentiment."

"You don't think so? Not really?"

"But think what obligations it imposes on its object!"

"Oh, I shouldn't fret about that young man, if I were his father. I fancy you'll find he knows his way about."

"I well believe you," Lanyard soberly agreed. "Then too—even if the lady is by any chance unmarried at the moment—a winner of the Calcutta Sweepstakes is after all tame game for her guns."

"I'm not so sure." Fenno with fine inconsistency confessed a twinge. "The boy *is* sweet, you know."

"It takes more than personal charm to foot a charge account at Cartier's."

"But even the hard-boiled have their caprices, monsieur!"

"For ropes of pearls, I grant you. But assuming Maurice were ever to settle down and turn his gifts to some account—"

"He will. He's clever."

"—his honest earnings of the next several years would improbably pay for the least of Madame Boyce's marriage trophies."

"'Honest,' monsieur?"

"As distinguished from such windfalls as a lucky sweepstakes ticket."

Fay Crozier here rose to the lure of a name caught by an ear casually at liberty.

"What about the Boyce, Lanyard?" she asked.

"We were discussing her gratitude to Maurice for making her latest jewel robbery a good press story."

"Her last was a flop; that's a fact. But if you expect to find human gratitude in that creature—"

"Figure to yourself that one has yet to have the experience of her acquaintance."

Fay Crozier stared.

"Do you mean to tell me she isn't a customer of Délibes'?"

"She might have been, madame, but not on her terms. She approached us a few years ago—it was the younger Délibes, I believe, whom she interviewed—with proposals plain enough and much to the point: we were to charge her current fiancé half as much again as our set prices, remit the excess tax privately to her, and agree to buy back everything on demand at the proper selling price less our profit. She was with difficulty persuaded that she had come to the wrong shop, and took her custom, one assumes, to houses less scrupulous."

"It sounds lifelike." Fay Crozier made a scandalized face. "The things they tell about that one!"

"Madame may save her blushes. One has heard enough from other sources to accept what she implies without detailed substantiation."

"But of course everybody knows what the woman is. I only hope you won't let her get her hooks into that fine boy of yours."

sacred. If you should attack me, they would kill you without an instant's grace."

"It had already occurred to me to wonder if it would be wise to breathe a word of caution—and then to reflect that the young are prone to resent being talked to for their own good. Madame Boyce, furthermore, hasn't any name for wasting time on small fry."

Still, and for all that, the new-found father in Lanyard fretted. The man even fumed in moderation. It wasn't enough that he should have Maurice's gay repudiation of his guidance to discourage him, Maurice's infatuation with a rogue's life and contempt of all consequences, his delight in such proofs of cleverness as had, for example, turned his tight squeak of last night into a *coup-de-farce*—now Lanyard had to be reminded that the society of Tessie Boyce and her circle was the worst in the world for a mettlesome youngster.

And nothing to be done about it—unless, perhaps, by means so subtle that the boy would never surmise his father's hand in them. . . .

Lanyard thoughtfully glanced at this question, and then, thoughtlessly, at the sedate young person on his left. And perceiving how close was the association of ideas, how faith that the son would find salvation only as his father had, in love of a right woman, was welded to the wish that Maurice might be happy enough to find his in the love of Fenno, Lanyard smiled to himself the dim smile of a reticent nature—only to see it surprised by brown eyes that were manifestly no less alert because pensive.

"Yes, monsieur? You were thinking—"

"That I find myself with rather a troublesome problem on my hands."

Fenno's face was sympathetic, the small nod she gave intent. "I know."

"I am sure you do."

"Clever hands," the girl mused, looking at Lanyard's, "—artistic, yet capable. I don't believe they often fail you."

"But deplorably unpracticed in the technique of paternity," Lanyard protested, "—giving me to wonder where to turn for instruction, Fenno—to your mother or you."

"To me, monsieur!"

"You find that an astonishing suggestion? But consider that she too is a headstrong infant—and how well you manage her!"

"Ah, but Mother doesn't know that."

"More proof that yours are defter hands than mine at such work. True, they have had more experience."

"And an easier job. Fay, you know, with all her nonsense, is what you are fond of calling yourself, old school—far easier to handle than the professionally unillusioned children of my generation."

"And Maurice's."

"Yes, but all the same—Maurice isn't typical, you know. He isn't hard-shell, really. He only likes to think he is."

"So much the more reason, then, to worry about him—so vain, so naïve, so susceptible to flattery."

"You're not seriously afraid Tess Boyce will make a dead set for him, are you, and turn his head?"

"Not that, so much as the associations of her class. One sees too much of that sort in Paris. No nation but America ever turned out such hordes of chronic moral invalids—money-shocked as surely as soldiers are shell-shocked. The atmosphere they buy for themselves isn't calculated to foster the belief in young men that they must work for the right to loaf. Then too, the crust of society is always thinnest beneath the class that knows no aim but pleasure, no pleasure but in spending."

"The crust above the underworld, you mean, monsieur?"

"Out of which I hoisted myself by my boot-straps," Lanyard pleasantly reminded the girl. But he trifled with those sharp wits at his peril, and knew it. Fenno's next question might well be: "You have reason, then, to fear the allure of the underworld for Maurice?"—or something much to that effect, anyway. "And in which," Lanyard pursued, "I still have ill-wishers who would welcome the chance to strike at me through my son."

"I understand," Fenno quietly replied. The trouble was, Lanyard couldn't be sure she didn't understand more than he cared to have her. He found the grave clear gaze she gave him disquieting. Yet she said no more than, after a moment and in a lowered voice: "Leave Maurice to me."

He answered in an open stare: "You mean that?"

Her head described a slow and graceful bend.

"I think you know how happy I would be to believe that what you suggest—"

"You may, monsieur."

Fenno got up in response to signals from her mother, but delayed to let her pass—delayed with veiled eyes and a finger lightly pinning Lanyard's sleeve. "He's such a lamb," she said for his ear only, but without looking up. "How can one help wanting to save him?"

Deep silken lashes lifted to disclose a smile at once intimate and enigmatic; but Fenno was off in her mother's wake before Lanyard would ask from whom Maurice, as the girl saw him, wanted saving, from the Boyce or from himself. And Lanyard finished his own dinner and several ruminative turns round the promenade deck without arriving at any satisfactory reading of the riddle.

If it was impossible to guess how much or little Fenno had grasped of the problem that Maurice personified to his father, it seemed none the less all too evident that her fine intuitions had been stirred by the many anomalies both in the boy's account of himself and in Lanyard's of his own part in that antic business of the emeralds. Whether or not she had succeeded in worming more out of Maurice than he had been wise to tell her, Lanyard had no means of knowing. Nothing was certain but that she knew or suspected too much for his peace of mind. Next thing he knew, she might have penetrated to the very heart of the secret.

But yes—to the contrary—one thing was certain: Fenno liked Maurice too well already not to keep her mind to herself for the time being and give him the benefit of every doubt.

Else her talk of "wanting to save him" had been pointless. . . .

Lanyard brought up at length beneath the bridge, nursing hands clasped upon the rail and letting an abstracted gaze range out over the dark fore-deck to spend itself in the night that waited beyond the bows.

Night no more dense than his perplexity. . . .

"A man a head taller than the yegg your son helped pinch. I could see him as a silhouette."

One came to his side on silent feet; a sly voice of malice pronounced: *"Bon soir, monsieur."*

It was Plon.

Lanyard made out to give a civil although tepid return, and the agent of the Sûreté pursued: "One has the hope that one's interruption is not ill-timed."

" 'Interruption?' "

"Monsieur appeared to be reflective—not without reason."

"I piously trust never to be so with none. That would be suspicious conduct indeed, my dear Plon!"

"All conduct on the part of any suspect is suspicious," Plon less acidly responded, mollified by the opportunity to be sententious.

"One is to infer, then, that one has the distinction to be still in your sight suspect?"

To that Plon gave a snort: "Do you take me for a fool?"

"It is not my fault, monsieur, if the years have taught you nothing, if you still think with the mind of a policeman."

"Monsieur is too amiable to praise me for fidelity to the tenets of my profession."

"Not 'praise'—commiseration, rather. Once a policeman, always a policeman."

"How true! Yet no more so than that a crook reformed is merely a crook grown clever."

Lanyard patiently let the creature have his chuckle out.

"Accept felicitations on your brilliant dialectics," he at length resumed. "But may one ask in all respect if the display has perhaps an object? Consider that you have just now admitted by implication you did not look me up tonight without a purpose. Good! But what can that be if not to persuade me to tell you something which you do not know but assume I do, something which you have not yet succeeded in nosing out about last night's affair? The inference is reasonable that you have lost nearly twenty-four hours trying to wring some admission out of that poor devil who stole the Boyce's pearls—some excuse for linking his *(Please turn to page 126)*

Mudder and Fodder

by Sam Hellman

"WHERE were you last night?" I asks Speed at the breakfast table. "Sitting up with sick poker-hands?"

"Poker-hands is correct," he returns, "but not many that were sick. I did, indeed, meet up with a few that seemed pale and undernourished, but an injection of Vitamin B—*B* for bluff—soon straightened 'em out and brought back the flush of—"

"Keep playing with that gang," I cuts in, "and you'll soon be complaining about the quality of the soup the Salvation Army serves. How much did the come-alongs let you take 'em for this trip?"

"Three grand," says Phil, "and a horse."

"And a *what!*" I exclaims.

"A horse," he repeats. "A well-known domestic mammal distinguished by a leg at each of his four corners and a tail at the northern end when traveling south. The Greeks had a name for it—*hippus,* from which we get *hippodrome, hippopotamus* and covers for big-league baseballs."

"What were you doing in this game?" I asks. "Ante-ing chipmunks and raising horses?"

"Not exactly," comes back Speed. "It was like this: Among the participants last night was a track-wart named Leather-vest Hannegan, who spent the greater part of the session in underguessing my strength and overguessing his; then towards midnight he opens a pot, and I raises him all the shillings he has showing, what with three aces cold."

"'That takes the remnants of the roll,' says Leather-vest, 'but I've got a hay-burner down at the track that's worth two thousand of anybody's assets. How about heaving him in for half that?'

"'Heave ho, my hearty!' I tells him. 'I've always wanted a horse to be kind to.'

"Hannegan shows a pat full, but the case ace having crept into the privacy of my hand, I finds myself the owner—"

"Too bad," I interrupts sarcastically, "that you weren't playing with one of the Ringling boys. You might have won a couple of two-toed sloths or a cage of trained mongeese. What are you going to do with a horse?"

"Take him back to my apartment in New York," says Phil, "and pasture him out in the window-box. We're in New Orleans, feller. What do you think you do with a horse here in the racing season? Flying Fish'll probably—"

"Flying Fish, eh?" I remarks. "How many lengths did he beat Gallant Fox in the Table Stakes?"

"I don't know a thing about his record," comes back Speed, "but I hear he's related to some of the snappiest steeds in the country. According to the elevator boy, Flying Fish is from Plymouth Rock out of Boiling Water—"

"So's a hard-boiled egg," I grunts. "You're not actually going to race the nag, are you?"

"In his element," returns Phil. "Watch!" "Looks great," says I, "but that law about not paying off on looks is still on the books."

Illustrated by
Tony Sarg

"That I am," returns Phil. "I've always had a yen for a gee-gee to run under my colors—by the way, what shall I take for colors?"

"Take the Prince of Wales'," I suggest. "I'm not sure what they are, but they ought to be black and blue. . . . You got any idea what it costs to be sugar to a stable?"

"This is just one horse," says Speed, "not a rodeo. A measure of oats and a bale of hay won't break me."

"They wouldn't," I admits; "but track fees, trainers, jockeys and exercise boys might. Of course," I goes on, "I've had no practical experience promoting the plugs, but from what I've been told, you can go angel for a musical comedy, and think you're retrenching, after a season with the bang-tails."

"Maybe," shrugs Phil, "but there's nothing in the rules of Badminton that compels me to hold onto a horse after he starts biting. How about running down to the track and taking a look at the Fish?"

"All right," says I; "but wait a minute. There's a bozo I know hanging around out in the lobby who's been following the ponies since foaling became a fashion. I think he had a bet on Pegasus to place. Let's give him a buzz."

Coke Canavan's deep in his dope-sheets when I drifts up to him with Speed in tow.

"What's good?" I asks.

"Flaming Arrow in the fifth," he returns. "It's in the bag. He'd have to break two legs and throw his jock to lose. Better put a little something on his beezer."

"Not me," says I hastily. "What've I got against Flaming Arrow that I should want him to break two legs and throw his jock? Tell me, Coke, what do you know about a spaniel called Flying Fish?"

"Spaniel's right," grunts Canavan. "They make glue out of better animals than that skate. He's been in three races down here, and finished after dark in all of 'em."

"What's the matter with him?" asks Phil. "Ridden wrong, or—"

"Or," says Coke. "Tod Sloan in his palmiest days couldn't have brought the Fish home in a field of farm-horses. Somebody touting you to him?"

"I own him," replies Speed.

"Own him, eh?" remarks Canavan. "Leather-vest sure gets the breaks. What price plug?"

"Nothing," says Phil. "I won him in a poker game."

"I wouldn't emphasize that 'won' if I were you," advises Coke. "Gonna race the dog?"

"I am," snaps Speed, "and I'll cash with him, too."

And he walks away in a huff.

"It looks," says I, "as if your four aces went to waste. Incidentally, you must be off your nut, talking about winning with a horse you've never seen. For all you know, he may be eighty years old, and slower than—"

"Nothing is so slow," cuts in Phil, "that brains can't make it go."

Flying Fish turns out to be a husky two-year-old, blacker than the inside of a tunnel cat, except for a dash of white around where the spats'd be if horses wore 'em.

"Looks good," says I; "but there's a law in this State that forbids paying off on looks. What's the matter with him?" I asks a stable hand.

"Not enough legs," he returns. "The four he's got won't take him where he's going fast enough."

"Anything else?" inquires Speed.

"What else," comes back the groom, "need be the matter with a race-horse?"

"How about his health?" persists Phil. "He's not wind-broken or spavined or anything of that sort, is he?"

"He's all right that way," answers the stableboy. "No milk route'd be too tough for him."

"It seems," I remarks to Speed, "as if Flying Fish has everything except hot hoofs. He's like a clarinet player I used to know who had everything a clarinet player should have except a clarinet. There's only one way to win with this baby."

"What's that?" asks Phil.

"Enter him in the fourth race some day," I replies, "but start him in the third. Either that, or get the beautiful daughter of a Kentucky colonel to ride him for the mortgage on the old manse, and sell the situation to the movies."

"I thought," says Phil, "they had a situation."

With that he airs the persiflage, and resumes questioning the stable

"He's all right. No milk-route'd be too tough for him."

Leather-vest Hannegan

chambermaid. However, he gets little encouragement from him.

"I'm no vet," offers the livery lad, "but I've got an idea the trouble's with the Fish's hoofs. They're too spready and soft for the going. He might not be such a pain-in-the-poke on a muddy track, but I wouldn't bet a dime on him in a cloudburst. Nags have got to be born right; you can't make 'em right."

I've got something to do besides standing around a stall palavering over a plug, so I leaves Phil at the track and beats it downtown. When I sees him that evening, he's up to his neck in stud-books and other horse hooey.

"I've got it!" he exclaims. "Flying Fish is a mudder."

"Even so," says I, "is he worth his fodder?"

"He will be," declares Speed, "before I get through. I've been looking up his pedigree, and what do you think I find?"

"More horses," I ventures.

"I find," goes on Phil, "mud in his line back to the year one. Neither Plymouth Rock nor Boiling Water were much in the sticky stuff, but Boiling Water's dam won the Preakness and the Futurity in the mud, and her sire took the Derby in a sea of it. Going back still further—"

"That's plenty back for me," I interrupts. "If the mud strain died out in Plymouth Rock and Boiling Water—"

"Strains don't die out," declares Speed. "They may leap a generation, but they come back. Ever hear of the Mendelian theory?"

"I didn't even know he'd moved uptown," says I, "but you can't get an argument out of me. If he's a mudder, the place to prove it's in the mud, and not in stud books. You enter the Fish and I'll arrange for the rain."

"There's no hurry," comes back Phil. "A lot of things that were done will have to be undone before he'll be ready to race."

"How do you mean?" I asks.

"Well," says Speed, "if you'd spent a year or so training a duck to climb trees and then threw him into the water, you wouldn't make him a hot favorite, would you, in a race against other ducks?"

"I might," I returns. "I'm peculiar that way."

"Also," continues Phil, "if you were teaching a kid to be a great violinist, you wouldn't pull him away every five minutes or so to play the flageolet or the bass tuba, would you?"

"He could be robbing banks or strangling Gold Star mothers," says I, "and I still wouldn't pull him away to play the bass tuba. So you're going to throw the kid back into the water and keep the duck at his violin, are you?"

"I am," replies Speed. "From now on, Flying Fish will think there's nothing in the world but mud. Every minute of exercise will be in the mud; every trial heat'll be in the mud; and every step he takes outside of the stable will bring mud to his fetlocks. I may even install a shower in his stall to give him the feel of rain—"

"Not to mention a touch of pneumonia," I adds, sarcastic. "Where you going to get the muddy track for all this training?"

"There's plenty of mud in New Orleans," says Phil, "if you know where to look for it. I'll use the regular track when it's raining. At other times I'll take him to the bottoms. As far as the vicinity of the stable goes, I can make my own mud. What's wrong with the idea?"

"I don't know," I returns, "but I never heard of a mudder being trained exclusively in mud. I should imagine it'd slow him up so—"

"It would on a fast track," cuts in Speed, "but there aint gonna be no fast tracks for the Fish. Why shouldn't a horse who knows only mud do better in the gumbo than fair-weather nags?"

"I haven't all the answers," I tells him, "but there's no harm in your trying, seeing that you don't stand to lose anything. How long do you figure it'll take to undo all the dirt done your dog?"

"There's no rush," says Phil. "When I think he's right and the spot's set, I'll slap him in for a killing. One'll be enough if things work out as they should."

"They won't," I assures him, "if the fence-birds get jerry to your joker. You'll either be laughed off the track, or your killing'll go where the Willamaloo bird singeth."

"It's all Masonic," asserts Speed. "Outside of the bucks I'm hiring to handle the horse, you'll be the only one in on the know. I'm getting barn-room away from the others, and I've canned everybody that has had anything to do with the Fish to date."

Speed's rigged up a shower to spray the horse with imaginary rain, and he turns

"All right, bozo," I shrugs. "I hope he doesn't track mud over your nice new hopes."

"He won't," predicts Phil. "Thar's gold in that thar mud."

Just then the phone rings. Leather-vest Hannegan's downstairs and would bandy words with the boy friend. I accompanies Speed to the lobby.

"I've got the grand I owe you," announces Leather-vest, a shrewd-eyed, wizened old sharpshooter.

"Grand you owe me!" exclaims Phil.

"Yep," says Hannegan. "I figured it was a kind of dirty trick to dump a horse in your lap, so I skirmished around and dug up the dough. Got the bill of sale with you?"

"I have," returns Speed, "and it's going to stay with me. When I take a horse, feller, he stays took. I've only known Flying Fish for a few hours, but we're already as inseparable as the market and the margin call."

"What can you do with him?" asks Leather-vest, sort of surly.

"Race him to riches," grins Phil.

"Don't be a sap," growls Hannegan. "I've started the Fish three times, and he hasn't come any nearer the money than I come to being Queen Mary's favorite milliner."

"Indicating," observes Speed, "the need of a change of ownership. You never can tell. He may do better for me—out of pity. Anyhow, I'm satisfied with the pot I won, so what do you care?"

"I don't," snaps Leather-vest, "if that's the way you feel about it." And he grouches himself off.

"He cares, all right enough," says I. "Wonder if he knows something about the horse he isn't telling?"

"There's nothing to that," declares Phil. "He wants the Fish because track-flies like Leather-vest think they're naked if they're in New Orleans in the winter without a horse."

My own business takes me to other parts of Louisiana, and it's a week before I'm back in New Orleans. Speed's not at the hotel, and as it rained heavily the night before, I guesses him to be out at the track rollicking around with his mud-lark. And that's where I find him after a taxi trip through the wet.

"How's the Fish?" I asks.

"In his element," returns Phil. "Watch! The boy's bringing him along now."

Through a swale of mud the big horse comes hurtling by, sure-footed and looking considerably more effective and powerful than he did in the stall the only other time I'd seen him. But what's my opinion on a work-out worth?

"Looks great," says I, regardless, "but I was up in Baton Rouge the other day, and that law about not paying off on looks is still on the statute books. Been out here every day?"

"Either here or where the wet is," answers Speed; "and does the Fish love it! He hits the mud the way a tired tramp hits the hay. The more you bog him, the better he be. I clocked him for the quarter awhile back, and you'd be surprised if I told you—"

"No, I wouldn't," I cuts in. "No more than I'd be surprised if I was told how many half-notes there are in Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song.' I don't know what a horse's time ought to be for the quarter, or even for the fiscal year, and you can't make me care. Was it good enough to win anything?"

"Not in a stake race," replies Phil; "but in a few weeks I'll have him coming home in the rain with the best of 'em abaft his tail and thereafter."

"Talking about rain," says I, "as one will in these latitudes, wouldn't it be jolly if a drought should set in just as you have your plug primed for the big push?"

Flying Fish, having finished his work-out, I accompanies him and Phil to the stable. Sure enough, Speed's rigged up a shower to spray the horse with imaginary rain, and he turns it on for my benefit. The Fish nuzzles into the downpour with all the enthusiasm of diving into a bucket of oats.

"Is he a natural for the wet?" enthuses the boy friend.

"Seems to be," says I, "but for all I know, every horse in the world and in Brooklyn may react the same way to a shower. Who's the lad riding him?" I asks, as the nag's being led away for rubbing and drying.

"Joe Simms," replies Phil; "and a grand rider he used to be, too. Joe had the mount on Boiling Water's dam when she won the Preakness, so he knows his mud. He's the only one that has anything to do with the Fish. I might even give him the leg-up for the killing."

"Kind of aged, isn't he?" I remarks doubtfully.

"Kind of," admits Speed, "but he's clever enough. Simms O. K.'d everything I'm doing—"

"That," I interrupts, "would make him clever."

After inspecting a quagmire at the rear of the stable used to keep the Fish in his element on dry days, I proceeds with Phil to the hotel. There, in the lobby as usual, is Coke Canavan, chin-deep in his dope-sheets.

"What's good?" I asks him.

(Please turn to page 87)

it on for my benefit. "Is he a natural for the wet?" enthuses the boy friend.

New Leaf

by Elmer Davis

A prodigal's return *and the* finish *of* a feast *on* the *fatted* calf

Illustrated by William C. Hoople

A MAN sat on a park bench, reading a newspaper. He looked as if he ought to be reading the Help Wanted advertisements. but he wasn't. This was yesterday's paper, picked out of the waste-can beside him; he was sure the jobs it advertised must have been filled long ago.

Besides, he was afraid he didn't look like the sort of help that was wanted. His well-cut suit was wrinkled and spotted; his well-made shoes were scuffed, dusty, down at the heel; his broadcloth shirt had been white when he put it on, some days ago. He was clean-shaven, thanks to the foresight that had led him to put his razor in his pocket before his baggage was seized for room-rent. But it was twenty-four hours since he had had anything to eat, and he showed it.

So he glanced idly over yesterday's paper till he came to the financial pages. Like a good many other people, he had had no interest in the financial pages since November 13th, 1929. Trying to forget the aching emptiness of his stomach, and his pockets, he stared at the blue waters of Biscayne Bay, glittering in the morning sun. . . . A sea of glass mingled with fire; he remembered that much from Sunday school. . . . The glare hurt his eyes; he faced about, toward the great hotels of Miami towering beyond the palms of the park. But it hurt to look at them, too.

For in one of those hotels, six weeks ago, he had been living in a corner suite and was accompanied on the beach by a blonde named Roselle. That was in the season, when races and roulette provided amusement for tourists. Now the season was over; the tourists were gone, and the horses, the bookmakers and the croupiers. The last of his money had gone with them; Roselle had gone, with a Mr. Mintz, from Buffalo—not that he'd cared about the little gold-digger. . . . His eyes came back to the paper, lighted on a headline: "Dividends Declared." Suddenly curious, he read down the column. Yes, there it was. "Hazen-Knit Underwear Company, Marbury, N. Y. April 15th; quarterly; $2."

Phil Hazen smiled—his famous smile, humorous, tolerant, engaging. If he'd held the stock his father had given him a year ago, he'd have an annual income of twelve thousand dollars. But he'd sold it when he left home, and put the money into other stocks, on margin. The stocks went up; in New York, he had lived like a millionaire—till November 13th. What was left after that he had brought to Miami, and lived like a millionaire—for a while. But there wasn't a cent in his pocket now.

It amused him to remember how he had pitied himself, years ago, just after he had been expelled from Princeton, when his father put him to work in the mill offices at twenty-five a week. Why, on twenty-five a week you ate, and smoked; and when you lived at home, your shirts weren't seized for room-rent, even if home was the dreadful old mausoleum that had housed three generations of Hazens.

He had hated working in the office, but the iron routine that his brother forced on the organization had finally got him; he had learned his job; before he broke away, he'd been raised to thirty-five a week. His father had given him a stock interest out of affection; but his brother wouldn't have given him a raise unless he'd earned it. He knew the knit-underwear business; and job-hunting lately had taught him that he knew nothing else. In Miami he wasn't worth a nickel; but in Marbury, New York,—if he could get there,—he was still worth thirty-five a week.

And now he remembered something else from Sunday school. "I will arise," he said, "and go to my father."

There remained, however, the problem of ways and means. The obvious thing was to telegraph home for the railroad fare. Too obvious—he'd done it before; from Latonia and Tia Juana, on college vacations—from New York, after he'd been expelled. He doubted if his father would respond to that familiar appeal again. And Max, his brother—

Well, last year Max had walked in—and promptly walked out again—on a party Phil was throwing in his New York apartment, in the days when a red-haired girl named Marie was his official hostess. Max wasn't interested in women, and didn't see why anyone else should be. No hope there. And every man in Miami who might lend Phil money had been seen, long ago. They crossed the street, now, when they saw him coming.

Every man! But Irene—she was the cashier of a lunch-room just off Flagler Street, where Phil lately had been taking his breakfast. (He hadn't been taking the other meals at all.) He used to drop in toward the middle of the morning, when business was dull; Irene would step down from her desk to have a cup of coffee with him, and only she and Phil knew that she took both checks. He hadn't minded letting her pay for his meals; but to ask a woman for money—

He flushed with shame, and yielded to the inevitable. . . .

She stepped down from her desk—a blonde with calm blue eyes that were encircled by a network of wrinkles. She'd told Phil she was thirty-one—six years older than he.

If he took a girl anywhere at all, it was his brother's fiancée.

"You're late this morning," she remarked.

"I've been thinking. . . . Irene, I want to tell you something—"

"Wait. You might think different, after you've had some coffee."

But coffee, food, one of Irene's cigarettes, only steadied him, and stiffened his resolution.

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf," he announced. "I'm going back home to New York State and ask my old man for a job. He's got an underwear factory—knit underwear, wrist and ankle length."

"Who wears it?" she asked, her eyes as calm as ever.

"Quite a lot of people, to judge from the dividends."

"Dividends? If you can go back to dividends, you'd better."

"I've kicked away my share of the business, unfortunately. The old man gave me all that was coming to me when I decided I could throw the stock-market for a loss. The controlling interest was to go to Max, anyway—that's my brother, ten years older than I am. He's vice-president and general manager. . . . All I'm asking for now is a job. I think Father would give me that."

"How about Brother Max? Maybe he won't be so glad to see the black sheep come baaing back to the fold."

"Oh, Max isn't a bad sort. Just stuffy. It would do him a world of good to get good and drunk once in his life; but he's not the type."

"I expect you've done enough of that for two," she suggested. "Well—I'm awfully glad, Phil." But her eyes belied her.

"Can't say I am," he told her with his famous smile. "Marbury's an awful hole. Cold as Greenland in winter, hot in summer; and all built around our mill. We've been the big industry of the town, and the big family, since the Year One. Father passes the plate in church, and Max talks about Service at Rotary lunches. And we all live together—my mother's dead—in an old gray brick house, with a mansard roof, and cast-iron pillars on the porch. . . . I've come home broke three times before. If I go back now, I'm a fourth offender—in for life. But I don't see what else I can do."

"You could find a job here, Phil, if you hang on awhile."

"What can I do? Drive a car, pretty well. So can everybody. And that's all I know, except working in the office of a knit-underwear mill. Back home I can—at least earn my keep," he finished.

"But New York State's a long way off. How are you going to get there?"

"Hitch hike. But—" He nerved himself to it. "But even hitch-hikers have to eat; and I want to be decently clean when I walk into my home town. . . . Irene, I've borrowed from every man I know in Miami. If you could lend me—well, about thirty dollars, I'd pay you back out of my salary. I'm asking you as somebody who's up against it, to somebody who's been up against it—as man to man."

Her calm eyes studied him awhile.

"If you asked me as man to woman," she said, "you could have every nickel I've got. But I guess you never thought much about me that way."

"My dear! You know I'm fond of you. But I couldn't—cheat you."

"I know. Only I wish to God you had." He reflected that he'd probably have made love to her, at that—she

wasn't bad-looking—except that she bought his meals. That set up a barrier, for a Hazen. . . . "You'd better take fifty," she said. "That's a long trip."

"Irene!" He was humbled by her generosity. "I never knew a woman like you, when I had money. If only I'd met you in time!"

"You wouldn't have seen me. You were too busy blowing your jack on gimme girls. . . . Lucky devils! I'd be one, if I had it to do over again. But I'm only a here-take-it girl, too old to turn over a new leaf —Sue!" she called to a waitress. "Will you watch my desk? I've got to go over to the bank for some more change, before lunch. . . ."

A girl was driving back in her roadster, from a bridge luncheon at Syracuse, to Marbury, where her father was manager of the public-service company. The corporation that owned it had transferred him last summer from a city in Illinois that was about the same size as Marbury, and looked ten times bigger and livelier. She had been enthusiastic about the move to the East; but when she thought of the East, she thought of New York—which she had visited only once, and briefly, since she came to Marbury—and of Atlantic City, which she hadn't visited at all. She had never foreseen the backwater stagnation of a small Eastern city—a mill town where, if you happen to be born a mill-hand, there is only one place to work; where if it has pleased God to allot you a higher station in life, there is only one thing to do, one place to go, one set of people to go there with—one man to marry.

Automatically she swerved to avoid a mud-spattered pedestrian, plodding along in the rain. He stopped, held up his hand; she started to step on the gas, and put on the brake instead. He came up to her—sadly bedraggled, but at least his face and shirt were clean.

"I beg your pardon!" he said. "If I'd seen that it was a woman alone—Never mind; somebody will pick me up." She opened the door.

"Get in," she said, smiling. "I thought I recognized you. . . . No, you don't know me, but I've seen lots of your photographs. You're Phil Hazen." For the first time, she saw the famous Phil Hazen smile.

"Guilty," he confessed. "But I didn't suppose that they thought well enough of me at home to keep my pictures on display."

"Your father misses you terribly, Phil. . . . Sorry if I seem familiar," she said, her hazel eyes dancing. "But you see, I'm engaged to Max. My name's Frederica Landon, if you haven't heard the news. Most of my friends call me Fritzi." He looked her over, and laughed silently.

"I used to tell Max," he said, "that when he decided to get married, he'd probably pick somebody terrible. He'd never looked at a woman, so how was he to know the difference? But it seems that that's one more point where Max was right and I was wrong."

"You're sure it was Max's decision," she asked him, "not mine?"

"Well—" He laughed a little. "Knowing Max—" The hazel eyes didn't like that; probably it was too near the truth. "You'd better let me out at the edge of town," he advised her. "I'm not sure of my reception, and it wouldn't be fair to hide behind a woman's skirts."

She laughed at that, and he flushed. She hadn't given in to the new modes; her skirt didn't even hide her admirable knees.

"I'm going to drive you right up to the front door," she said. "Your father will be at home, by the time we get there; Max is in Chicago on a business trip, but he's coming back tonight. And I'm going to wait at the curb till I see whether your father takes you in or not. He probably will; but if he doesn't, you're invited to dine with us at home. I'm enough of a member of the family for that, surely."

"Better not do that, Fritzi. They wouldn't like it."

"I'm my own boss, aren't I?" she blazed. "I'm not taking orders! But what happened to you, Phil? You went to New York to play the market, and we all thought you'd cleaned up. The Ferrises saw you in Miami last winter, and they said you were living like a—like a king."

He knew why she was suddenly embarrassed. The Ferrises had known about Roselle, and doubtless had told everybody in Marbury.

"It's the old story," he sighed. "A fool and his money. But I've learned my lesson now; I was a good clerk in the office, and I want to go back there, if Father will give me a chance. . . . I *would* have cleaned up in the market, if I'd only waited a year. The bargains that can be picked up now!"

"That's what I think too!" she burst out. "I've got a little money of my own, in five-per-cent bonds; and Max tells me I've got to keep it there. . . . It's funny," she said after a pause. "Max and I might have seen you in Miami; we were going to get married in February, and go there on our honeymoon. But business wasn't so good, and it worried him; so we decided to wait till summer. It's absurd never to have been to Miami, but I haven't. Neither has Max."

"Max has never been anywhere. He's always kept his nose to the grindstone. I'm counting on you to get him out of his rut."

"I certainly will. I'll take him to Miami next winter, anyway."

"It's a nice town," Phil mused. "But the Keys are the best part of Florida. If I had a bungalow on the Keys, with a motorboat, and a radio—"

He was still telling her about the Keys—and Havana, and some little places he'd known on the Riviera—when the roadster stopped in front of a gray brick house, with a mansard roof, and cast-iron pillars on the porch. There was a light in the parlor.

"Go on in," she said. "I'll wait for you."

"Look here, Fritzi, you'll only get yourself in wrong—"

But she smiled immovably, and he let her have her way.

As he ran up the walk, she wondered at his springy step, after days of hiking; Max always seemed tired. He rang the bell, vanished inside. She waited. . . . The door opened again; the vestibule lamp shone on Henry W. Hazen, his arm around the shoulders of his son.

"Frederica!" he called excitedly. "Come up here!" And when she joined them: "You've got to stay for dinner!" he told her. "Telephone your people that we're having a family party. Max will be late, but we can't wait for him. Phil must be hungry."

"Then it's all right?" she asked. Henry W. Hazen beamed.

"Of course it's all right! The boy's learned his lesson. I feel as if he'd come back from the dead. . . ."

Maxwell Hazen descended from the Pullman into cold rain. It had no business being so cold in May, but that was the way of spring in the miscalled temperate zone. Max had long ago concluded that spring was a delusion fostered by English poets; it annoyed him that people still talked as if it were an American institution. But, as in the case of many things that annoyed him, there was nothing he could do about it; so he had given up worrying, or almost given up. He got worry enough out of the knit-underwear business.

He walked down the lamplit platform, carrying his suitcase, and looked for the car. It wasn't there. No excuse for that. The car always met him when he returned from business trips. Maybe the chauffeur was sick; but he had no business being sick on a rainy night—

Max checked himself; no use being unreasonable. He knew that he had expected to send the car home empty; he had *(Please turn to page 143)*

He tried to persuade the men who had been laid off to wait for better times instead of moving.

The Footprint of Cinderella

Illustrated by Jules Gotlieb

The Story Thus Far:

THE newspapers had headlined the story of the betrothal of Muriel, daughter of Johnathan Leigh, of the old Philadelphia Leighs and heiress to a huge fortune, and Rupert, Crown Prince of Sabria. The marriage was postponed by the sudden death of Leigh himself. This sensation resurrected his famous romance of years ago—his marriage to Daisy Storey, the pretty London music-hall singer. A brief marriage, for Daisy, on her way to Europe with her baby daughter and Johnathan's sister Chloe, was swept overboard in a storm—and Chloe brought the baby home to a bereaved husband.

Now some twenty years later, when the will was opened by the lawyers, old friends of the family, Douglas Avery and his son, they learned that most of the vast fortune went to Muriel, contingent on this provision: "The identity of my daughter Muriel must be established."

Two other queer things were among the papers—the ink footprint of Daisy's baby, made in the hospital, and an address scrawled on a scrap of paper. *"155 Alexander Street, Mayville, Ohio."*

When Muriel came in next day, annoyed at the delay in reading the will, she was still further annoyed at being asked to have her footprint made, and she submitted with a bad grace.

When the Averys compared the prints, they did not match. And that night Barney was on his way to Mayville. He found there another girl, a clerk in a stationery store, whose footprint did match that of Daisy's baby. And he fell in love with her—and she with him.

Janet Jamison was only the adopted daughter of the old bee-keeper with whom she lived, she told Barney Avery. And once a year a lady in Philadelphia sent her a little money.

Barney went to tell the whole thing to the foster father. On the road a big limousine passed him. In it he caught a glimpse of Chloe and Janet deep in talk as the car sped away. Mr. Jamison had a note for him from Janet. It said that a lady who helped in her adoption had taken her to Philadelphia—there was a chance of an inheritance for her; she would call him up in the morning. And she sent love and many kisses.

Within an hour Barney was on his way in his own car in swift pursuit.

During these days Chloe had become more and more nervous—the delay in the will—was the past to come back? Would her plans be spoiled? Valak, the Prince's aide, was apprehensive too. and came directly to the point with her.

Under his cross-questioning, she admitted the whole thing—the baby she had found with a Leigh name, which she had substituted for Daisy's child, the real heiress sent away, her fear of what the will held.

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How a girl *in* a *little* Ohio town *fitted* her foot to something *even more magic* than the *glass* slipper

by

Philip Wylie

Once he said: "God, you have a beautiful voice!" Then he remembered Daisy Storey.

To her horror, Valak suggested the only possible way out of the matter: Janet must be disposed of. He mentioned a car accident, a burning house—and so played upon Chloe's pride, her fear of seeing herself in the dust along with her every plan, that she consented to allow him to carry out his idea as he best found the way.

At night, she suddenly realized what she had agreed to. With no definite idea in mind, she ordered the car to drive to Mayville, went to the Jamison house, gave them the startling information Janet had given Barney in her note, and took Janet with her to Philadelphia.

Muriel was surprised to find this stranger in their house and still more surprised by later events. In the evening Chloe ordered the telephone disconnected, ordered all doors and windows locked, ordered that no one answer the door. When later a furious knocking came, and no one answered, it was not the Crown Prince's aide, as she had feared, but Barney, who had never quite caught up to the big limousine, Barney battering on the door to learn what had happened, not to the heiress of the Leigh millions, but to the girl he loved and for whose safety he feared.

Chloe turned the key of the room which had been given Janet for her use. The house was quiet. Muriel, to Chloe's horror, began wondering where she had seen that girl before—and Chloe knew it was from old pictures of Daisy whom Janet so resembled.

And Barney went home distraught. His father hardly recognized as his son the dripping wild-eyed person who came dashing in with his story of a trip that had started so well and ended in so sinister a way. *(The story continues in detail:)*

MANKIND must certainly have lived a pleasant life when he believed in the gods. There is no lush solace in any contemporary philosophy; rather, in the glare of its illumination, one is either very strong or very foolish. Chloe Laforge-Leigh could not wake into the haunted day and shrug responsibility from her heavy shoulders by saying that the Three Sisters had spun an evil thread into her fate. Janet could not admit that a demon of mischance possessed her. Barney could not calm his harassed soul by some orthodox propitiation of his gods. On the contrary, each of them, in kind with each other human being who wakes in any Twentieth Century morning, was vividly aware that yesterday's fires must be

rekindled for today with human hands, and must be kept from burning too high or going out entirely without even the hope of divine interference.

Still—coincidence, chance, cross-intents are all related to providence, at least, in that they form a pattern. A somewhat perverted woman had put a false heiress in her brother's house. The brother had died. A prince had wooed the heiress. A young man had found the real daughter and loved her. The mentor of the prince had learned about the false heiress and planned to remove the daughter. Then the somewhat perverted woman, preoccupied by fear, had brought the banished daughter to her house. All simple actions, once the premise is set in motion. Yet what ramifications, what tangled motives, what immense emotions burst instantaneously from this relatively trivial disorder!

Chloe is a placid crust around the writhing stuff of apprehension. She wakes. She is not even wholly sure that the girl she brought from Mayville is still alive in the yellow room. Valak's hirelings may have crept there by night. She cannot guess how thorough a knowledge of her twenty-year-old actions sits uncommunicating in the brain of Douglas Avery. Soon, she thinks, Valak and the Prince may scorn her. Muriel may hate her. The lawyer may thrust an inquisition upon her. She has always undertaken too much, always failed by a slim thread of inadequacy, and now she must undertake infinitely more: intrigue, diplomacy, guessing, guarding, lying, innumerable inventions to preserve forever the appearance of placidity at the least.

Valak is the shrewd person of compromise. He hates Chloe. Her mind is, to him, itself a leprosy. Janet, he tells himself, is innocent. Yet she impedes the future of three million Sabrians who are equally innocent. It is arithmetic. To him, Chloe is the murderer. Yet he is willing, even forced, to temporize.

Barney is in love. The marshaling of plans, the practise of diplomacy is sheared from him. Lust plots; love goes straight toward loving. His mind revolves. There is lightning in it. It sickens with fear. It drinks wretchedness. He has won Janet without telling her she is rich. Now she will think he most desired her fortune. That is the revolution.

Remembering her kisses is the lightning; Chloe is the fear; and the bare business of life is, perhaps, the wretchedness. The antique and very worthy wish to have the object of his love in his arms is the absolute of his desire and purpose.

Janet is a girl, a young woman. There is no enigma. Love has only added to the lifelong necessity of being practical. That is all it does to most women, intellectually. For a thousand years the world has gone on grimly believing in romance, and for a thousand years women have been saddled with the blame for all sterile aftermath—a condition that might be avoided entirely by a little honesty. Janet is honest. She knows that finding her family, which Chloe has promised to do, cannot change her, and will give her at best a purely sentimental satisfaction. She knows precisely what the five thousand dollars which Chloe has also

promised will mean to herself and to her foster father. She loves Barney. She does not expect him to carry her away on a white horse. This is 1930. She hopes that some day he and she will be married. A family name for herself, a little money, will help in that. A generation ago it would have been considered unblushing and mercenary to admit those things—practical, patent, intelligent things. Janet feels that Chloe is peculiar. The Leigh house is uncomfortable to her. The events of the night previous were unnatural. But in the morning, she is not very frightened.

Muriel wakes into a world of cynical taffeta—Rupert into a hall eight thousand miles in diameter filled with amusing parades.

The thoughts of all of them line up slowly and wait for the emphasis to be put on each for the beginning of that day. . . .

Valak acted first. At the top of a square sheet of notepaper he wrote, *"Chloe Laforge-Leigh"* and the numeral, *"1."* Underneath were symbols which represented his thoughts:

Chloe had Janet, the real heiress, in her possession.

If anyone—Avery, for example—tried to prove that Chloe had changed Johnathan Leigh's baby for an impostor, Chloe would have a good defense. Anyone trying to prove it would naturally furnish a daughter alleged to be the real one. Anyone furnishing such a daughter could easily be accused of scheming to divert the Leigh fortune. Therefore Avery would be forced to go slowly, if that was his intent. Valak thought it was. Avery's position was much more difficult, because Janet was living at the Leigh house.

Chloe, if Chloe could be believed, was the only person who knew positively, who could know positively, that Janet and not Muriel was Leigh's daughter.

Valak rose from his writing-table, crossed the room to the telephone and ordered another pot of coffee. He glanced through the jottings he had made. Obviously, Chloe's position was not altogether without foundation.

He wrote the name of *Avery.*

Avery's position was still equivocal. Avery knew that there was something wrong in the Leigh household. How much did Avery know? The Duke shrugged. Not enough to cause him to do anything active. Avery was waiting. For what?

Valak wrote his own name. He finished it with a flourish. He knew all about everything. Muriel was the orphan of an obscure French family. Janet, whatever she might prove to be as a person, was a country girl. Everyone was protecting Janet—for an ideal. "If she had a real champion," Valak thought smilingly, "there would be very little use for me to continue any effort to move the Leigh fortune from America to Sabria. I know everything. I can do nothing. None of us can do anything. We sit like fools with baited hooks over a pond where there is one fish, and nobody will let any other person drop his line into the water. We are"—he fumbled for the American word—"deadlocked."

His gaze traveled moodily to the window. As if he were walking toward a thing he had tossed away, he followed it to the sill and stared into the street. The clanging trolley-cars, the hurrying people, the intermittently moving automobiles, vanished. He could see Sabria again, smell it and feel it: A little country, a magnificent little country. He could see the cold of winter come down on Sabria, the bread-lines, the busy offices of the Red Cross in the center of the capitol. He could see the tentacles of poverty clutching at the royal family. He could hear the bawling of the communist agitators in the street, promising everything in reward for destruction. Then—himself, in Philadelphia, struggling, plotting, scheming with an old woman. Balked by a peasant girl from Mayville, Ohio! All that for the gold that had belonged to a dignified and reactionary old man. All the fear and worry and disappointment, all the encouragement of Rupert's love-making, all the parties and hotel suites, invitations, smiles, bows, compliments—for Sabria. A little country. . . . Philadelphia—Chloe—Sabria. Valak realized suddenly how weird his world had become, how strangely man is made into the puppet of his imagination, how odd it is when he discovers himself engaged in performing a dream.

He went back to the writing-table, glanced at the list he had made, to imprint it on his mind, and tore the paper into small pieces. Then he rang for Leopold. "Is Rupert awake?" he inquired.

"I believe His Highness is having breakfast."

"Good! Ask him to step in when he has finished."

The square fragments fell into the wastebasket. Valak did not move again until the Prince entered. His greeting was blithe. *(Please turn to page 106)*

"Ah! This is the young lady?" Chloe was angry: "This is a private discussion, Miss Jamison."

The Good Name of a Woman

An adventure with Lydia Grey

by

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Illustrated by R. F. James

ACCIDENT must play its part in our lives; but we are too quick, I think, to attribute to chance, matters that upon examination seem orderly sequences in a measured plan. For example, the careless reader of these memoirs might believe that I became a thief through accident. Whereas, educated to a point where manual labor seemed beneath me, yet possessed of no talent which would place me beyond the pinch of need, theft was the natural result. Accident had placed the Carteret necklace—my first step downward—within my reach, but I had planned to steal before I saw that necklace. A girl of chic, perhaps, of beauty, possibly, and of spirit certainly, the very possession of these qualities made it certain that I would neither starve nor yet become an ill-paid drudge. There are other ways, you argue, in which a girl such as I have described myself to be might make a living? But back of my education were decent forbears and early training. Theft seemed less repugnant to me than that even more ancient immorality to which women in despair so often turn.

And if I seem stodgily prosy, bear with me a moment longer. For, in my own defense,—and I who have told the worst about myself should be given a hearing when I try to tell the best,—I want to set down here that if accident had played no part in my wrong-doing, neither did it play any part in my right-doing.

The very qualities, the very needs, the very ambitions, that had led me to theft, led me away from crime. Those decent forbears, that early training, that later education—all these conspired to arouse in me a hatred for lawbreaking. Through Randolph Barnard, my fellow-thief and lover, I had been received by persons whose position had at first thrilled me, but whose easy kindly acceptance of me had won my liking. But that acceptance, that liking, had been gained under false pretenses, and in a hatred of my lying position I had given up Barnard and sought honest work.

And—my first honest position had brought Barnard and myself a check for one hundred thousand dollars from Martha Cullen, whom we had rescued from the designs of an adventurer.

Accident? Perhaps. But I am inclined to believe that the opportunity awaits the man—or the woman. I am inclined to believe that nothing we do is without purpose. Had I not been a thief, had not my theft brought me into association with Barnard, I would not have known how to cope with the Cullen affair. Not, believe me, that I am attempting justification of my past; I am persuading you to believe that if I had deliberately turned thief, I had, with equal deliberation, turned honest, and that accident had nothing to do with either decision, but that each decision was part of some scheme whose beginnings went back beyond myself, perhaps, through countless generations to the beginning of time itself.

A fatalist? No, merely a reckless lady who has her moments of philosophical reflection.

But I was not merely reckless; I was restless when, on an evening some weeks after the Cullen affair, Randolph and I sat in a night-club off Broadway. For months we had thrilled to danger; anyone we saw might be a detective on our trail. Any person we encountered might be a possible victim of our united wits. There is an indescribable thrill in being opposed to society, and I will confess that virtue was beginning to pall upon me slightly. We had agreed, upon the outcome of the Cullen matter, that we would try, from then on, to exercise our talents toward the prevention of wrong-doing; but how, I was beginning to ask myself, were we to know when crime was about to bud?

"We can't," Randolph had said to me, "very well open a private detective agency."

"Why not?" I demanded.

He smiled at my unworldliness.

"Can't you see the headlines, my dear? Lydia Grey and Randolph Barnard become detectives. Society's thrill-seekers find new activities. It wouldn't do, Lydia. In the first place, the publicity would be overpowering. Wherever we went, we'd be pointed out. If we tried to gain anyone's confidence, that person would know our object in advance. And another thing," he went on, as my face, I imagine, expressed disagreement: "neither you nor I want too much attention directed to us, especially now, when certain matters like the Carteret necklace and the Rakmanoff ruby are still lingering in some memories. The newspapers would ask pertinent—and impertinent—questions, Lydia, my dear. They would ask what qualifications you and I possess for private detection. It might be pointed out that I was present when the Rakmanoff ruby disappeared. Other matters might come up."

I yielded the point.

"But we are doing *nothing*," I said. "If—if we're going to—wipe out the past—"

He smiled again.

"Repentance is as impatient as the thing which led to it," he remarked.

"It—isn't just that," I said, coloring. "I mean—I knew what I was doing when I first stole, Randolph. So did you, I take it. And a person who can't abide by the consequences of his act is a coward. I'm not that. I hope to avoid the consequences, but if I can't— We're doing *nothing*."

"We can't make a hundred thousand every week," he said.

"But we could be trying to make *something*," I retorted.

He nodded at a fat old woman dancing by our table.

The girl blushed vividly. Her embarrassment was painful to watch. But Randolph's insistent grip on her hand could not be ignored . . . . She introduced the two men.

"We could return, for mere activity's sake, to our old ways," he suggested. "Those pearls are worth a hundred thousand, easily."

I turned toward him a shoulder which, I am assured, is not too badly molded. Then I relented. I was acting like a spoiled child. We wanted to rescue people from the consequences of their own indiscretions or misfortunes; we wanted pay for our aid; we couldn't advertise our new profession. Well, then, all we could do was to bide our time, to hope that something would turn up. And I knew that Randolph had not meant his suggestion about the fat woman's pearls. Ashamed of my petulance, I turned to him.

"It's only, dearest," I said to him, "that I want to see you established, want to be certain that poverty won't —drive us back to the old ways."

"It won't for a while," he laughed. "You've well over a hundred thousand put away, haven't you?"

I nodded. But I didn't tell him that some day I intended to learn from him the full extent of his depredations, that I would never be content until every last penny that either or both of us had stolen had been restored to our victims. For somehow I could not feel that his reform was as deep-seated as mine. He reformed because I wanted him to, not because he wished to. I foresaw difficulties in the future, but dismissed them from my mind now.

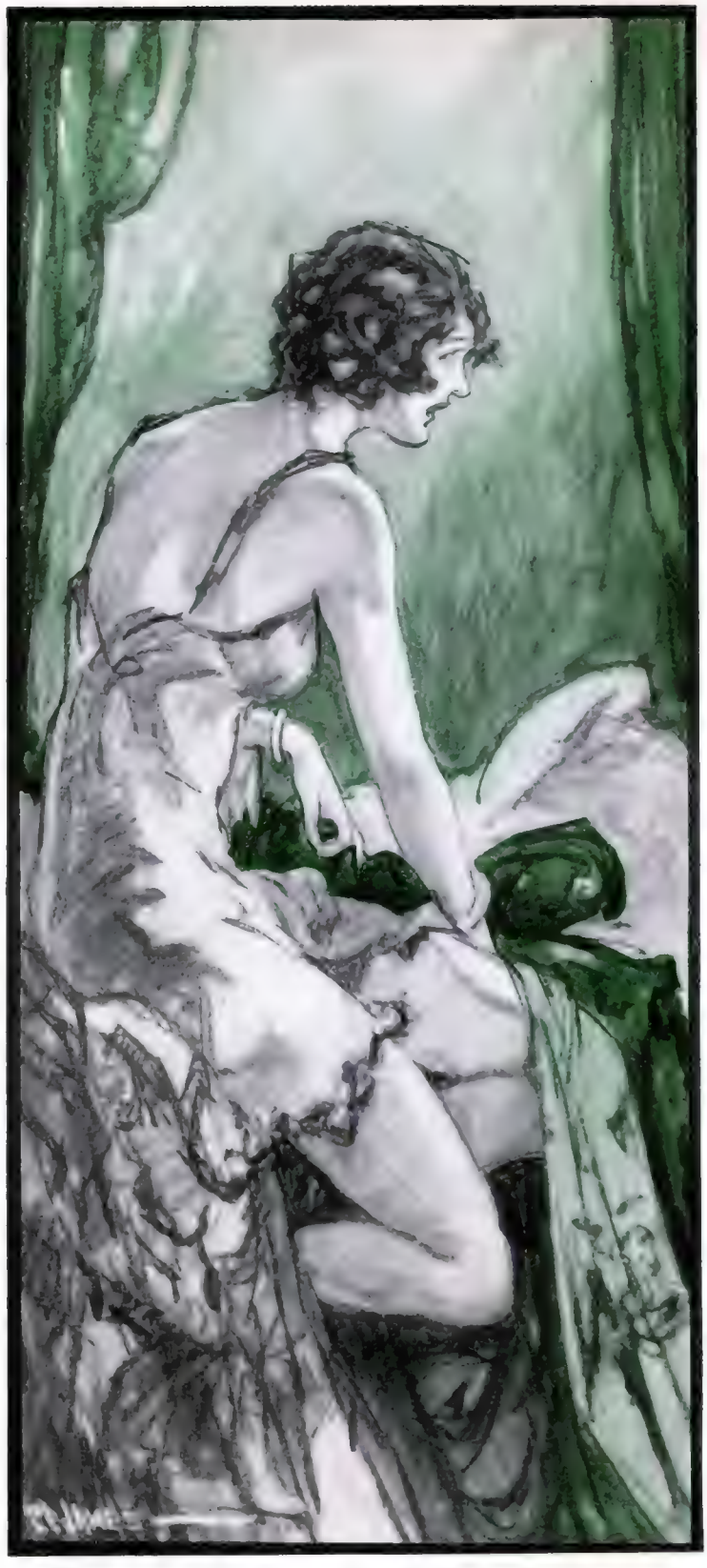
Upon Randolph's face appeared a look of slight bewilderment unjustified by my nod of assent. I looked in the direction of his glance. There, dancing with the most obvious sort of Broadway adventurer, was an undistinguished-seeming girl. She had the prettiness of youth, and her figure was not bad, and her frock was patently of Parisian origin. She was the counterpart of any one of a score of well-bred girls that one might encounter on Park Avenue any afternoon. For that matter, one might encounter her type in this —or an even less reputable—night-club. But one would hardly think to find her, so evidently well-bred she was, in the company of a man like her companion.

"Who is she?" I asked Randolph. "The girl you're staring at?"

"Was I staring?" He turned to me. "Well, it's enough to make a man stare, at that. A girl like that, with a man like that—"

"The girls don't care nowadays," I reminded him. "They've been sheltered so long that they get a kick out of knowing—"

"Not out of knowing Larry Folwell," he interrupted.



When I would have begged Randolph to cease, I thought of Connie Wilderley, and my heart hardened.

I stared at the girl's companion. In common with everyone who reads the newspapers, I'd heard of Larry Folwell. His career was an international scandal. He had first appeared in the headlines when he had stepped from a chorus to marry the elderly widow of a steel magnate. That venture had ended in the courts, with charge and counter-charge that forever wrecked the steel lady's social ambitions, but that seemed merely to advance the career of Folwell.

Lois Louverne—she called herself that, so we might as well let her masquerade under that name—abandoned the partner who had made her the most popular ballroom dancer of her day, to become the next Mrs. Folwell. She died, a victim of drugs, two years later. Then followed, in quick succession, his romance with the American-born Duchesse de Montpelier, his elopement with — and his subsequent divorce from—Minna Raybourne, the daughter of Secretary Raybourne, and his marriage to the sister of Lester Curtis.

This last had been a shotgun wedding, and in a quarrel following the honeymoon, Folwell had shot and killed his brother-in-law. It had been, according to the testimony, a matter of self-defense, and the adventurer had been acquitted. His wife had taken up her residence in Reno, and the usual divorce had followed.

Since his last marriage, Folwell had appeared only occasionally in the newspapers, once on the occasion of his deportation from Italy, and a few times in connection with night-clubs he had opened, or when rumor hinted that his attentions to some woman of means might be consummated in marriage.

Marriage was his means of livelihood, his career. I had to admit that he had been extraordinarily successful in his chosen profession, but I could not understand his fascination. I said as much to Randolph.

"You explained it yourself a moment ago," he said. "He represents wickedness, and women have been fascinated by wickedness since the beginning of time."

I shrugged with the truth of the accusation.

"Still," I protested, "a villain should have some good looks, some charm—"

"Perhaps he has, when one knows him," he said. "But from what I've heard of him, it's his very frankness that attracts women. He never excuses, never palliates his wickedness. He flaunts it. And now, at forty, he seems to be doing as well as he did at twenty."

"Do you know the girl?" I asked.

"That's why I stared," he said. "For I'd have picked—if I had to pick any young girl—Connie Wilderley as the one to be completely immune from the attractions of Larry Folwell."

"Connie Wilderley?" I gasped. I stared at her in amazement. I am not a great believer in so-called "birth." History tells us of too many kings who were venal liars, and of too many queens who were strumpets. And the Almanach de Gotha and Burke's Peerage list too many persons who bear titles because a distant ancestress was generous to royalty with her husband's complete and smirking approval.

Nevertheless, it is hard to rid ourselves of surprise when one whose parents and grandparents and great-grandparents have been distinguished shows a strain of commonness. Constance Wilderley's father was the great philanthropist; her mother had been the daughter of a President's sister; her paternal grandfather had been known as the Tin King before he became Secretary of State. Two great-grandfathers had distinguished themselves in the Civil War; their fathers and grandfathers had been prominent in earlier American history. And the girl herself, I had heard it said, was rather serious-minded, with a leaning toward the arts. She shunned the gayer activities of the set to which she belonged. Yet here she was, dancing in a night-club with Larry Folwell!

"Still waters?" I said to Randolph.

He shook his head. "I've known her a dozen years," he replied.

"Parents have known daughters longer than that and been surprised," I reminded him.

He shook his head again, but not so assuredly this time.

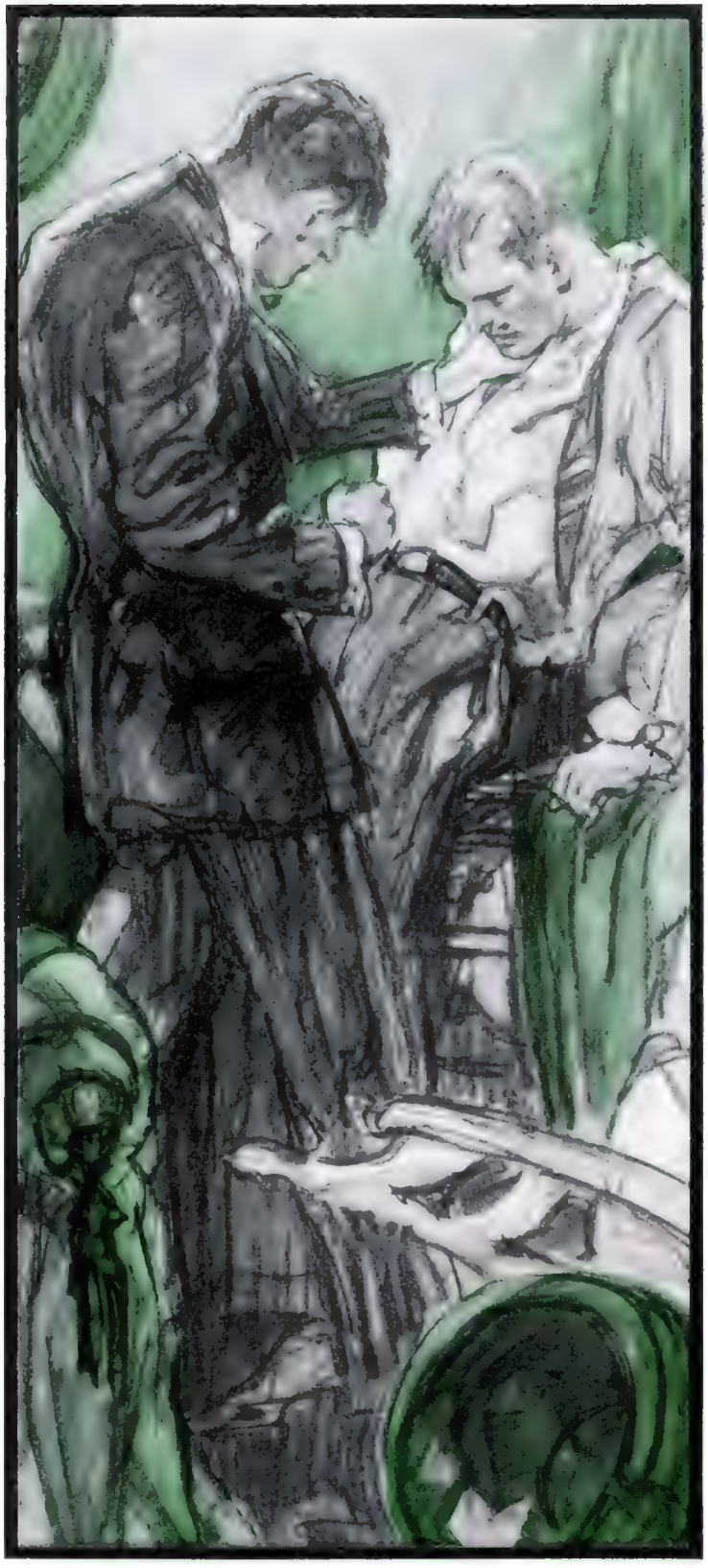
"You may be right, Lydia," he said. "You probably are. Only—she's been so shy, so mouselike, and so unostentatiously brought up— I know," he went on, as though anticipating my reply, "that's precisely the kind of girl that usually breaks loose, but still—"

I felt a bit ashamed. I am not the sort of woman who puts the worst construction on everything.

"Every girl likes a little fling, a little trifling with danger," I said.

"You didn't see them as soon as I did," he said. "I—it looked to me as though she was about to cry. And it looked to me as though he were bullying her."

He rose as the couple neared us, and held out a cordial hand.



Finally Folwell gave in. He told a password and gave up a key to his safe-deposit box.

"Hello, Connie," he said warmly. "Haven't seen you in ages."

The girl blushed vividly. Her embarrassment was as painful to watch as it presumably was to experience. But Randolph's insistent grip of her hand could not be ignored. An older woman would have known how to rid herself of him, but she was too young, and did what I suddenly knew Randolph had meant that she should do. She introduced the two men.

As warmly as he had shaken hands with the girl, Randolph now greeted her companion. His manner was as *gauche* as could be imagined; but it had, apparently, the result he desired. The couple were drawn close to our table.

"You know Miss Grey, don't you, Connie? No? Miss Grey, this is Connie Wilderley. I taught her to swim— Didn't I, Connie?"

The girl acknowledged the introduction and made a move as though to go. But Randolph was now presenting Folwell to me, was signaling to a waiter to bring extra chairs to our table, was insistent that the couple join us. And Folwell was as eager to join us as Randolph was to have him.

I could understand Folwell's attitude. After all, men like Randolph Barnard turned cold shoulders to him usually. But I couldn't understand Randolph. He had forced us on the couple, with a crudity of manner that in no way resembled his usual suavity. Of course, I realized that suavity wouldn't have done, in view of Connie Wilderley's reluctance, but why on earth did Randolph want to talk to them, anyway?

The music began again, and he asked the girl to dance. As he rose, he glanced toward me, and his eyes held some sort of signal. And then—I am not usually so dull of perception—I began to understand.

"Will you dance with me, Miss Grey?" asked Folwell.

He was, as I might have expected, quite the best dancer I had ever encountered. I was not the worst he had ever encountered. If I could have forgotten the man's viciousness, I might have enjoyed the experience more. As it was, not knowing exactly what Randolph required of me, yet certain that some plan was being born in the brain behind the hazel eyes that had signaled me, I played up to Folwell.

I gave him to understand, in ways that women comprehend too well to need describing, and that all my male readers have experienced, I trust, that he was not unattractive to me. I giggled prettily at his open flattery, and was properly *(Please turn to page 90)*

A Visit to China

by the great American philosopher Will Durant

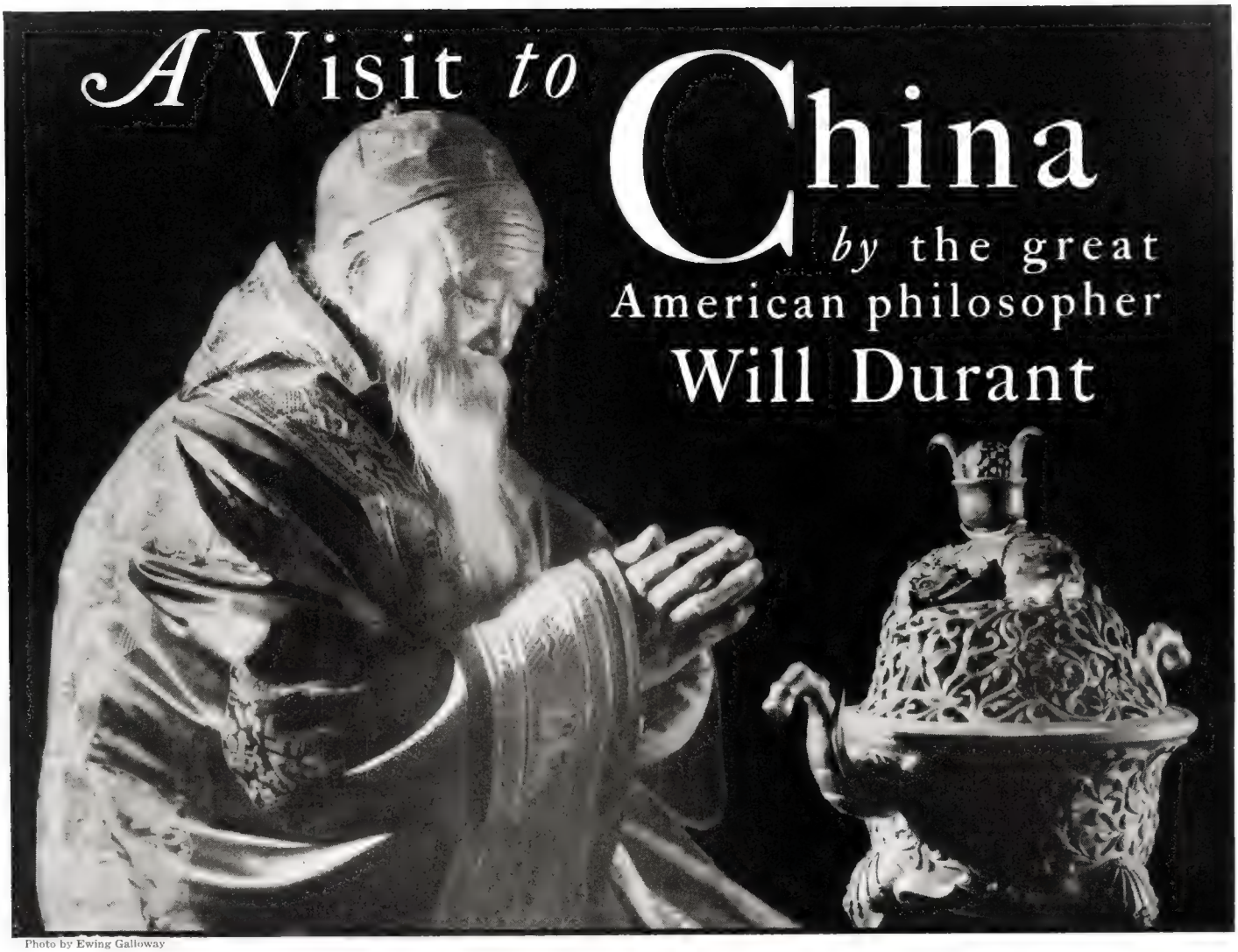


Photo by Ewing Galloway

Mr. Durant *finds* in "Unchanging China" that *nowhere* in the world is *moral* change so *rapid*, not even *in* Russia *or* America

IN the harbor of Hongkong a thousand *sampans* ride—a thousand bobbing boats flat and broad and short, propelled with long oars at the rear, and covered in the center with a vaulted shelter under which a Chinese family increases and multiplies. For it is cheaper to buy a *sampan* than to rent a house, cheaper to have children than to hire slaves; there are no landlords on these waves, and no schools. As our ship moves slowly among them to dock at Kowloon, the awkward boats rock and splash about us—their human flotsam offers us a foretaste of Hongkong's million wares.

Oranges and pajamas, wicker-chairs and embroideries, suitcases and mandarin-coats, candy and silks, canes and cloisonné, porcelain and ivory, joss-sticks and jade, firecrackers and gods—here they are, almost flung up at us from the cordon of *sampans*. We can hardly see these articles, for their salesmen are too interesting. First their number: every boat is crowded with men, women and children, and few boats have more than one family. Here on one boat is a woman plying a heavy oar; on her back, suspended from her shoulders, is her youngest child; squalling under the canvas is another; at her elbow is a third, whom she pauses occasionally to instruct with a blow. Scattered about are other evidences of her Pilgrim fertility; and bowed down by the goods they offer to us are her men.

Every one of them is dressed in garments of blue: blue jacket-shirts, buttoned across the breast with cords, and fitting snugly around the neck; blue trousers, tied at the ankles on the men, loose at the ankles on the women; over them a blue skirt, long for the men, short for the women; under them cloth shoes, pliable and comfortable, and open to moisture and rain: all in all, a monotonous and gloomy symphony of Chinese blues.

Above the chaos sound the voices of these water-tramps. They do not speak English to us, for they know that we should understand their English as little as that of a London Bobby; they sing Chinese, and rely upon the tunes of their sentences and the eloquence of their words to break through the barriers of our ignorance. How strange we must seem to them, with our alien speech so lacking in melody, with our complex and irksome garb so immodest and absurd, with our silly habit of writing from left to right in characters that make no pictures for the mind, with our addiction to legislation and theology ("when a nation makes many laws," says a Chinese proverb "it is beginning to die"), with our passion for selling Bibles and shooting guns, with our barbarous wealth so shamelessly gotten and so thoughtlessly spent, with our infinite capacity for buying antiques that are among the chief products of contemporary Oriental art. Some of us have the feeling, as we exchange glares with our new hosts at the dock, that they are sight-seeing as well as we and that they have shown their ancient wisdom, Mahomet-like by letting the nations of the earth come round to them. Like good marines, it costs them nothing to see the world.

Beyond them and the ocean-liners that tower among them are the thousand wharves of this strategic port, protected with friendly peninsulas that shut off the prowling sea, and barricaded against four hundred million Chinese by a coronet of hills. What a loca

tion! Here on this mountainous island, which even the industrious Orientals had found too precipitous to till, the British began, in 1842, to build their docks and forts; now through this door they have entered every city in China, and irrigated it with British goods. Three-quarters of a billion dollars have been invested there by England and her colonies; and many millions of the profits have gone to fortify and beautify Hongkong. Here and at Shanghai, and other Pacific ports, enter one hundred million dollars of American products every year; here Japan finds the best customer for her expanding factories; here Russia sees economic and political possibilities without end; this ocean of yellow folk, stretching from Kamchatka to Singapore, from Korea to Tibet, is the prize market of the globe, for which many wars will be fought to protect divers national honors. This is the pivot of the commercial world.

On the quay we have our choice of automobiles or jinrickshas; we take the latter to get some touch of local color and paving. It is our first experience with man-power vehicles since the days when we rode our boyhood express wagons on the streets. It is humiliating to be carried along by these poor coolies, running barefoot over rough macadam and sharp stones; all humanity seems degraded in their degradation. But they themselves feel, apparently, no humiliation; they compete fiercely for every fare; they are happy to be among the called and chosen. Privately they console themselves with thoughts of their varied superiority to us, who do not know Chinese. Nature has eased every lot with egotism; there is no worker so lowly, nor any swain so homely, but some delusion of grandeur will come to comfort and sustain him. Egotism is the wind in our sails; without it every enterprise would stop.

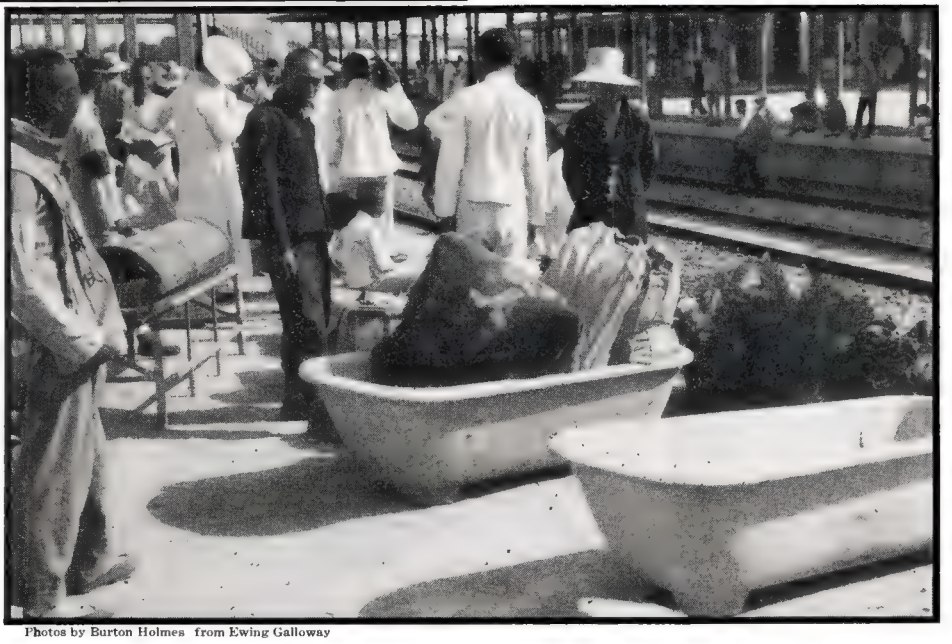
What picturesque streets! On some of them great hotels and emporia in the European style, with European—no, with American—prices; on others, just around the corner, gay and noisy Chinese stores, tiny and crowded, where every merchant is both a salesman and philosopher, astute and calm, acquisitive and yet reasonable, wise in the ways of men, but listening now and then to the music of the spheres. There is nothing that you cannot buy here, except "chop suey." For miles and miles the shops extend, alive with the colors of the banners that announce their wares; and through it all the excited and yet peaceful jabber of countless, countless Chinamen. Above the stores are the fragile homes, from whose windows fat women and the phlegmatic, shoe-button-eyed children peer listlessly. At the upper end of each street, perched strategically on the cool hills and dominating all, shine the white walls and solid roofs of the English mansions—here, as everywhere, *Britannia über Alles*.

Our express to Canton has been built especially for us spoiled spendthrifts of the West; it has all the frills of an American "crack" train except baseball reports and stenographers; it does not allow us to guess how the Chinese travel when they defy their gods and trust to steam. Chinese railroads are few and far between. Nearly all of them are built by Europeans, against the protests of Chinese who saw with horror the iron rails laid upon soil made sacred with the bones of their ancestors. The natives wrecked the first line, and rolled the locomotive into a ditch; even today they do not take to the rails with anything of the Hindu's timid eagerness for experience and novelty. Occasionally our train flashes by their modest "locals," or stands beside one of them for a moment at some station, like prince and pauper meeting frigidly; then we note how their coaches are only flimsy boxes fitted out with wooden benches and a floor. They take it quietly, for poverty is seldom painful to those who have never been rich. At one station a little ragamuffin, dressed in tatters and shreds, with bags bound round his feet for shoes, and arms tightly folded to keep out the cold, greets us with happy laughter and chattering speech. Why should he worry? He has not a penny in the world.

Canton is the Chinese Manhattan; it is as crowded on every street as Broadway is at noon, or the East Side at night. What a litter of humanity, what a riot of 'rickshas, what an ocean of blue jackets, what a skyful of colored banners waving from every store, and crying out, so much more gayly than our gigantic electric signs, the hundred thousand items that Canton has to sell! This city is as vital and mobile as New York, but not yet so noisy or so swift; the din and speed are for the most part contributed by foreign automobiles, which seem composed chiefly of horns. But one does not get far with cars, for only a few avenues are wide enough to let them pass; this teeming city is the paradise of the 'ricksha man, who trots cheerfully over the cobbled and muddy streets, earning sometimes the fabulous sum of a dollar a day. Here and there a bus, dripping Chinamen, reels over the stones, but the "pull-man-car" 'ricksha is lord of the road. Even this is defeated by some labyrinths where wheeled vehicles cannot pass; and we are carried, with all the sensations of air-pockets, in a chair suspended precariously from the shoulders of three unsteady men.

Bridge over Soochow Creek, at Shanghai, where "everything is youth and rejuvenation."

Bathtubs are arriving in China. "What amazes is the cultural and moral revolution."



Photos by Burton Holmes from Ewing Galloway

Shall we ever forget that last alley, where we had to leave our palatial palanquins and trust to our feet on narrow paths bordered by ditches running with filth? No one is offended; no one but our alien and provincial selves notices; all the rest gossip, laugh and sing, as if China were the happiest country on earth. How can these people ever be subjected, when they are so content with simplicity, and scorn almost equally the victors and the victims in war?

They are the strongest and healthiest human beings that we have seen in our circumnavigation. Here in Canton, more so in Shanghai, and even in starving Pekin, the Chinese turn whatever food they can find into vigorous bodies inured to all seasons, immune to some usually fatal diseases, and quick to recover from the rest; apparently only starvation can kill them. They carry immense burdens on both ends of their bamboo poles; they haul over the rough streets carts loaded with a ton of goods. Their mighty loins provide so abundant a population that muscle is here cheaper than mechanical power; machinery remains undeveloped, and one is amazed to see great steamers at Hongkong refueled by these human coal-chutes of the quays. The women, exempt at last from foot-binding, and taking to the air almost as freely as their lords, carry burdens as heavy as those borne by the men; in Kowloon their emancipation has gone so far that they are permitted to be street-cleaners.

Neither the women nor the men are handsome, God knows. But perhaps God would consider this judgment a narrow prejudice: beauty is a local custom, like goodness and truth. There are many faces that seem ugly to the Western eye, and many that seem dull, among these Dutchmen of the East; but one can never tell what calm intelligence hides behind these phlegmatic fronts, nor what dreams and desires their stolid features and half-sleeping eyes arouse in the *Emma Bovarys* of the Orient. Santayana, who accused the Bostonians of washing too often, would find no fault with these people. They are at home with dirt, as they are at home with poverty; it is not dirt to them but nature, not poverty but simplicity; poverty is poor only in the presence of wealth. With all their penury they are the most cheerful race on the globe. Surely the future must belong to a nation that can be happy without money, content without love, strong without good food, and healthy without soap.

And intelligent without knowledge! They are satisfied to be ignorant of the rest of the planet; and two of their names for *China* (which is a word they do not know) mean respectively "Everything beneath the Sky," and "All within the Four Seas." They explode firecrackers to frighten away evil spirits, and build devious entrances to their homes because (they say) the devil cannot turn a corner; they dedicate one temple to "Heaven, Earth and Hell," and fill another with holy snakes that crawl freely over the sacred images and shrines; their women crowd the Temple of Five Hundred Genii to pray for sons, and their men, when dead, pay exorbitant rents to be kept as long as possible in the "House of a Thousand Dead" at Canton, so that their spirits may be near the center of affairs, and not be forced to commute from their graves. And yet they are as clever in trade as any pious Yankee, and probably far profounder in their understanding of men. They are superstitious, but not priest-ridden; they pay scant attention to the bonzes that tend their temples, and are so terrestrial and secular that the missionaries call them atheists despite their thousand gods. They lose every war, and win every peace; they allow themselves to be conquered because, like philosophers, they do not distinguish much between foreign and domestic exploiters; in general, the government, native or alien, will take from them whatever they can spare. When it becomes too oppressive, they will overthrow it as they did the Manchus in 1911. They are the most conservative of all peoples, and they have made the completest of revolutions.

Here at Canton is a lofty monument to the hero of that revolution —Sun Yat-sen. We stand before it silent, and realize, weakly and vaguely, that we have come to China in the days of its greatest change; that a civilization senile and decadent, but once noble and splendid, has here just ended, and a new era is in the womb of chaos, struggling to be born. We are seeing the Flowery Kingdom at its worst. To do it justice, we should see it in the perspective of its history, and try to understand its antiquity, its culture and its revolution. . . .

Look at China on a map of the globe. It is the leviathan of the nations, the broad back of giant Asia; larger than all Europe, and as populous. In the center of it, near what is now the Soviet Republic of Turkmenistan, civilization seems to have had its beginnings; here cultural relics bring us back to four thousand—some say nine thousand—years before Christ. When rain ceased to fall there, the region became a volcano of men in eruption and overflow; humanity poured from it like torrents of inexhaustible lava, peopling America and Egypt in the west, India and Ceylon in the south, and China and Japan in the east. Along the great streams of the "Middle Kingdom" they found a soil made rich by lordly rivers; there, by the Yangtze-Kiang and the Hoang-ho, they built their villages, increased and multiplied, and laid the economic basis for poets and philosophers, artists and kings.

The earliest emperors, according to the Chinese, reigned eighteen thousand years each; slowly, through a century of millennia, they improved the manners and morals of their people. At first, we are told, "the people were like beasts, clothing themselves in skins, feeding on raw flesh, and knowing their mothers but not their fathers"—a form of agnosticism which Strindberg would not have considered exclusively ancient or Chinese. Then one emperor invented marriage, another invented plows, a third invented wheeled vehicles, a fourth invented honest government but failed to transmit the formula, a fifth reduced the size of the whip with which Chinese boys are educated, and a sixth inaugurated prohibition. In the reign of *Yü*, 2200 B.C., says irrefutable legend, wine was discovered and was brought to the Emperor, who dashed it to the ground, saying: "The day will come when this thing will cost some one a kingdom," or an election. He ordered the discoverer to be banished, and the new art to be forbidden. The Chinese have loved wine ever since.

A thousand years later the Emperor Chou Hsin invented chop-sticks, and Chinese civilization began. Its first achievements, strange to say, were in philosophy. In that fertile sixth century B.C. which produced Buddha in India, Zoroaster in Persia, Isaiah in Israel, and Thales in Greece, China gave the world two of its greatest thinkers, Lao-tse and Confucius, the Rousseau and Voltaire, the Christ and Socrates, of the ancient East. Lao-tse loved nature and despised civilization (so soon!), loved freedom and scorned law, loved simplicity and doubted education. If there were less education, he thought, there would be fewer rascals; and the worst conceivable government would be by philosopher-kings. "In the kingdom the multiplication of prohibitions increases the poverty of the people; the more implements to add to their profits the people have, the greater disorder is there in the state; the more display there is of legislation, the more robbers there are." The wise man, then, will abandon cities and go like Thoreau to the woods, seeking to imitate the naturalness of nature, to obey her laws and learn her peace.

Imagine how irritating such a philosophy of escape must have seemed to Confucius, who wished to live in the stream of the world, to serve his government and rebuild his state, to know experiences and face every responsibility. He must have made a queer picture as he stood in his home, or with equal readiness in the road, and harangued the students who flocked to him for instruction. The portraits which the Chinese painters have left us of him show an almost hairless head gnarled and knotted with wisdom, and a countenance whose Puritanic sternness must have kept beauty and happiness at arm's length. "In driving with a woman," he writes, with an unforgivable error in the final pronoun, "one must drive with one hand, and hold the other behind his back."

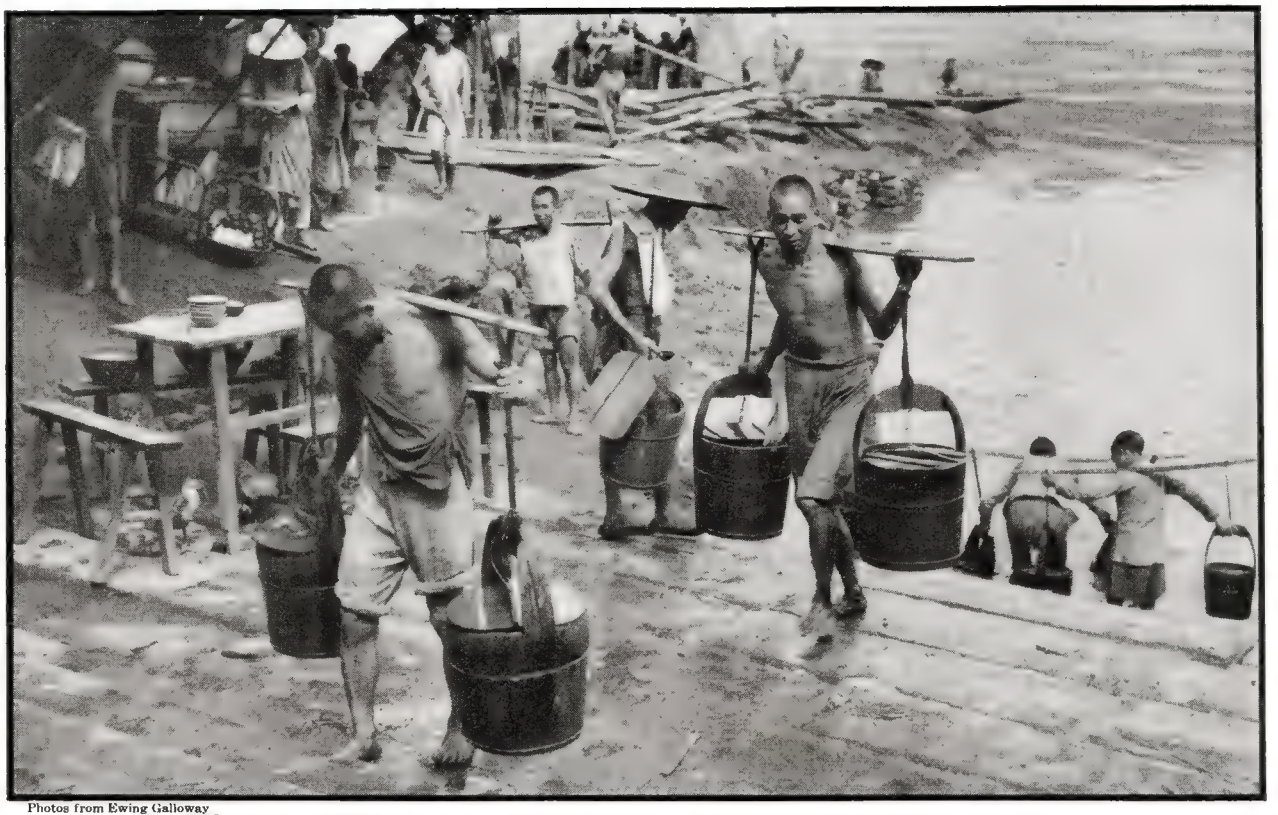
Bootleggers Agree

That there is *only one* thing that can put them *out of business*

President Hoover isn't the only one who has been having a "Wickersham report" written; the big boss bootleggers have been having their survey made; and for clarity and—they claim—for accuracy, there is no comparison.

Also, the boss bootleggers' "Wickersham report" is *absolutely* unanimous; there is no *dissenting* opinion among the "committee." They agree on the essentials of the *astonishing* statement which will appear in next month's

Redbook Magazine



Photos from Ewing Galloway

Coolies carrying water. "Muscle is here cheaper than mechanical power."

Once, in an inspired moment, he expressed the soul of his philosophy in a paragraph still rich for us in applicable wisdom:

"The illustrious ancients, when they wished to make clear and to propagate the highest virtues in the world, put their states in proper order. Before putting their states in proper order, they regulated their families. Before regulating their families, they cultivated their own selves. Before cultivating their own selves they perfected their souls. Before perfecting their souls, they tried to be sincere in their thoughts. Before trying to be sincere in their thoughts, they extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things, and seeing them as they really were. . . . When things were thus investigated, knowledge became complete. When knowledge was complete, their thoughts became sincere. When their thoughts were sincere, their souls became perfect. When their souls were perfect, their own selves became cultivated. When their selves were cultivated, their families became regulated. When their families were regulated, their states came to be put in proper order. When their states were in proper order, the whole world became peaceful and happy."

So Kung-fu-tse, Kung the Master, began that teaching which for two thousand years has molded Chinese character, building upon self-discipline and filial loyalty the order and security of states.

Eighty generations of Chinese youth memorized his every transmitted word; at last his calm philosophy sank into the nation's soul, and gave to the Chinese a stability and depth unequaled in the hectic lands of the West. When he died, in 479 B.C., his heart was broken at the thought that he had failed; he did not know that he had written his name indelibly upon the character of his people.

His age was but one of many in which his nation made lasting contributions to the civilized heritage of mankind. Before him there had been great statesmen and thinkers; after him, in the Han Dynasty, there were to be great artists; a thousand years after him, in the T'ang Dynasty, was to come the Renaissance of the Orient, the peak of the cultural history of the East. "At this age," says a Chinese critic, "whoever was a man was a poet." After still another thousand years a Manchu emperor ordered anthology of T'ang verse to be collected and printed; the result was thirty volumes containing 48,900 poems by two thousand three hundred poets; so much had escaped—and still survives—the enmity of time. The Imperial Library, in the Seventh Century, contained fifty-four thousand volumes. "At this time," says Murdoch, the great historian of Japan, "China undoubtedly stood in the very forefront of civilization. She was the most powerful, the most enlightened, the most progressive, and the best-governed empire on the face of the globe." "It was," says Arthur Whaley, "the most polished epoch that the world had ever seen."

The favorite sport of Chinese children who have had a chance to learn it.

Rich with fifty years of comparative peace and stability, China began now (ca. 650 A.D.) to export her surplus of rice and corn and silk and spices, and to spend her profits upon unparalleled luxury. Her lakes were filled with carved and painted pleasure-boats, her cities redeemed their ancient poverty with gardens and palaces, her rivers and canals were picturesque with commerce, and from her harbors ships sailed to a thousand ports as far as the Persian Gulf. While silk was selling in barbaric medieval Europe for its weight in gold, it was a routine article of dress for half the population of the larger cities of China; and fur coats were as plentiful in the Chang-an as they are today among New York stenographers. The Emperor Yang-ti employed two hundred thousand men to build his palace, decked the trees of his gardens in winter with silken flowers and leaves, established colleges and libraries, encouraged literature, and *(Please turn to page 140)*

Violence recoils upon the violent

ISLAND *of* DESIRE

by

Peter B. Kyne

The Story Thus Far:

KILGORE wondered as he looked from the smoking ruins of the airplane to the desert about him, just why he alone had been spared. And for what? His money had been burned with the plane, and he had recently been forced to resign,—for a reason not his fault but due to a hostile superior,—from the Army air service. He had been on his way to the West, hoping there to get some sort of civilian flying job. Now not only his reputation was gone, but his possessions, his very identity. . . . He decided to let the world think he had died.

Presently Kilgore was picked up by a car going to the coast. Then, on sudden impulse, he signed up as bosun with a certain rough Captain Kendrick of a drab little ship called the *Dashing Wave,* which had only one other officer—a Swede named Larson.

He liked the life of the sea, despite several bouts with the Captain when drunk, despite Larson's surliness. He had expected to leave the ship at one of her landing ports, until a strange story from Larson held him to finishing the cruise.

"Better leave," warned Larson, "Kilgore don't like you. And besides, there's a white girl on an island there that he didn't get last time he went by here. He means to this time. You wouldn't want to be in on that."

A desert island? A captive white girl to be saved from Boots' clutches? The chance of adventure made Kilgore's heart beat with excitement.

"Thanks. I'll stick—to see Boots doesn't get the girl."

"Maybe I want her myself," suggested Larson slyly.

"Then," said Kilgore, "there are three of us after her."

Long days later the island came in sight—uncharted, tropical, with savages coming to meet them in canoes. In the largest was the chief himself, and beside him a tall blue-eyed girl, who fixed her eyes seriously on Kilgore as the canoe came alongside the cruiser.

She looked as if she understood English, and he spoke to her in a low tone under cover of the noise. "I'm here to protect you. Don't step on board this ship. If the Captain and mate go ashore, then you come—but bring strong paddlers."

Later he made her understand she was to follow him ashore. In a place deep in the palms they talked, and he found out who she was.

"My name is Greta Gunderson. My father's ship was wrecked on this island some years ago. We two only were saved, and Father died some time ago. They are kind to me here, for they think I bring them luck."

Kilgore told her his own past; and she shook her head: "Two lost babes in the woods."

Back on the ship, Kilgore found the hold full of black men in chains, and so knew Boots was a slaver. On sudden inspiration he rolled up the ship's charts, and put them and the sextant into the canoe tied at the back of the ship. When later Boots came back in a canoe to the ship, Kilgore waited only to have him safe on deck before he himself leaped into his canoe, caught up the painter of the other canoe and paddled for shore. He realized there was something in the bottom of Boots' canoe. When he reached shore, he saw what it was—Greta, bound and gagged, looked up at him.

Knowing Kilgore was not on the ship, Kendrick and Larson

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Illustrated by Rico Tomaso

He stared off into the gloom, hoping against hope that before long he'd sight the masthead light of the Dashing Wave.

now meant to start away. Then—they found that the sextant was gone, and a further search showed no charts. Larson volunteered to go to shore and make a deal with Kilgore. Boots meantime drank himself into a stupor, and the native cook seized the occasion to release the men in the hold, who swam ashore to safety—and revenge.

To Greta and Kilgore, talking means of escape on shore, came Larson, and Kilgore formed a pact with him: he was to return to the ship. In the morning help would be sent. Greta would see that Larson's life was spared. Boots—well, the savages could handle Boots.

And soon after Larson's departure, lanterns on the beach showed the captive savages swimming back to land. Greta was alarmed now, for Kilgore would be included in their rage, and she felt his life was not safe.

"Stay here," she ordered, "until I speak with the king. Better still, climb a palm and stay till I call you."

Sometime later Kilgore heard the sound of the motor on the *Dashing Wave* and the anchor being hauled in. As if it were a signal, canoe after canoe filled with men was launched in pursuit. The ship disappeared round a headland. The canoes followed and disappeared also.

Suddenly he heard Greta's voice. "Bob—quick—come down and follow me."

They had gone a long way into the forest of palms, when she turned to him. "The king has forbidden me to leave the island. And the life of every white man on the island is forfeit."

"Things don't look bright for old man Kilgore's son, do they?" mused he. "But I'm pretty sure old Larson will come round and help later. If he disposes of Boots, he may be willing to take me back with him—and I'll see a vessel comes to take you off—a warship if necessary."

But Greta shook her head. "No, when you leave I go too, Robert. On that I am resolved. Besides, there is a boat of sorts here—our old *Valkyrie's* lifeboat, motor and all, beached on the other side of the island."

"Let me take her and go for help, then," he suggested.

Again Greta shook her golden head. "No," she said resolutely, "you have come to me out of the sea, and out to the sea I shall go with you. I do not wish to be separated from you—ever."

In silence she came into his arms and lifted her face for their first kiss. *(The story continues in detail:)*

ROBERT KILGORE was no stranger to the love of women. Indeed, he was mentally and physically the type of man at whose feet impressionable women always cast themselves; his mixture of French and Irish blood had predestined him to be a romantic. He was an even six feet tall, with the reddish-brown complexion of the Celt, the shiny thick black hair with the faint wave in it, the dark blue eyes that mirrored hidden depths of mirth and deviltry. A hundred and eighty pounds he was, straight, with a deceptive appearance of slimness. Thus far he was the Celt. But his quick, precise speech and a tendency to use his hands and shoulders when conversing, his coolness in emergency and his tendency to erupt when there was no emergency, told of his mother's Gallic blood.

Up to the time Kilgore had enlisted in the Canadian air forces, he had gone to the best of schools; he had been reared a gentleman. Toward women of whatever state his manner had always been gracious and deferential; toward men he was courtly and affable, a good fellow, with grand potential abilities to clean out a barroom. A paradox of a man—hence more than a little captivating, particularly to women. He wasn't particularly good looking, but he had strong, rugged, regular features; and when he smiled, his teeth were his crowning glory. Women had always told him they envied him his teeth, and shortly after they had told him that (particularly if they happened to be petite and attractive) he had been wont to amuse himself making love to them.

If he had ever bothered to analyze his attitude toward women, his native honesty would have compelled the admission that he was a bit of a flirt. He liked women; liked to be in their society, not only for the sake of the pleasure it gave him, but because he knew he was welcome. His intense masculinity had always paved the way for him very promptly, but because he was still under thirty, very much alive and vitally interested in his profession as an army ace, the thought of marriage had never impinged itself upon him at all seriously. In fact, he distrusted himself as a most inconstant man. Several times he had imagined himself tremendously in love, but it had always turned out to be a passing fancy, another phase of his tendency to be volcanic. His pay as a captain in the army air force had been ample for his creature comforts, but a still small voice had always whispered to him that it would be something of a chore to provide out of that pay the creature comforts he would always want a wife of his to enjoy. Wild and reckless though he could be and had been at times, he was possessed of a certain fastidiousness about women: an ill-dressed or overdressed woman always repelled him; he would flee from a girl with a loud laugh.

And now he stood in the moonlight, a hunted white man on an uncharted island in the South Pacific, holding in his arms a white female castaway, bare of head and foot and leg, clad in a tapa-cloth garment wound about her and pinned at the shoulder with an enormous safety-pin. Strangely, too, he felt now, for the first time, no surge of desire, but only a great pity and a great yearning to kiss and caress, to comfort and protect this girl who within the short period of eighteen hours had met him, trusted him—was now, apparently, prepared to love him, and certainly bent on protecting him and on following him even unto death.

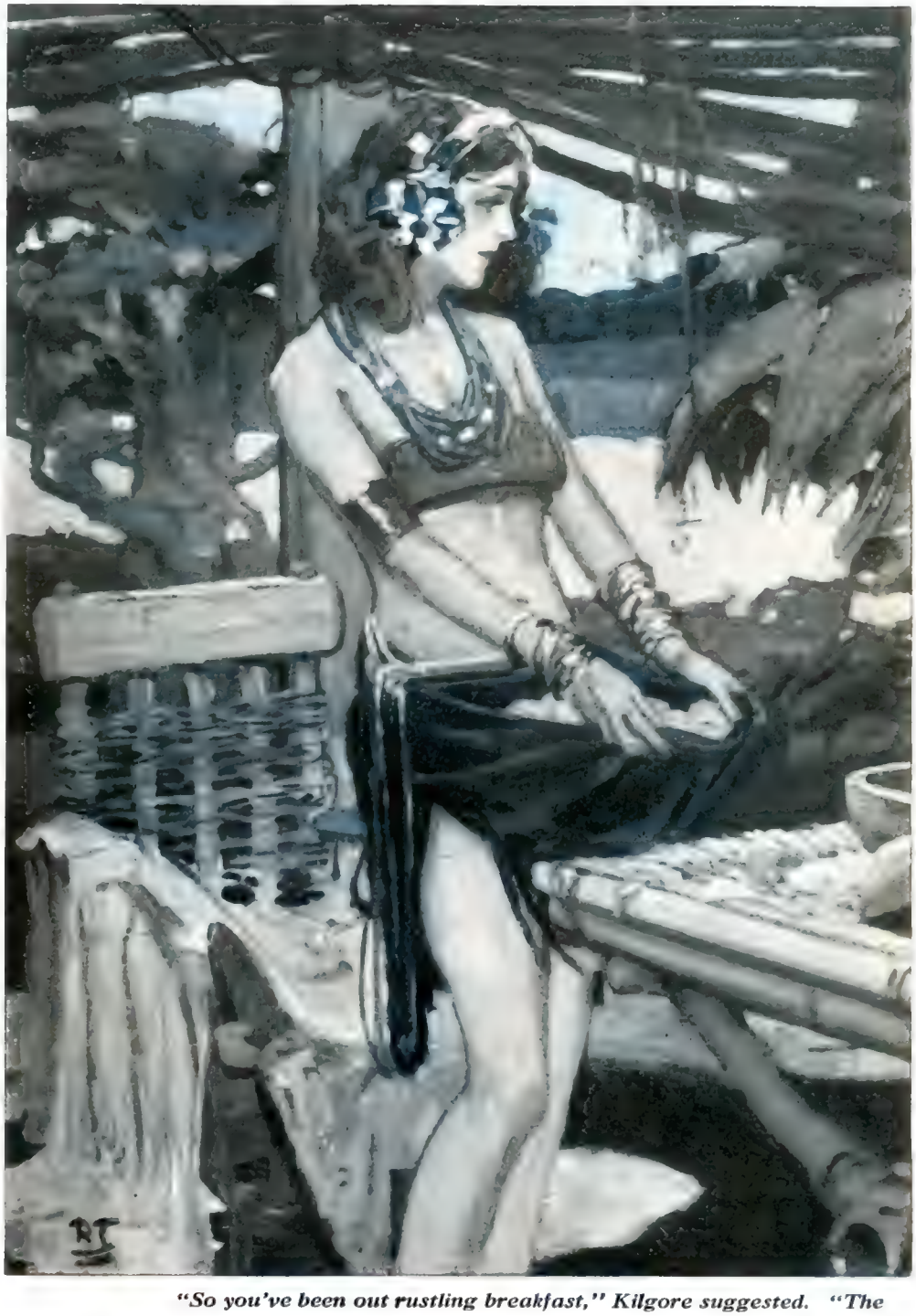
Albeit she clung to him now, she was not a clinging vine type. He knew she was brave with a bravery beyond that of most women, who are merely reckless. Brave himself, he admired that quality in her, for he had never met it in any woman before. Here, he reflected, was a girl unspoiled, unselfish, natural. . . . He held her to him, fiercely joyous, aware only of the blissful moment and with no thought of what stretched before them. He stroked her golden hair back from her fine broad intelligent forehead, murmuring: "Poor, poor child! I must look after you."

He found something ineffably sweet in the way she had come to him—so trusting, so guileless, so unaware of the slightest lack of conventionality. Quite like a frightened little girl clinging to her father in the dark—and his tenderness for her was paternal.

"I am happy again—at last, my Robert," she murmured. "I am not frightened any more."

His hand passed softly over the swelling on her jaw where Boots Kendrick had struck her; he felt her wince a little, and fury possessed him. Well, if by any intervention of fate the outraged Polynesians spared the Captain, Kilgore was resolved he would not spare the man. By every law of God and man, Kendrick's life was forfeit.

"And now you are angry again," Greta said. "You tremble a little. And I am selfish. You are weary. You require rest." Gently she disengaged herself. "Good night, dear one," she called softly as she entered the house and disappeared in the gloom of the second room. He heard a curtain of tapa-cloth fall behind her; for several minutes he stood there, mentally confused, then entered the main room of the house, kicked off his canvas shoes and stretched out on a coconut-fiber mat he found there. . . . And presently he slept, lulled by the soft whispering of the trade-wind in the thatch.



"So you've been out rustling breakfast," Kilgore suggested. "The

It was late when he awakened. The sun was probably two hours high. "Hello, Greta," he called, but the girl did not answer him. Gayly he threw his disreputable old canvas shoes at the wattled partition and called again and again, but without result. "Let me sleep while she pussy-footed out to rustle up some breakfast," he decided, and stretched out luxuriously on his back, not to think, but rather to enjoy the absolute absence of thinking or the necessity for it. Whatever was to happen would happen. He and Greta were in the lap of destiny; and Kilgore, having already officially given up the ghost, was quite undisturbed at the prospect before him. He thought rather hazily that he might have a worse fate than being condemned to life on this island with Greta Gunderson. Rather a Garden of Eden proposition—and the island was not without beauty. No bills, no social obligations, no income taxes, no conventions, no dirty battle for bread—

"It would be a devil of a place to have a toothache," he decided aloud.

responsibilities of a hostess," she replied. "Sleep well, Robert?"

"You're too young to be talking to yourself, Robert," Greta Gunderson said from the entrance, "but you're right about the horrible fate of one afflicted with a toothache. However, God is good, and a toothache or a decayed tooth is a rarity here. We eat very little meat and no concentrated sugar, and a hardwood stick, chewed to shreds at one end and dipped in salt, does fairly well for a toothbrush; one can clean between the teeth with coconut fiber."

He sprang to his feet and stood there smiling approvingly at her. She had a mullet in one hand, and in a loop of her tapa-cloth garment, a dozen turtle eggs. "So you've been out rustling breakfast," he suggested.

"The responsibility of a hostess," she replied. "Sleep well, Robert?"

"Perfectly."

She gazed at him approvingly. "You have no nerves, then," she decided. "I prefer you that way." She set the fish and turtle eggs on the rough table. "We were a little silly last night, weren't we?"

"If you would have it so, Greta. Personally, it's the first serious caress I have ever given a woman."

"Then you have caressed many, Robert?"

"Oodles of them," he admitted.

"So you have candor, too. I prefer you that way also."

He took out his sheath-knife. "I'll clean the fish, Greta. How do you prepare those turtle eggs?"

"Omelet—in coconut oil before it gets too rancid. Lots of salt and some herbs make it fairly palatable. Tastes in all things are cultivated, and one gets used to anything."

"So you've developed into a philosopher, my dear. Did you rustle that grub yourself?"

"Certainly."

"The family provider, eh? What's the latest gossip in the village?"

"One of the crew turned the king and his men loose last night, which leaves your interpreter or supercargo or whatever he was, among friends. I saw your Captain. He looks very miserable and unhappy and begged me to intercede for him."

"What did you say?"

"I interceded for him."

"I can't cheer for that, but I'll admit it demonstrates you possess a beautiful character. What did His Royal Highness say?"

"His Royal Highness has been very sporty about it. He has consented not to knock the Captain's brains out, but to give him a fighting chance for his life. Late this afternoon Captain Kendrick is to be taken to a cove off yonder about a mile. He will be tossed off a ten-foot cliff there and will have to swim about three hundred yards to the barrier reef, which at that time will not be awash. If he makes the reef, he can walk ashore and spend the remainder of his life as a slave, unless in the interim a ship should touch here, when the Captain will be permitted to depart."

"He runs the gantlet of sharks, I fancy."

"Barracuda, I think, although there may be a few spotted tiger sharks in the neighborhood. Barracuda are much more ferocious."

"It's too bad I can't make the king's acquaintance, Greta. He's a rare old sport."

"It will be too bad if he makes your acquaintance, Robert. He would force you to test your luck also."

"Are you going over to the cove to see the skipper swim for his life?"

"You know I am not; I have something far more important to do."

"For instance?"

"Every man, woman and child on the island will be there; and when the barracuda get the Captain, as they assuredly will, a general celebration will take place. So I will have time to take you down to the *Valkyrie's* lifeboat for an inspection."

"Any sign of the *Dashing Wave?*"

"She was standing about five miles offshore when I got up this morning."

"Good news! I didn't think old Larson would clear out until all hope of saving you and me had fled. He isn't interested in the skipper, but he wouldn't do me an evil turn unless he absolutely had to. Then he wouldn't hesitate."

He cleaned the fish. The girl had erected a small stone fireplace outside and had an iron skillet which, she explained, her father had brought ashore in the lifeboat, together with the medicine chest and the log of the *Valkyrie* and her official papers. "Lucky you have the log and the yacht's papers," Kilgore told her. "Otherwise you might have difficulty proving your identity, provided we escape from this island."

He found the fish not particularly appetizing and the turtle eggs not at all so, although Greta ate both with healthy relish. The chinks in his appetite he filled with bananas and a couple of small green wild oranges which were much sweeter than they appeared to be. Then he got out his pipe, stretched out on the mat again and talked with the girl until the sun was less than two hours high, when she left him and went down into the village. She returned in about fifteen minutes.

"I had to tell the Captain what was expected of him," she explained. "He took it very hard, and when I told him it was the best I had been able to do for him, he cursed me."

"Good! Now we're both certain we shall do well not to waste our time and energy feeling sorry for him. The king is a bully old boy with a crockery eye, and I'll always know a pang of regret for not having met him socially. He spares me a dirty job."

"The king is a patriarch. He can trace his blood by memory for eight hundred years. He recited his pedigree to me one day in an effort to demonstrate that his son was worthy to have me for wife. I had to listen to him nearly all day. He is extraordinarily kind and just, and he is king every step of the way. When he discovered what I wanted, he saw that I had it. Freedom to come and go, to be one of the people if and when I desired, but under no circumstances to have my privacy disturbed. It is taboo to come within shouting distance of this spot."

"I would it were taboo to keep away from the side of the island where your old lifeboat is cached! If it were, I'd be down there now overhauling it. Meantime, suppose you clear the table and let me spread my charts out on it. I have a yearning to locate myself in relation to known islands."

He discovered he was about three hundred and sixty miles southwest of Turatua, the most westerly island of Polynesia that had a name. Upon consulting the British Admiralty notes, he found them very profuse with information regarding Turatua—although, as he remarked to Greta, conditions might have changed during the twenty-five years that had passed since that information had been collected. There had been neither traders nor missionaries at Turatua then; and as the island was a very small, sandy atoll that produced little in the way of trade, particularly copra, it was not probable that a trader resided there now, or that any trading schooners touched there except in distress to take on water and fuel. The nearest island at which he could hope to find a trading station and be certain of regular calls from trading schooners was Penryhn in the Cook group, eight hundred miles distant.

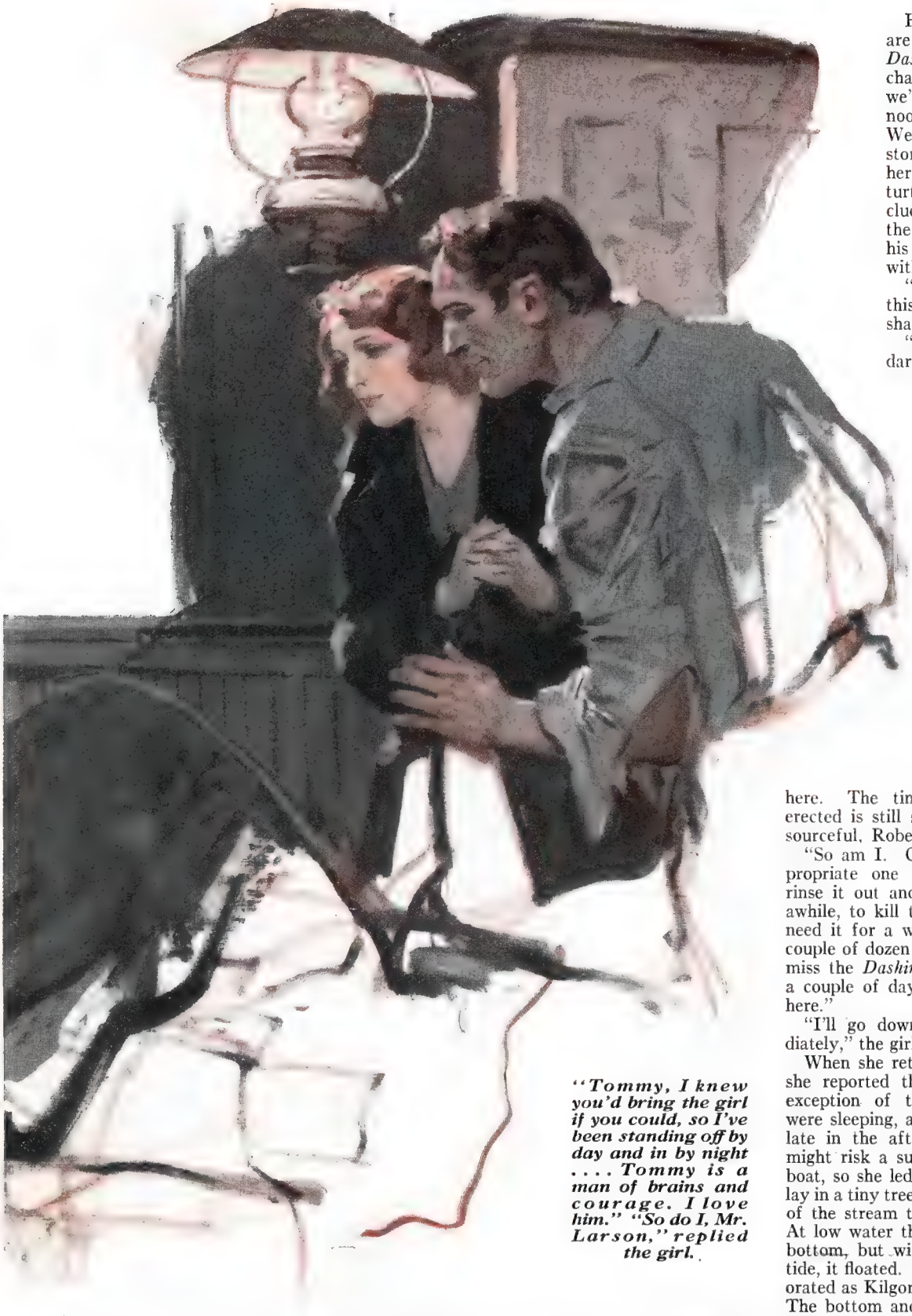
Long he sat there pondering.

"Yes, the prospect is uninviting," Greta said presently, reading his thoughts. "My father worked it out just as you have done, but after what we'd been through, he was afraid to attempt the run to Penryhn in the same boat. The prevailing winds are helpful, but it is a stormy area. Father considered taking a quantity of coconut oil, throwing out oil-bags to keep the seas from breaking over us while we lay hove to or riding to a sea anchor in

dirty weather; he would have chanced it if his health had been equal to the hardships he knew the trip entailed. But he never fully recovered from the privations he endured after the *Valkyrie* broke up."

"What stumps me is the matter of food, Greta."

"We solved that. Smoked fish, several hundred fresh turtle eggs and quantities of the flesh of the turtle, sun-dried and smoked. We experimented, and it worked, though I will say it wasn't tasty. Coconuts and breadfruit, dried guavas and bananas could be added



"Tommy, I knew you'd bring the girl if you could, so I've been standing off by day and in by night . . . . Tommy is a man of brains and courage. I love him." "So do I, Mr. Larson," replied the girl.

to the ration list. I think if Father had been physically fit, we might have made it to Penryhn."

"If we fail to pick up the *Dashing Wave,* would you risk the run to Penryhn with me?"

She nodded soberly. "I'll be the sailing master, Robert. I understand how to handle that boat."

"I'm glad you do, because I have had no experience along that line."

"The prevailing wind should boost us along about eight or nine miles an hour, Robert. We'd make it if the weather held good. Indeed, you'd be surprised at the manner in which the boat can ride the seas, provided you keep her head up to them."

He grinned ruefully. "If we are to attempt to rejoin the *Dashing Wave* and take our chances with Larson, my dear, we'll have to start this afternoon while the coast is clear. We will have no time to load a store of provisions. If we wait here to smoke fish and jerk turtle-meat, Larson will conclude it is useless to hang off the island and sail away, hoping his luck will hold and bring him within sight of help."

"And if we cannot find him this afternoon or tonight, what shall we do?"

"Return here under cover of darkness, of course. Then, while I lie low here, it will devolve upon you to prepare rations for our desperate run to Penryhn. That means night work, however, because the turtles come ashore only at night. And you'll have to have salt to preserve the flesh while the sun is drying it."

"I have plenty of salt. My father used to put sea-water in our boat, and when it evaporated the salt was left behind. In two years we collected about fifty pounds, and I have most of it here. The tiny smokehouse my father erected is still standing. He was very resourceful, Robert."

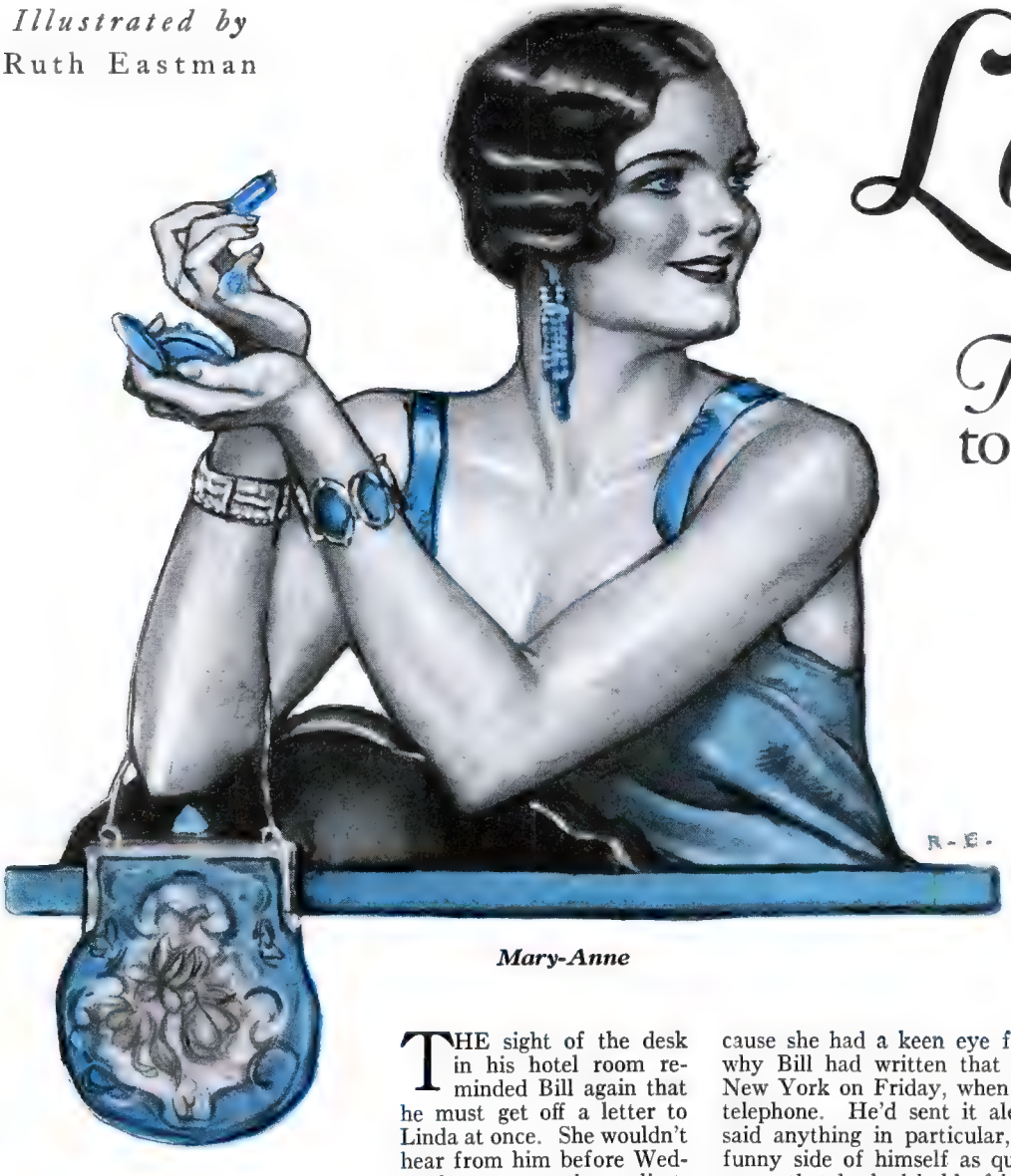
"So am I. Greta, it's up to you to appropriate one of those empty gin-casks, rinse it out and let salt water stand in it awhile, to kill the taste of the gin. We'll need it for a water-breaker. We'll load a couple of dozen coconuts too, because if we miss the *Dashing Wave,* we may be afloat a couple of days before we can beat back here."

"I'll go down and get the cask immediately," the girl decided.

When she returned fifteen minutes later, she reported that the villagers, with the exception of the guards over Kendrick, were sleeping, and would not be astir until late in the afternoon. She decided they might risk a survey of the *Valkyrie's* lifeboat, so she led him down to it. The boat lay in a tiny tree-shaded lagoon at the mouth of the stream that ran past Greta's shack. At low water the boat rested on the sandy bottom, but with the rise of the two-foot tide, it floated. It was not nearly so deteriorated as Kilgore had suspected it might be. The bottom and sides up to the water-line were tight and seaworthy, and while the seams on the top-sides were gaping a little, frequent rains had kept them from opening wide enough to spew out the calking. The boat was foul with marine vegetable growth and shell-fish, so he turned the craft over; and with a large rock that had flaked off on one side to a thin edge, he succeeded in making the bottom fairly clean in a little while.

This reversal soaked the top-sides thoroughly, and when he righted the boat again, he observed with gratification that the swelling of the wood was commencing to close the top-side seams to a point where they would not leak. Greta had brought the empty gin-cask down to the boat, so he filled this with sea-water and rolled and swashed it about half a dozen *(Please turn to page 133)*

Illustrated by
Ruth Eastman



Mary-Anne

Love

The story *of* a to marriage, *by* "A Prelude

THE sight of the desk in his hotel room reminded Bill again that he must get off a letter to Linda at once. She wouldn't hear from him before Wednesday now at the earliest. Yesterday he had been on the train and couldn't write, and the day before in Chicago there hadn't been any time.

He took a few things out of his suitcase, called the valet and gave him some clothes to press, and sat down at the desk. It was not big enough for Bill, who required space; he put the leather-bound directory of amusements on the floor, the bulletin of hotel news into the wastebasket. Then he found a stub pen and was ready.

"Dearest Linda—"

That was the way he usually began. He wished that he could think of a new way. Linda's own letters always seemed so unplanned, so unstiffened, and no one was like another. Sometimes she started without any form of affectionate salutation. Bill had tried that once or twice, but it gave him a feeling of being without a collar on a formal occasion. He might try it reversed. *"Linda, dearest"*—no, that looked sappy.

He crumpled the two sheets of paper which bore those unsatisfactory beginnings and sat facing a fresh one. Perhaps she had thought that he was pretty much of a wet smack when she read his Thursday's letter. She would have that now, as well as the note he had sent the next day. He was rather sorry that he had mailed that first letter. He had been in a crazy mood when he wrote it. It had been so hard to leave her that night. She had never been so almost certainly his. He had found when he got home that he wasn't nearly through saying things to her. They came easily for once, rushed through his mind, and he found himself almost forced to write them.

Linda had said: "No—I don't think that you are quite sure you want me, Bill. I know that you can't help the way you feel, but wouldn't you if you could? I'm not the one you meant to pick for a wife. I just happened to you."

In that letter he had tried to tell her how wrong she was. But what had she thought when she read it? In spite of the fact that he never could tell what Linda would say next, or what she might want to probe into, Bill knew that she was fastidious. His letter might have offended her, made her feel that he was only greedy. Or perhaps absurd. Linda was pretty quick to laugh at anyone who was making himself ridiculous. The reason why her odd little drawings were such a success was because she had a keen eye for caricature. It was also the reason why Bill had written that extra note to her just before he left New York on Friday, when he couldn't manage to get her on the telephone. He'd sent it along with the roses. It wasn't that it said anything in particular, but it showed that he could see the funny side of himself as quickly as anyone else could. It would prove that he had hold of himself and was normal again.

There didn't seem to be anything new to tell her now. Nothing had happened. The business he had done in Chicago, the work ahead in South Cross, where he had been sent to see some prospective clients of the investment counsel house he represented—those things didn't make good reading. The ride across the country had been like all other days spent on trains, though it was a pity that Linda couldn't have seen those two fellows in the smoker last night. Nothing had ever been funnier than the way they tried to bum drinks off each other. Bill chuckled at the memory.

However, it wasn't letter stuff. Those birds had to be seen and heard to be appreciated.

"Dearest Linda: As you see, I've reached South Cross. It looks a good town. This is quite a hotel for a city of a hundred and fifty thousand, kept going by the tourist trade in summer, I suppose. I got here this afternoon about four o'clock—"

He stopped writing. This wasn't the kind of thing she wanted to hear. She didn't care what time his train got in. He flung the sheet of paper into the wastebasket with the other, and took Linda's note out of his inner pocket to read it again. It had been at the hotel when he got here, waiting for him. She had written it on Friday, evidently from the office, and before she had his letter of the night before.

"This travels along to wish you luck, dear Bill. Did I mention that last night among all my mentionings? I have a great gift for forgetting the right thing to say. It's too bad there isn't some way to turn such a definite talent to account. Your train has left by this time, and without you, New York doesn't seem to be very successful. For which reason I conclude that I'm slightly addled by love. I like that word, don't you? I must do a sketch of myself being addled.

"Just the same, I did rather a good morning's work. We are

Letter

by Margaret Culkin Banning

man on *the* road the author *of* to *Love*"

Linda

handling the advertising for a new washing-machine, and I am doing some captivating drawings. The machine has everything on it but a cigarette-lighter and a vanity case, and the idea is to make washing a household sport, like ping-pong or backgammon. I feel very competent when I do any work these days besides being in love. I can see why ladies claim that's a full-time job. You were very nice last night even though a bit high-handed. Here comes my love, and remember that you don't have to feel any particular way about me. Take the one that comes handy."

But he did. He began to write again:

"Dearest Linda: You are wrong. I have to be in love with you. I can't help myself."

No, that was what she had said and what he had contradicted. He could help himself—but he didn't want to. Bill shifted his large bulk on the small desk chair, lit the third cigarette and looked at his watch. Five o'clock. He wanted to get through and go down and buy the evening papers. If he could just get this letter written, he could do something else. It was silly that it should be so difficult. But Linda was difficult. Just at the moment he couldn't think of the right thing to say to her. He didn't want too long a time to go by without her hearing from him. That would seem to prove her point, that he could get along without her. He'd intended to write her every day—he had said he would, but the letter before him was like an obstacle. He didn't want to write it now, and yet he must. He was beginning again, stubbornly, when the telephone rang.

"Hello," he answered, and then his voice leaped into cordiality. "Why, hello, George! Yes, I just got in about an hour ago. Are you downstairs? Sure, come on up—eight hundred two. That's right."

It took less than three minutes for George Loomis to appear, beaming with welcome.

"Well, so here you are!" he said. "And you don't look as if you'd improved a bit, Bill."

"You'd be surprised. How did you know I was here? Get my letter?"

"Got it this morning. And I was passing the hotel, so I came in to see if anyone important had arrived. It's certainly great to have a look at you, Bill. I haven't seen you for six years, have I? Not since that first reunion. And you're still presentable. I certainly never thought you would be after that night."

They both laughed.

"Things going pretty well?" inquired George interestedly.

"Going fine," replied Bill. "You seem to have a good firm paying your salary. Married?"

"Not yet."

"Still looking around, are you? Well, maybe that's a good idea, too. What do you feel like doing tonight?"

"You don't need to have me on your mind, George. I don't want to interfere with anything. I just meant to drop in at your office and talk a little business tomorrow. Maybe you can give me a slant on some of the people I'm going to see."

"All right," said George agreeably; "but that's tomorrow. You want to begin to get acquainted tonight. I don't know what Helen's doing, but I'll call her up. You've never met my wife."

"I'm not going to break in on her. Why don't you stay down here and have dinner with me?"

"We can do better than that. Don't fool yourself. All the girls are happier when there's a new man in sight. They're wasted on the local boys and husbands, and they know it. A gent from New York gives them a big thrill."

"I've got some things I ought to do, anyway."

George noted the condition of the desk and grinned.

"Writing letters to women?" he asked.

Bill gave a quick, conscious look around. He wrote in a large, straggling hand, and he didn't know how much might be exposed.

"They can always sue when they get it in writing," George advised him. "Leave that stuff alone. You come along with me."

"All right—I'll clean up."

"And I'll call the house and see what's happening."

Bill heard explanations, very casual ones, being made.

"Tell Mary-Anne to stick around," said George to his wife. "We'll decide when we get there."

"Don't change any plans on my account," Bill insisted.

George turned from the telephone.

"They haven't any plans," he said. "We'll have to go out and make some for them."

"Want me dressed up or anything?"

"Mary-Anne," said George, "here's prey for you. But I warn you I had to drag him here. He was writing a letter to a woman."

"No—they're just sitting around waiting for us to happen. How long are you going to be in town, Bill?"

"Four or five days, I guess."

Bill was glad to get out of the hotel. He was a social person, and the sight of an old friend and such a cordial one was just what he wanted. George Loomis hadn't amounted to much in college. He was lazy and overweight, but everybody liked him. Rich, Bill vaguely remembered. Yes, of course he must be rolling in it, to have a car like the one that was waiting.

It was a rich city, he saw as they drove through it. There were well-kept shops, big houses, big cars in plenty, and that air of steady, assured affluence that the best districts of small cities always had. Bill knew. He'd been brought up in one. New York had been his home for only five years.

"This must be a good town to live in," he said to George after they had talked over population and industry and prosperity.

"Not so bad when you get used to it. Here we are."

Every luxury and comfort were evident, spread on the surface. George was living very well in that handsome, well-designed and completely equipped house. Bill did not consider details, but he had a feeling that nothing had been left out that people might want. They

showed him two fat little children, who stared at their own display and were taken away by a nurse. Helen, George's wife, did not seem like their mother. She was thin and young, and her manner toward the children was detached and amused. She was in easy command of George. There were three or four other people in the big room where the introductions were made and the gin fizzes were going on, and they were all concentrated on getting the exact words which were being sung on a new record. But after one look at her, Mary-Anne Appleton needed no further sorting out. Bill had never seen a prettier girl. The closer one got, the better she looked. She had brown eyes, a few freckles on a gently tanned skin, and a face as innocent as her name. Bill liked the way they all used her name in full. There was something unsophisticated and old-fashioned about that.

"Mary-Anne," said George, "here's prey for you. But I warn you I had to drag him here. He was writing a letter to a woman."

"You should have left him alone if he didn't want to come."

"I did want to come. And I didn't know what was waiting for me, either."

When Mary-Anne smiled, she pouted just a little as if she didn't quite believe what was said to her but knew that it would have to be complimentary.

The words on the record were established as *"I like change from a dollar, but I don't want a change from you."*

Some one had thought it was *"change from a collar."* That was what the arguing was about. But when that point was settled, they got down to making plans for the evening. There was no reason, Helen said, why they all shouldn't stay for dinner. Her cook was just back from a vacation and in a heavenly mood, and she knew there was plenty to eat. Helen's brother Prescott Saunders was there, and his wife, whose name was Kitty. They had been expected for dinner. There was a short little fellow like a jockey, called Blair, who didn't seem to intend to go away unless he had to. The girl they called Esther said that she had a dinner party on, and they all laughed a good deal about that, before and after she left, for it seemed that the people at the prospective dinner were not in favor with this company.

All the conversation was local and personal. But Bill didn't mind. It was easy enough to follow. He found himself entirely comfortable. The dinner was good. He admired the negligent way in which Helen took on three extra guests, and he was grateful to her for letting him sit by Mary-Anne.

In no time at all they were friendly. She was not hard to admire. He said pleasant, personal things to her, and she did not object. She acted as if she thought all his opinions were important.

"I suppose this seems a hick town to you," she said.

"I think it's a great place," he remarked, deducing from four hours' experience and observation.

"But don't you love living in New York?"

"I like it all right. I'm used to it."

"Can you ever get used to it? With something new to do every night?"

Bill thought of his usual evenings. He had fallen into the way of eating in the same restaurant unless he went to the club. Of course, during these last six weeks, since he met Linda, they had been different. But even when he took her out, they went to one of a few favorite places, and usually to the little French restaurant near her apartment. A bald-headed man always had the same table in the corner.

"You must meet all kinds of fascinating people who do interesting things."

"They don't seem to hunt me up," said Bill cheerfully.

"How about the one you were writing to? Or didn't that letter go to New York?"

"Yes. But that's an exception."

"You know I think I'd hardly like to be a New York woman, in a way. They know such a lot." Mary-Anne gave a vague shiver. "I'd be afraid to know all about everything."

"You're too sweet to know about a lot of things."

He almost caught himself up as he said that, and instinctively he waited for a mocking answer. It was not the kind of easy sentiment that Linda welcomed. He had a sudden vision

(Please turn to page 124)

America is

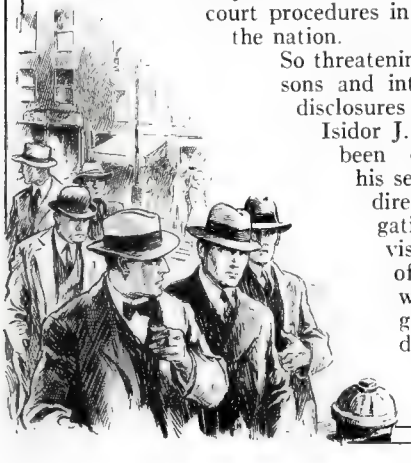
Photo by ACME

JUDGE SAMUEL SEABURY

because, at a vital point and at an extremely critical moment, he has checked the demoralizing and dangerous spread of public contempt for courts and magistrates.

Following the conviction of one judge for a Federal offense, the sensational disappearance of a justice of the New York supreme court, and the indictment of other magistrates and their forced resignation "under fire," the Appellate Division began an investigation of the lower courts in New York City.

If this inquiry faltered or proved cowardly or evasive, the disaster to faith in our courts might have become irremediable. Judge Seabury, as referee presiding over the investigation, has not only shown no fear or favor, but has proceeded to clean up the situation by the only thoroughly effective process—the uncovering, first, of the almost incredible depravity and corruption which has accompanied some court procedures in the first city of the nation.



So threatening to certain persons and interests did these disclosures become, that Mr. Isidor J. Kresel, who has been conspicuous for his services as counsel directing the investigations, found it advisable to have one of his important witnesses double-guarded, both by day and by night.

Photo by U. & U.

GRACE ABBOTT

because, engaged in one of the most beneficial of human endeavors, she is the foster mother of millions of America's children. To minister to the physical and spiritual needs of little children from whom poverty, disease, squalor and toil have taken the rightful heritage of opportunity—that is her vocation and her recreation, her work and her life.

Like many another who has given signal service to mankind, Miss Abbott worked at Hull House with Jane Addams, and it was her talent for the task of lightening the burdens of underprivileged people of Chicago which led to her selection as head of the Children's Bureau in Washington.

Chicago, with its close-crowded children of immigrants from many lands, made multiple demands upon her sympathy and understanding as she guided the little ones in the learning of American ways, and often helped find employment for fathers and mothers.

She has worked unceasingly to abolish child labor and its tragic effects upon the growth and the soul of the child. She has aided the establishments of health centers the country over, where highly trained men and women give advice and care to expectant mothers, and where, also, babies and younger children are brought for medical aid, which they could not otherwise afford.

The vision of this remarkable woman has led to reform of so many bad conditions that it may be said that, literally, she has given childhood back to many, many thousands of America's children.

the Better *for*~

Photo by P. A.

DR. GEORGE R. MINOT

because he enlisted in a battle against one of the most hopeless and incurable of the afflictions of mankind; because, with all the chances against him, he persevered through seventeen years of apparently fruitless work until at last he conquered pernicious anemia.

It is strange, and perhaps especially inspiring, that Dr. Minot's final success came indirectly through an illness of his own. Year after year, he had attacked the problem of pernicious anemia, but everything tried was ineffective. Then he found that he himself was ill, and his attention was turned, by his disorder, to values of diet, and he decided to investigate the value of diets in pernicious anemia.

By questioning his patients, he learned that not a third of them ate "normally." The majority had had an aversion to meat and green vegetables through all their lives. Dr. Minot had his attention turned to the peculiar reconstructive values of liver in a diet when, also, the result of Dr. Whipple's experiments with liver in the diet of animals was announced.

Dr. Minot began to feed liver to his patients suffering from pernicious anemia; and after two years of trial, was able to announce the amazing fact that forty-five pernicious anemia patients, treated with the liver diet, had recovered.

Later, Dr. Minot and his associates succeeded in separating the chemical in liver that cures pernicious anemia.

With Dr. Whipple, he was awarded the *Popular Science Monthly's* award of ten thousand dollars for the current achievement in science of greatest benefit to the public.

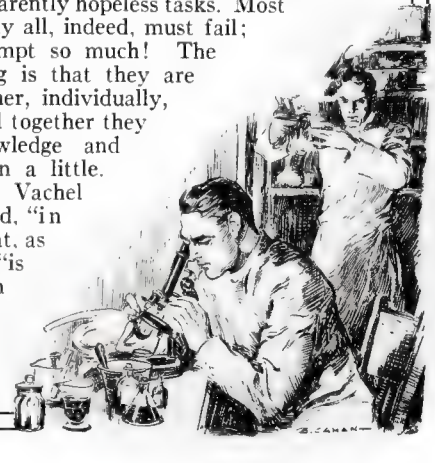
Photo by P. A.

DR. GEORGE H. WHIPPLE

because, working with the same patience and unselfish devotion to an ideal, he came upon the basic principle which Dr. Minot successfully applied to the conquest of pernicious anemia. Dr. Whipple's work was with animals, and required of him a defiance of discouragement which can only be vaguely suggested by mention of the fact that he worked alone for thirteen years before he made the great discovery of the peculiar and exceptional properties of liver.

He did not apply his discovery to human beings—this falling to the lot of Dr. Minot, who was working in Boston, and as professor of medicine in the Harvard Medical School, while Dr. Whipple was dean and professor of pathology at the School of Medicine and Dentistry in the University of Rochester.

Others like them, in a thousand laboratories throughout the nation, are inconspicuously at work at apparently hopeless tasks. Most of them, nearly all, indeed, must fail; for they attempt so much! The inspiring thing is that they are careless whether, individually, they fail, if all together they advance knowledge and humanity even a little. They live, as Vachel Lindsay said, "in mankind;" that, as he also said, "is far more than to live in a name!"

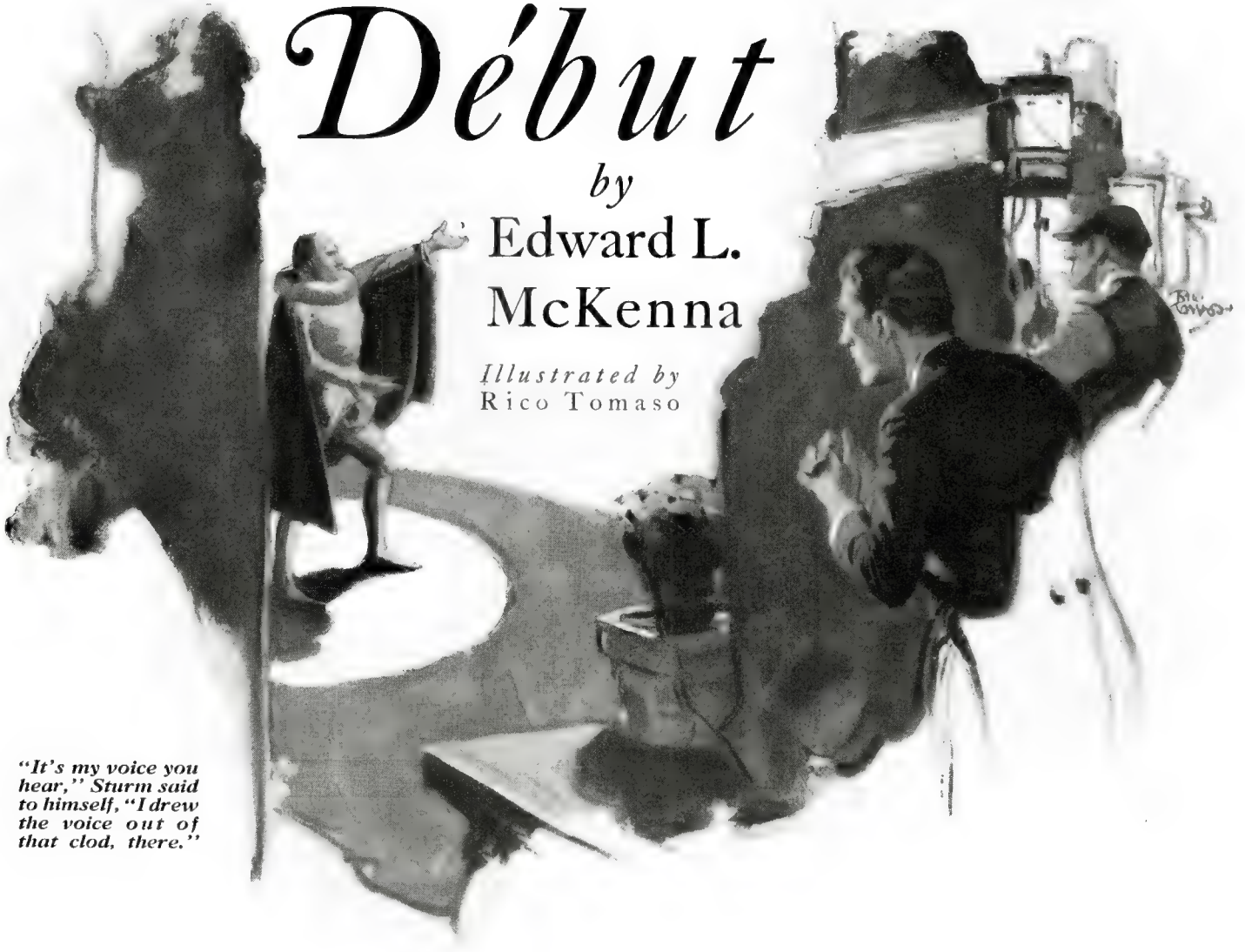


Début

by

Edward L. McKenna

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso



"It's my voice you hear," Sturm said to himself, "I drew the voice out of that clod, there."

JOHANN STURM didn't begin with any plan to teach singing. He was nineteen years old, and he had come to Paris to study. His appearance wasn't romantic, but his voice was full and unctuous, and his chances of success seemed bright, even in an overcrowded profession. Then, one day, he was crossing the Boulevard Haussmann, and a wandering taxi skidded around the corner. They picked Sturm up with a broken leg. It wasn't set properly; and four months later, he had to try a new trade. A baritone may be squat and homely, but he can't be lame.

So he bought a cardboard sign *"Teacher of Voice"* and put it in his window. Such signs are cheap, and hundreds of them peer hopefully and wistfully from shabby dwellings. "Rooms to Let," "Plain and Fancy Sewing," "Barrister at Law," "Lessons in French, Spanish and Italian"—how many of these brave posters smile upon unseeing passers-by!

Teachers of singing are less rare than restaurants in Paris, and Johann Sturm had a hard time. He was an American, and his appearance, his accent and his manner were against him. His heart was full of bitterness and impatience, and he had not subservience to attract the rich, nor beauty and charm that might bring him foolish young girls for pupils. So he spent hours in idleness, and hours only less painful in making orchestral transcriptions and adaptations, and futile hours in attempts at composition. And he went hungry many a day.

But he was a persistent man, and a good teacher, though gruff and tactless, and a hard taskmaster; so he picked up this pupil and that, a wealthy little girl, a married woman with vanity and a tiny voice, an occasional bookkeeper or haberdasher's clerk willing to spend a few sous on self-improvement. In America, the young man cultivates his muscles, but in Paris he cultivates the arts. That, no doubt, is why the United States wins at the Olympic games so often.

Doctors, lawyers, dentists and music-teachers in time build up a clientele if they are lucky; so did Johann Sturm. It wasn't an interesting group, or a wealthy one; nevertheless it kept him from starving.

But Sturm's own voice, so he thought, was not helped by his teaching, nor by his barking at his pupils. Presently he was twenty-five, he was twenty-eight, he was thirty, and still he lived almost in poverty, without a mistress or a friend or a bright hope in the world.

Then one day he heard the postman in the hall crying the name of one of the tenants. It wasn't the name that interested Sturm. It was the fact that the postman was chanting it in a tone fairly close to A flat.

Peering out to see what orchidaceous person this might be whose tenor was so high, Sturm encountered a man whose figure towered above his own. Sturm nodded to him curtly. "You have a fine voice, my friend," he said.

The postman slapped his chest. "But yes," he said. "Listen." And he called *"Ar—sène Bou—lan—ger."* The first three syllables were G. The *"lan"* was the high C above.

Arsène stuck out his head, from the landing, and the postman waved his letter, and winked at Sturm. "I have a very fine voice," he observed complacently.

"Yes," said Sturm. "Yes, you have—I'm a teacher of singing. Perhaps you've seen my sign."

"No," said the postman. "You don't get many letters, do you?"

"If you'd care to step in, I'll try your voice," said Sturm, as ingratiatingly as he could.

"I'm pretty busy today. Another day, maybe."

"It won't take a minute. I have a piano—I'll play something for you."

"Oh, all right," said the postman graciously. He shifted his bag, and followed Sturm up to the entresol, and into his tiny apartment. Sturm hobbled to the piano, and struck a few chords, and

nodded. So the postman sang for him the low D, on the staff, and the scale, and the G on the staff, and the scale, and at last the E above the high C. And the sweat stood out on Sturm's bald forehead.

"Now, I sing you a song," said the postman. "Do you know *'Lison, quittez vos souçis'?"*

"I'm afraid not," said Sturm.

"Do you know *'Dans la soupe, l'oignon'?"*

Again Sturm shook his head. The postman regarded him doubtfully. What sort of music-teacher was this?

"Do you know *'Auprès de ma blonde, ça fait bon, bon, bon'?"*

"Yes, I know that." Sturm played it, and listened to a rendition modeled, evidently, upon the performance of a café singer whose production of tone was as vulgar as his gestures. But Sturm said only, as they finished: "Here. Here's something you should know."

"Deserto sulla terra," from 'Trovatore'," he began softly, and the postman sang lustily, in Italian.

It was bad; it was very bad, Sturm decided. A great natural voice, yes. A voice horribly used, breathy, rough, strained and throaty at times—

He swung around on the piano stool. "Look here," he said. "I'll give you lessons, if you like."

"You'll give *me* lessons? What is there to learn?"

Sturm didn't answer him, but turned back to the piano, and began the baritone part of the duet from "The Force of Destiny." The postman grinned, and in a minute or two was chiming in with him. *"Ad—di—i—i—o,"* he sang, and flung out his arm in histrionic gesture. *"Ad—di—i—i—o,"* sang Sturm, noting how flawlessly the tenor kept the key.

"Ah, good, you have a nice voice too," said the postman.

"I'll have you singing in opera in two years," said Sturm. "In opera!"

The postman nodded profoundly. "Well. Perhaps. I'll think about it," he said.

In the course of the next month he began to take lessons regularly from Sturm.

As Sturm had guessed, he was of Italian birth. Filuca, Pietro Filuca, his name was; his parents were from Naples. He said he was twenty-two.

A less tractable pupil never came to a studio. He missed lessons; he neglected his practice; he smoked, and he drank, and he should have caught many a cold, but he never did. His body was big and burly, and his constitution was that of a horse.

Six months after he began to come to Sturm, he lost, or resigned, his postman's job. Sturm fed him, and gave him a place to sleep, and provided him with pocket-money. It was a bad arrangement, but it kept Filuca from missing so many lessons. He flirted with

Sturm picked up this pupil and that . . . . a married woman with vanity and a tiny voice.

every passable-looking girl who came to the studio; not all of them found it distasteful, but two of them complained to Sturm, and one pupil left him in consequence of it. It was embarrassing to Sturm, who kept his name spotless, and it worried him, for underneath his brusqueness there was a great reverence for innocence. Filuca's casualness, and the brutality of his point of view shocked and repelled Sturm. Filuca believed that no woman was oblivious to his charms.

He'd come in at all hours of the night; he was untidy; and he thought that all work was beneath him. Even for a tenor, his conceit was great; he accepted criticism with bad grace, and he was contemptuous of every voice but his own.

But his voice was no part of him, so it seemed to Sturm. The man was gross, worthless, a barbarian; the voice was that of Saint Michael in battle, or like a dying swan's. His technical faults were disappearing under Sturm's care; he was learning fast, and almost without effort. The truth was that Filuca was born to be a professional, and the professional defies all the rules.

It came time for Sturm to launch his protégé. He'd been saving his few pennies for months and months, and at last he was ready. He bought Filuca a new and gaudy suit of clothes, and a frock coat for himself, as became the manager of a tenor.

It was Sturm who stood with his hat in his hand in the offices of impresarios, begging for an audition, and it was Sturm who'd turn away disheartened, to face his sulky pupil. Their money was dwindling, and singers seemed to be as plentiful as broccoli and dandelion.

At last the manager of a touring company consented to hear Filuca. He made a disparaging comment or two, but at last he made him an offer for six performances, with option to renew. The sum mentioned was a miserable one, and Sturm was for declining. "Take it," said Filuca. "What's a piece of paper? I'll sing six times. Everyone hears me. At the end of that time, I'll have a hundred offers. I'll take the one that pleases me best. Who'll compel me to sing for this miser? Am I not Mafista? I'll go to Naples. I'll go to Palermo. I'll sing for whom I choose. My society will take care of me."

"What's a piece of paper?" Filuca had said.

Sturm shook his head, but he was impressed. He'd heard of the Mafia, that secret society whose origin was patriotic, and which has enrolled some great men, and others not so great. In the end, Filuca had his way. He made his début in the town of Firenze. "Carmen," the opera was.

Sturm stood in the wings, nervous and excited, and heard the first act go without a hitch. Filuca wasn't nervous. He came clanking in, at the head of the guard, looking quite handsome; he sat straddling a chair, and mending the leather of a scabbard, while he listened to the contralto's solicitations with an indifference that was not assumed.

Sturm hastened to his dressing-room, at the end of the act, but he found that he was not the first. A stout Jewish gentleman, in a top hat, and wearing yellow diamonds, was deep in conversation with Filuca. They looked up, annoyed, when Sturm came hobbling in.

"You were great, Pietro," he began, but Filuca gave him a majestic frown. "I'm busy now," he said. "Please don't disturb me."

Sturm flushed, and then got white. "I beg your pardon, monsieur," he said, and bowed stiffly, and walked away, holding himself very straight.

He could scarcely see. He struck a door with his shoulder, and apologized to it gravely, and went stumbling out through a dark alley-way, to cool his head in the night air.

This was to be the end, then, of all his pains. A contract—what if he had a contract? Contracts are for gentlemen, not for low fellows. If gratitude and common decency won't hold a man, of what use is a contract? "What's a piece of paper?" Filuca had said. "I am Mafista. My society will protect me."

"So?" said Sturm, and bared his teeth. He saw it all. A new manager for Filuca, a business man, one who'd go with him to the top, not one who'd bring him there.

Sturm rested his forehead against the bricks of the alley wall. He had no need for more words with Filuca, nor for a parting scene. As surely as he stood there, he knew that he was betrayed. *Betrayed* was the word he used to himself; he was a simple soul, after all, and perhaps he thought of himself in terms of melodrama.

Suddenly he heard the *entr'acte* music, and crept back into the wings. The curtain rose, upon the inn of *Lillas Pastia*, two chairs, a table, and a faded backdrop.

Don José entered, a *Don José* whose falseness was no rôle. Sturm glanced at him. "If I had a pistol, now," he said to himself, "if I had a pistol—"

Presently Filuca began the Flower Song. "Take back—the flower thou hast tossed me—" he sang, and Sturm listened.

And as he heard, he knew that he had made no mistake. Here was a voice to thrill the audiences of ten countries, a voice to make maidens dream of love's rosy pinions, a voice that would reverberate in men's hearts when they were old, and make them think of a time when life was full of beckoning white hands.

"It's my voice you hear," Johann Sturm said to himself. "It's my voice. I'm a crippled man, yes. I'm homely; I'm awkward; no one notices me. I'll get nothing out of it, nothing. But I drew the voice out of that clod, there. I gave it to all of you."

So it came to Sturm suddenly that this was his moment of all moments, his little hour when out of his despair, he should arise, and his joy storm the heavens. What was his poverty to this? What was his disappointment to this? He knew all at once that he had something now, to illumine his drab days, and to fill them forever with glory. . . .

Filuca died, at forty-three, worn out by a bright career. That's what it is, to be an artist. As for Johann Sturm, he has a studio in Carnegie Hall now, and he's had some fine pupils, Sara Williamson, Harry Graves the American baritone, Pardessi, Najera, any number of them. . . . But sometimes he will say to a promising student:

"I was the teacher of Filuca, yes. We parted early in his career, and I've never used his name, in my advertisements, for personal reasons. A great voice, the greatest I have ever heard. Yes."

And then he'll break off brusquely, and say; "Wednesday, at four. Good day."

He's not an artist. He's just a teacher. He made his début one night in Firenze, when a cad was singing in "Carmen."

Four strictly vegetable soups

which give added zest and healthfulness to Lenten meals~ Favored family selections for Friday ~for any day throughout the year!

The meatless meal often puzzles the planner and disappoints the diner. Real helps in the problem are these four delicious and invigorating Campbell's Soups! Although they contain no meat in any form whatsoever, they never fail to tempt the appetite with their fresh garden flavors and their wholesome nourishment.

There's nothing like good hot soup to give new life and sparkle and enjoyment to a meal. How you appreciate this when your choice of foods is somewhat restricted on special days or at special seasons!

All four of the Campbell's Soups on this page are made from the finest vegetables that grow. They are further enriched with golden creamery butter and seasoned with the sure touch of our famous French chefs. And often you'll cream these soups according to the easy directions on the labels. 12 cents a can.

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ASPARAGUS SOUP

The first young asparagus shoots of spring! All their tenderness, all their succulence in a soup that delights and benefits the whole family—especially the children.

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MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

A FLAVOR *for* EVERY TASTE!

Life Savers . . . pure, china-hard . . . delicious rings of refresh*mint* . . . soothing to the throat . . . quieting to the nerves . . . after smoking . . . after eating . . . sweeten breath . . . aid digestion.

Six famous flavors . . . distinctive . . . different . . . a 'holesome candy . . . a fragrant breath-mint . . . packed in the convenient roll form . . . handy for pocket or purse . . . foil wrapped to keep them ever-fresh and flavor-full . . . "Always Good Taste" everywhere.

And the delicious candy drop LIFE SAVERS . . . Orange, Lemon, Lime, and Grape . . . like the fruit itself!

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

MUDDER AND FODDER

(Continued from page 53)

"Blue Blazes in the second," he returns. "It's in the bag. Blazes'd have to break two legs and throw his jock to lose. Better put a little something on his beezer."

"It seems to me," says I, "that a similar line of loco-foco was slipped me last week on a gudgeon called Flaming Arrow. What happened to him?"

"That rabbit," snorts Canavan. "Why, McAleer rode him into a pocket on the turn, and he never came up for air. Blue Blazes, though, is in and blanketed. . . . By the way, there was a skirt here a little while back asking for you."

"For me!" exclaims Speed. "What kind of a skirt?"

"Easy on the eyes," says Canavan. "If I were younger and she asked for me, I'd ask right back for her."

"Probably a charity stick-up," shrugs Phil, and dismisses the matter. But not for long. We're barely up in Speed's room when the desk-clerk phones the info that a young lady's questing for him.

"Better come along," remarks Phil. "Strange young women pull strange young things here in the racing season."

There's only one gal in the lobby when we gets there—a filly in the forenoon twenties and plenty pretty. She advances to meet us with a smile.

"I'm Bessie Hannegan," she announces.

"Hannegan?" repeats Speed. "You're not Leather—"

"Yes, says the frill. "Leather-vest Hannegan's daughter. I want to talk to you about Flying Fish."

"Sure," comes back Phil cordially. "Let's go over there and make laps for ourselves."

"Father," opens up Miss Hannegan, when we've squatted, "is all broken up over losing his horse—or rather my horse."

"Yours?" eyebrows the boy friend.

"Yes, mine," returns the gal with spirit. "He's been mine from the day he was foaled. Father had no right to gamble him away. If I give you the money, will you—"

"I'm afraid it's impossible," says Phil. "I've gone to considerable expense with—"

"I'll pay everything," she cuts in eagerly, but Speed shakes his head.

"Couldn't consider it," he tells her. "I'm engaged in an experiment with the Fish—"

"Oh, you'll ruin him," almost wails Miss Hannegan.

"Ruin him for what?" demands Phil a bit sharply. "He hasn't shown a thing in three starts, and according to the wise men of the turf he never will."

"That's not true," flares up Leather-vest's daughter. "Flying Fish is a great horse—"

"He may be," interjects Speed, "but not the way he's been handled. If he's got a future, it's with me. He's already an improved animal. If you'd like to see him, suppose you lunch with us, and we'll trot out to the track in the afternoon."

THAT appeals to Miss Hannegan as an idea not entirely devoid of merit, and we wanders into the dining-room. Little is said at the table about horses, but for a couple of folks who'd never seen each other before, Speed and the chick find plenty to discuss. She's a bright baby, who's been places with her old man and seen things, and her chatter about this, those and them interests even me, despite the fact that I'm a bit suspicious of her.

However, there's nothing in the situation for me to tear my other shirt into shreds over. Personally, I'd just as soon have Phil take the dough that's been offered and turn the Fish back to the Hannegans. I'm far from being sold on the mud-bath treatment for thoroughbreds. At that, I think Speed's a sap to take the gal out to the stable for a look-see, if secrecy's the high-sign.

After lunch I makes some excuse and lets 'em depart for the races, unchaperoned. However, I do learn later in the afternoon that Blue Blazes had been beaten.

"A SWELL kid," bubbles Phil, when he meets me at the hotel that evening.

"Yes, yes," says I, "but does she get the horse?"

"Not right away," he returns. "I made a deal with her—I'm to run him in one race, and regardless of the result, she's to get the Fish for a grand and expenses. After all, I had no intention of sticking in the—"

"That's all right," I interrupts, "but it's a sucker play just the same. If that stunt of yours works, and your entry comes home with a big stake, he'll be worth five or ten grand."

"Probably," shrugs Speed, "but I can't take advantage of the rough stuff Leather-vest pulled on his daughter. He gave her the Fish for a present, and she's kind of brought him up from a pup."

"There, there!" says I. "Don't break down and cry about it. I suppose you told her all about the mud—"

"Not a word," declares Phil. "I'm going to surprise her. When I turn the Fish over to Bessie, he'll be a horse what is a horse."

"With that slush and slime system of yours," I remarks, "she'll be lucky if he isn't a sea-otter what used to be a horse. When do you figure he'll be ready to strut his stuff?"

"It'll be weeks yet," replies Speed. "I'm tentatively pointing him for the Palmetto or the Southern States."

"Nice stakes," says I, "but suppose you don't get a heavy track for either of 'em?"

"In that event," comes back Phil, "I'll take him where it does rain."

"You might try Suva, in the Fijis," I suggests. "I understand it rains ninety-eight inches and no tenths there every year. Or," I adds, "you might wait for a picnic at which I'm present in a new straw hat, and a suit guaranteed not to shrink."

In the next couple of weeks I see little of Speed. He's out either with his horse or the horse's godmother. I put on the feed-bag occasionally with Bessie and Phil, but I might as well be an Eastern Beloochistan shelling peas for the pasha for all the attention that's paid to me.

"Aren't you neglecting the Fish?" I asks Speed one night.

"Not a bit," he answers. "I had him down in the bottoms this morning racing through mud up to his knees."

"That's nice," says I, "but aren't you racing through something up to your knees, too?"

"Huh?" mumbles Phil.

"The Hannegan's Bessie," I elucidates.

"Behave, bozo," growls Speed. "We're just interested in the same horse."

"Interest in the same horsefly," says I, "is enough if you're headed that way."

"Well, I'm not," snaps Phil, and buries himself in the afternoon paper. For a half an hour or more there isn't a peep out of him. Suddenly he grips the rag at the edges and leans forward.

"Get a load of this," he shouts, and reads:

" 'According to a special forecast of the weather bureau, the storm which has been centering in the Caribbean for the past week is moving north and west. It is predicted that New Orleans and southern Louisiana generally will catch the full force of it Friday or Saturday at the latest. Special storm warnings have been sent—' "

"Saturday," breaks in Speed, "is the day of the ten-thousand-dollar Palmetto Purse. What a spot for the Fish!"

"Or any fish," I remarks. "Put him in, feller, and get it over with. You can always scratch him if the storm goes haywire on you. Who'll be in the race?"

"Some good ones," replies Phil, turning to the sport page. "Gloriana and Cartouche are the favorites, but either or both'd probably be scratched if the going was too tough. Personally, I hope they're in. There're always a lot of saps at the pari-mutuels betting on name horses, regardless of the weather, and it'll make the odds better."

"What price," I asks, "do you figure the Fish'd be?"

"Anywhere from ten to twenty-five to one on the outside," says he, "and I'm betting the three grand I took out of the poker game. You going to take a flyer?"

"I might risk a hundred-case note," I tells him, "providing the horse doesn't have the misfortune of being picked by Coke Canavan."

"He won't be," comes back Speed. "The last time I heard your friend Canavan prophesying the Palmetto, he had a buzzard called Star-dust in the pay-off. How are you when it comes to praying for rain?"

"Not so good," I replies. "I prayed for water once after a shipwreck, and a barrel of herrings was washed up at my feet."

"In that case," says Phil, "you'd better start praying for herrings."

NEXT morning—Tuesday—Speed enters his nag in the Palmetto. The racing pages make a note of the fact, but suppress their interest with no effort whatever. New Orleans, generally, receives the news with about as much excitement as would attend the announcement there of an obscure Korean's death in Olathe, Kansas.

"What's your friend trying to do?" asks Canavan, as I drops by for my daily tip. "Block traffic on the track?"

"Oh, I don't know," I replies. "There's a storm headed this way, and you never can tell what'll come out in the wash. Remember what Jim Dandy did to Whichone and Gallant Fox at Saratoga, don't you?"

"I ought to," comes back Coke. "I picked the Dandy to win, but there's no comparison. Jim Dandy always was a horse. Flying Fish never was and never will be anything but a cheap selling-plater. He's a hundred-to-one shot in a two-horse race."

"Who you picking for the Palmetto?" I inquires, just to get a sure loser to eliminate.

"If it rains," returns Canavan, "Old Oaken Bucket's in the bag. He could break both legs—"

"I know," I cuts in, "but what's the dope if the track's as hard as an organized charity?"

"I can't make up my mind between Cartouche and Gloriana," says Coke, "but I'm inclined to favor Cartouche. He's got more stamina than Gloriana, and in a mile race ought—"

"I wish you'd come to a definite decision," I tells him. "I'm figuring on making a small bet, and I want your opinion. How about Star-dust for a gamble?"

"Lay off," advises Canavan. "I got it straight from the feed-box that he bowed a tendon in training."

"That's too bad," says I. "I hope it's nothing trivial."

The next few days Speed barely comes to the hotel to sleep, and he isn't on the loose with Bessie Hannegan, either. He's over at the track doing the Lord knows what, but probably showering the Fish with artificial rain and blowing a bellows at him to give the horse the feel of a Caribbean hurricane. I don't really get a chance to talk to him until Friday morning at breakfast.

"Everything's jake," he tells me, in answer to questions. "Joe Simms is going to ride—"

"In what colors?" I asks.

"In Hannegan's," replies Phil, "but they'll probably be a beautiful mauve mud before he gets away from the barrier. I look for a track that'll be all goo and a yard deep."

"It's not raining yet," I points out.

"You probably haven't prayed for herrings hard enough," grins Speed, "but don't you worry. The barometer's dropping faster than a stock with swell banking connections. Before the sun sets, you'll think Niagara and the Victoria Falls have dropped in for the races."

WITH this assurance Phil beats it to the track, and I wanders out into the lobby for some chin-chin with Coke Canavan. I'm halfway to him when I pipes Bessie Hannegan coming in through the swinging doors, and I goes to meet her.

"Phil's just left," says I.

"I know," she comes back nervously, "but it's you I want to speak to. I wish you'd talk him out of racing the Fish tomorrow, if it rains."

"Why?" I asks.

"Because he's no mudder," returns Bessie, "and Father's afraid that a mile drive through the slush'd set the horse back for weeks. We've been pointing him for the easy going—"

"Have you spoken to Phil about this?" I interrupts.

"It wouldn't do any good," says she. "He won't discuss the horse with me. I don't know why—"

"He wants to surprise you," I explains.

"It'll be a surprise to me," returns Bessie, kind of bitter, "if the Fish is any good at all after tomorrow. Will you talk to Phil?"

I promises that I will, and just to keep my word I does when I meets the boy friend at dinner, but of course, it doesn't mean a thing. Speed's irritable, and hardly speaks during the meal. There'd been plenty of wind during the day, but not a drop of rain.

"I wish that damn' storm'd start," he mutters.

"There aint gonna be no storm," says I, catching a flash at a headline in a late edition being read at the next table—"New Orleans Escapes Storm—Veers to the West." Phil follows my eyes and gets it too. His chin sinks to his lap.

"It's tough," I tells him, "after all the work you've done; but there's nothing to stop you from scratching him in the morning, is there? You might get a break for the Southern States."

"I'm not going to scratch him," snaps Speed. "The Fish races tomorrow regardless. He's at his peak, and besides, I don't care to string along with the game any longer. I'm fed up."

"Suit yourself," says I. "After all, the horse might cross you and win on a fast track."

"Not a chance," growls Phil. "In the mud he'd win going away; in the clear he'd never even finish. However, it may rain yet," he ends up hopefully.

And for a fact a light drizzle does start along about nine o'clock, but it's a mighty light one and shows no signs of developing strength as the night wears on.

"It'll take a week of this just to lay the dust," snorts Phil, along about midnight. "I want mud, mud and more mud. I'm going out for a walk," he ends abruptly.

I WAITS up for an hour and then hits the hay. Speed has a way of wandering when he's upset, so I don't worry any. When I gets up in the A. M., the drizzle's degenerated into a mere mist. Phil hasn't returned.

Figuring that he'd probably gone to the track and flopped there with Simms, I goes about my business. It's nearly three o'clock before I starts for the races, the Palmetto being the only horse affair in which I have the slightest interest.

The first persons I run into at the clubhouse are Bessie Hannegan and her father. Both of 'em look glum as the weather.

"Seen Phil?" I asks.

"No," snaps Bessie, "and if I ever see him again, it'll be too soon. Imagine running a speed horse on a track like this!"

I peers through the mist for a look, and my heart misses a couple of beats. The course is a morass of mud and ruts, churned up and criss-crossed by the previous race!

"Must've rained harder here than it did downtown," I remarks, concealing my jubilation.

"Must've," says Bessie sourly. "It's a crime to put the Fish against this sort of going."

"A dirty trick," scowls her father. "The horse won't be worth his oats the rest of the season, if ever."

"Cheer up," I offers soothingly. "You'll probably own the winner of the Palmetto stakes before the sun sets."

"Yeh," grunts Leather-vest, "just like there was a sun to set."

At this point the stake horses parade onto the track, and conversation ceases for the nonce. All but six of the entries've been scratched, but Cartouche is the gee-gee of importance to shy from the mud. The Fish is an impressive figure of restless power as he plops-plops in the slush before the patrons of the game; his build and blackness make him stand out in the field like a red sweater at a formal funeral.

At the barrier a couple of fractious animals make some trouble, but not for long. They're quickly maneuvered into an approximately straight line of heads, the restraining bonds lifted and—

"They're off!"

FOR a few strides the horses are bunched. All of a sudden Star-dust, the nag with the bowed tendon, leaps as if touched by electric current, and the next moment leads the pack by a couple of lengths. Gloriana takes up the chase, but the Fish remains in the ruck with the rest. At the quarter the positions are about the same, except that the leaders have widened the gap.

"It's a crime," moans Leather-vest.

I see nothing to worry about yet. It seems to this layman a smart play on the part of Simms to let the speedsters set the pace and then come up with a rush at the finish. However, I don't feel so happy when the half-post's passed with the big black still in the rear and apparently unable to shake off the other three plugs.

Then it happens. The Fish swings wide on a turn, and the next thing I knows he's dropped his second-rate company and is after the leaders with a rush. The tough going tells on Gloriana. She falls back a length from Star-dust, and the Fish is on her tail. Another few strides, and the filly's passed and done for.

Phil's horse enters the stretch not more than a few feet behind Star-dust, and coming along at a tremendous rate considering the condition of the track. I happens to glance away for a split-second, and there's Speed by my side, but this is no time for talking.

The Fish is neck and neck with Star-dust, and even I can see it's all over but the hoop-la. It is. The black mud-horse splashes by the other like the Century passing a tramp, and crosses the finish line at least five yards to the good!

I turns to say something to Bessie, but she's wrapped in her father's arms, babbling hysterically.

"What a break!" I remarks to Phil. "To have it rain like hell here, and no place—"

"It didn't rain any more here," he interrupts gently, "than it did downtown."

"No!" I exclaims.

"No," says Speed. "I needed mud, so I made my own."

"Made your own?" I repeats dumbly.

"Yeh," he whispers. "I came out here last night and opened up every watercock, hydrant, nozzle and faucet in the place. The drizzle helped, but—"

"Isn't it wonderful!" breathes Bessie. "Just imagine what he'd have done to them on a dry track!"

"Yeh," grunts Phil. "Just imagine."

"I'm so happy," gushes on the gal. "How can I thank you—"

"Don't thank me," says Speed.

"Or even your fodder," I cuts in. "Thank your mudder."

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THE GOOD NAME OF A WOMAN

(Continued from page 65)

coy when coyness seemed indicated. We got on extremely well, I may say.

I danced the next dance with Randolph. "What is it all about?" I asked.

"I'm not sure," he said. "Only—that girl hates Folwell, Lydia. And she's engaged to Tommy Blackman."

He mentioned the name of a youth whom I had met at a dinner-party and remembered because no one can forget the Blackman name. It stands for too much in a social and financial way.

"And attends night-clubs with Larry Folwell?" I whispered. "How would Blackman like that?"

"I'm quite positive he wouldn't like it at all," replied Randolph. "The damnedest young prig who ever refused to become the hellion that his money might have made him. Like it? He'd probably break the engagement."

"I don't understand. She hates Folwell—how can you tell that?"

"I've known Connie for years," he said. "I mentioned to her that Folwell was a queer companion, and she almost broke down. Lydia, there is business here for us."

"So I gathered," I responded. "But just how do we come in?"

"I don't know yet, but—Lydia, do you mind flirting?"

"I've done that—with Martha Cullen's gigolo," I reminded him. "But—your friend Folwell isn't as crude as all that, Randolph."

"He isn't crude at all, Lydia," he agreed. "That's what makes it difficult. But Connie—I told her how wonderful you were, Lydia. I told her that we were engaged. She's on the verge of a breakdown. She's on the edge of confiding her troubles—and she has them, Lydia—to anyone. See if we can't leave together; in the dressing-room you might get her to talk—"

I'LL not bore you with a recital of each word that was said at our table during the next two hours, nor of how I became aware that if I were to ingratiate myself with Larry Folwell, it would not be because of my gray eyes, my brown hair, or my—may I be vain?—lovely figure.

Lois Louverne had been gorgeous; the Duchesse de Montpelier had been ravishing; Minna Raybourne had been the loveliest débutante of her year. And there had been countless other beautiful woman who had found in Larry Folwell's frank viciousness something which they craved. Beauty was a drug in Folwell's market.

No, I must win his confidence in some other way. And I began by agreeing to lunch with him the next day. That arrangement was made just as Connie Wilderley and I were departing for the dressing-room to get the wraps we had left there.

We were alone in the room when the girl sat down before a mirror to attend to her lips.

"Randolph tells me you're engaged," she said suddenly.

"He's a male gossip," I laughed. "For he also told me that you are engaged."

She turned somber eyes to me.

"I am," she said slowly. "That is—" Her lips quivered, and she seemed making a tremendous effort for self-control. "Miss Grey, you must wonder why I am in a night-club with a man like Larry Folwell."

"Well, I do," I replied.

"Of course you do. I can tell by Randolph's manner that—that he thought it strange. Did you ever want to kill anyone, Miss Grey?"

I would have laughed, were it not for the fact that there was no humor in her blue eyes. She was in as deadly earnest as I have ever known anyone to be.

I thought of Nathan Carteret and his advances that had led to my stealing his necklace. "I have," I told her.

"I want to kill Folwell," she said.

Her voice rose so that I crossed to her and put my arms about her shoulders. I looked at the door, trembling lest the maid in surly attendance might have heard, might enter.

"My dear—please," I begged. "Tell me."

Remember, please, that she was younger in experience than she was in years, that Randolph, by judicious questioning and quick sympathy, had paved the way, and that she was in a condition that bordered on hysteria. And she told the story that is as old as wealth.

Folwell was blackmailing her. Crossing to England a year ago, she had met him. People are not as particular on ocean liners as they are on shore. The Thanny Curtins, out for whoopee, had dragged Connie in on a party they gave, and there she had made the acquaintance of Folwell. And Connie had become as infatuated with him as a score of other girls had become.

Three weeks after she landed in England, she had discovered what sort of man he was, and had promptly broken off all relations with him. The viciousness of his attitude toward life had not shocked her when he showed it; but when others pointed out the deeds to which this evil led, she was sick at heart to think that she had ever given him her lips.

She had given him no more. But she had written letters to him that were adolescent in their passion, letters that would inevitably make the solemn-minded young prig Tommy Blackman break off their engagement were he ever to read them. She had assumed that Folwell had destroyed the letters, but the man had merely bided his time.

WHEN she fell in love with Blackman—this was a real love, not mere moonlight romance; Blackman was just the type that would appeal to her—she had never given another thought to Folwell. But a week ago, when society reporters were becoming more open in their hints that the Wilderley-Blackman romance was beginning to flower, Folwell had telephoned her. He had insisted that she dine with him, and had hinted at matters which, tonight, had passed beyond the limits of a hint. In short, he had demanded from her the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for the return of her letters to him. If she didn't pay him, he swore that he would show the letters to Tommy Blackman.

Myself, I could not believe that Blackman would take the letters for anything more serious than they were, the proof that a cool young girl had had her moment of silliness. But she tearfully assured me that Tommy was noble, high-minded, austere, and that he could never forgive her for having cared, even though fleetingly, for a man like Folwell.

It takes all kinds to make the world, as has been said a million times—even the kind of girls that can love the Tommy Blackmans. I would rather remain an old maid than be married to a prig; I even wondered if it wouldn't be better for Connie Wilderley if Blackman broke off the engagement. But what would be death to me meant happiness to her. She admired austerity, priggishness.

And so I told her to cheer up, and ask Folwell for time. She would not come into her own money for another year, and of course could not meet the blackmailer's demands from her own purse. And she dared not ask her father for such a sum.

LATER that evening, as we sat together in my apartment,—even that would doubtless have shocked young Blackman,—I told Randolph what I had learned.

"I have a date to lunch with Folwell tomorrow," I told him, "but—I just don't know how to go about the matter."

He sighed.

"You'll have to rely on your own wit, Lydia," he said. "I can't suggest anything. Maybe we'd better let it go. Only—I realize that Connie is a stupid little thing, and that Blackman is an ass—but I've known the child so long, and Folwell is such a hound—"

"Will do what can do," I promised.

I met Folwell at Renan's, that discreet little speak-easy where the world and his wife lunch nowadays, although not always with each other.

"I've been looking you up," he said, as he sipped his second cocktail.

"One doesn't have to look you up, Mr. Folwell," I smiled.

He grinned amiably.

"Yes, I'm on record—in the papers and the courts. You aren't. You're a girl that came from nowhere, and crashed the best houses in New York. You're straight—that way." He didn't explain; I knew what he meant. "But you've got no dough of your own."

"You found out a lot in a short time," I said.

"That's my business—finding out a lot in a short time," he grinned. "I don't know how you stand with Barnard—he's out of his mind about you, of course. A blind guy could see that. But where does he stand with you?"

"A pleasant dinner companion," I replied.

"A check-grabber, eh? Just picks up the bad news when the waiter brings it around. More than that? I mean—jewelry—ermine wraps—"

"Do I look that kind?" I asked.

"Now, that's the funny thing about you," he said slowly. "You don't *look* it, but do I feel it? And was I ever fooled about a dame in my life? Not that anyone ever heard of, Miss Grey. You're hard—hard as nails. There isn't anything you wouldn't do—if you wanted to do it."

"You're flattering," I said sarcastically.

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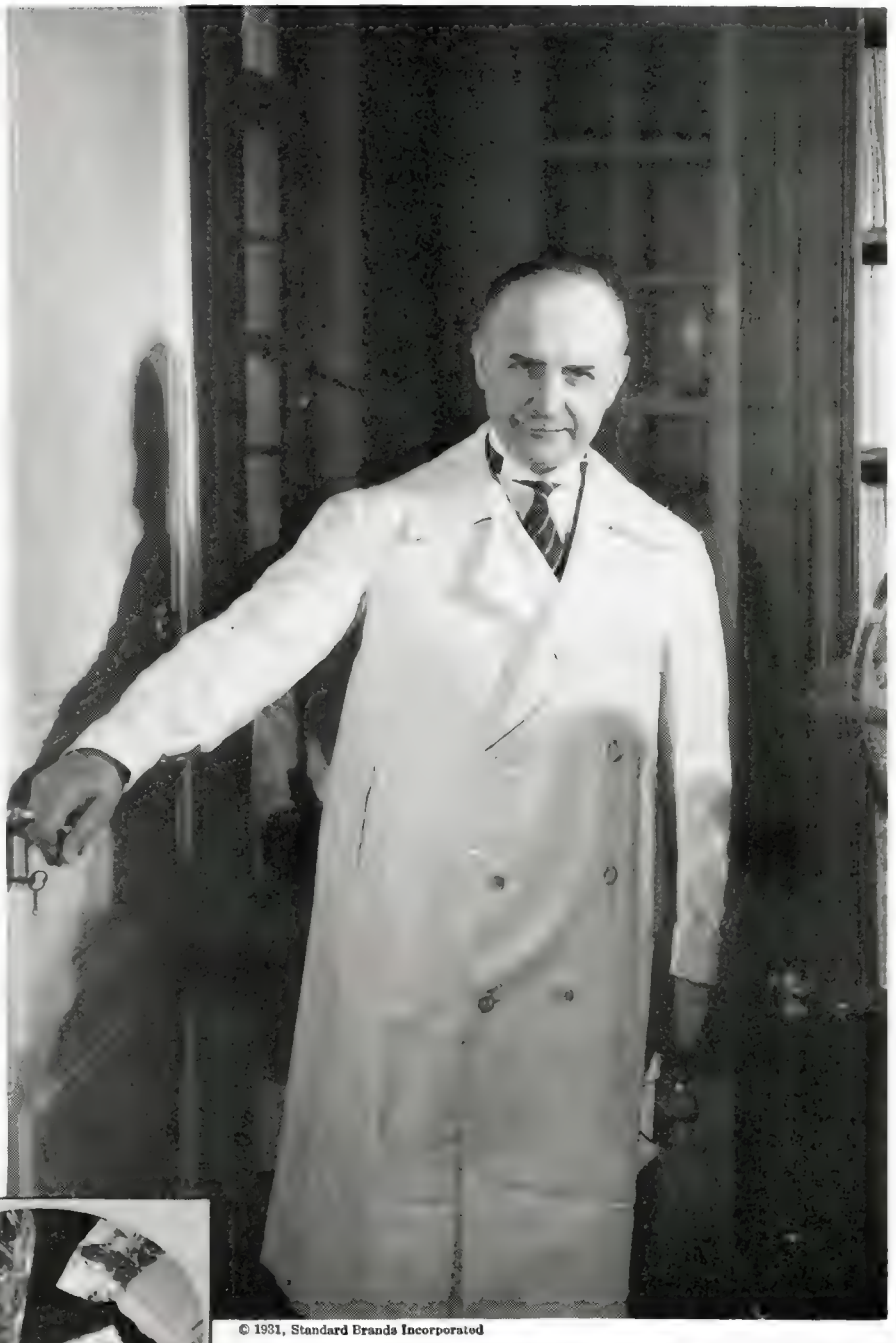

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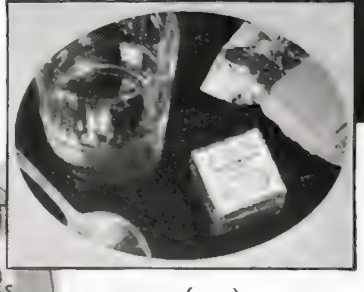

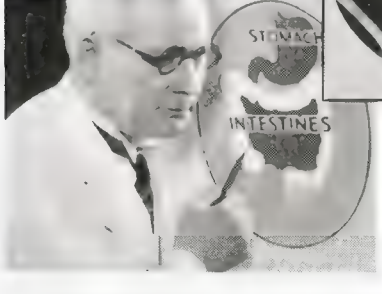

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"No, I'm not. I think it's swell for a woman to be hard-boiled. And I like to fit puzzles together. You don't work—so far as I know. You've got no fortune that anyone knows about. You aint the kind to let a man put up for you. And you run around with the bon-tons and swells. Well, how come? And something else, Miss Grey. You fell for that luncheon stuff with me right off. And if I'm smart about anything, I'm smart about women. You didn't agree to come to luncheon because you liked my black eyes. No, indeed. You wanted something, but not what most women want from me. You don't want love-making. Well, what is it, then?"

"Suppose," I suggested, "I felt that such a woman as you have described me to be wasn't able to—er—carry out certain designs, but needed a man to help—"

"What's your racket?" he interrupted. "Come clean. I won't spill it."

I knew that. In the code of the world to which he belonged, one sentence is written in letters of flame: *"Thou shalt not squeal."*

"Jewels," I replied.

He whistled in admiration.

"I knew it was something," he said, "but I couldn't tell what. Well, what do you want with me?"

"There's a diamond crown," I began. I mentioned the first thing that came into my head.

"Diamond crown? You're crazy. No one—"

"It belonged to the mad duke of Westphalia," I said. "A woman named Martha Cullen owns it—I know her. I could get it. Only some one else would have to seem to be the thief."

I was telling the truth. Among the possessions which Martha Cullen had acquired, in the mad spending orgy which had followed her husband's death, was the crown I described. Folwell leaned closer to me.

"Give me the dope," he whispered.

"I THINK," said Randolph later that day, "that your woman's wits are not as keen as I'd hoped, Lydia. I've thought of a way. I'll go to Folwell, and beat him half to death, and make him surrender the letters."

I shook my head. "He's no coward."

"I hit awfully hard," smiled Randolph.

I shook my head again. "This way is better, Randolph. I've already talked to Martha. She's grateful for the way we rescued her from Gilet. She's going to invite me for a week-end at her Sands Point place. Folwell will see the letter. I will describe the house to him. I will tell him what room I'm to have. I will promise him that if he comes to my room at one in the morning—I'll show him how to enter the house—I'll hand him the diamond crown."

"He won't be as easy as that," protested Randolph. "He'll insist you meet him downstairs."

"No, he won't," I smiled. "I've told him that he must take chances. I won't endanger my reputation. I'll get the crown from Martha's room, but I won't take it downstairs. Folwell must take that risk. He'll do it. He's desperate for money, Randolph. He thinks it's too easy. Then, as he leaves my room,—just after he's left it,—you and a couple of servants pounce on him. If he gives up the Connie Wilderley letters, you let him go. Simple, isn't it?"

"I think my way is simpler," he argued. "But if you will have it your own way—And something else, even when he finds he's been tricked, it may occur to him that on some previous occasion you really did steal—"

"We'll risk all that," I told him.

It was as simple as I had said. When I said good-night to Martha Cullen, four nights later in her Sands Point bedroom, she handed me her diamond crown.

"I'm excited as can be," she whispered.

FOR that matter, so was I, but I didn't let her know it. I took the bauble and went to my own room. I turned out all my lights save one, and before that I passed my hand three times—the agreed-upon signal—and sat down on my bed to wait. Randolph had motored out early in the morning. All day long he had been hidden—his presence known only to a couple of trusted servants—in the room next to mine. When I screamed, he would enter. . . .

At the end of ten minutes, when my nerves were so taut that I wanted to scream, the handle of my door turned softly. In another second, quiet as any cat, Folwell entered the room. He wore a mask over his eyes, and rubber-soled shoes. Perspiration stood on his forehead.

"God," he whispered, "this gets my nerve. Never did a thing like this before. Never will again. Laid out in that shrubbery for four hours. Got the crown?"

"Here," I said.

His eager fingers gripped it, and as they did, I screamed.

The crown dropped to the floor.

"A plant, eh?" he said. "Ribbed me to come in here— Well, there's other ways—"

He leaped as he spoke. Before I could scream again, one hand clamped across my mouth, and I could feel the other tearing brutally at my clothing. I felt my evening frock split at the bodice, felt myself hurled down. Through dazed eyes I saw Folwell tear off his coat and waistcoat, and as Randolph came through my door, Folwell clasped me in his arms, and his lips were fastened upon mine.

He released me as Randolph entered.

"Well, honey, it looks as though we're caught," he said with a smirk.

I rubbed my desecrated lips. Yet even as I wanted to kill him, I felt admiration for the quick wit he had shown. He grinned at Randolph.

"Little rough with Lydia," he said. "But when a man loves a girl the way I love her—he's liable to be rough."

Behind Randolph were two men servants. He turned to them.

"The matter isn't as simple—as it seemed," he said quietly. "If you'll just wait—"

He turned the key in the door.

"So that's it, eh, Folwell? You are not a burglar, merely a lover, eh?"

"Burglar?" Folwell sneered. "I came here by invitation. I guess those servants will have to swear that I was welcomed here. I don't quite get the frame-up, but it hasn't worked, has it?"

"It hasn't," said Randolph. He looked at me. "You see, Lydia, the servants must testify that—well, what wouldn't be pleasant."

"I'll say it won't," snarled Folwell. "I've got people to testify that this dame has been seen lunching and dining with me—and people won't find it hard to believe that she fell for me. Other women have. But say—what's the idea of all this, anyway?"

Randolph smiled gently.

"A silly idea, Folwell. We thought that if we caught you in a burglary, with Mrs. Cullen's diamonds, we'd not prosecute, if you gave us the four letters Connie Wilderley wrote you last year."

"A swell scheme. Who doped it out?" Folwell's voice was dangerous.

"Miss Grey," Randolph replied. "And it hasn't worked. We could still prosecute, but you'd ruin Miss Grey's reputation."

"Glad you see it that way," sneered Folwell.

"I do," said Randolph. "So, Lydia, if you don't mind—we'll try my idea."

"Your idea?" said Folwell.

"My own idea," said Randolph.

IT is not pleasant to recount brutality which one has witnessed. For Randolph was brutal. At first I doubted that he would triumph over the blackmailer, but as the struggle progressed, I saw what he was doing. He was not trying to knock Folwell out. He was punishing him, beating him, smashing him morally as well as physically. And when at length, his face, battered beyond belief, Folwell sank to the floor, Randolph pulled him to his feet, held him erect with one hand, while he pummeled him with the other.

I was sick, but fascinated; and when I would have begged Randolph to cease, I thought of poor Connie Wilderley, and my heart hardened. And finally, whimpering, sobbing, broken, Folwell gave in. He told me a password and gave up to me a key to his safety-deposit box.

At ten-fifteen the next morning I had recovered Connie Wilderley's letters, and had telephoned Randolph, who kept guard over Folwell.

"Okay, darling," he replied. "I'll be with you in an hour."

He was sooner than that, and I could have wept at his blackened eyes and bruised lips.

"But you ought to see Folwell," he smiled. "He'll be in bed for weeks."

"Will he—try for revenge?" I asked.

"I rather hope so," said Randolph. "I'd like to kill a blackmailer. But I don't think he will. Now—if you'll give me those letters, I'll call on Connie and give them to her." He grinned wryly. "This is one time when our new profession doesn't pay us, darling. We could hardly take money from little Connie, even if she had it to give us."

I nodded in instant agreement.

"It—it's rather nice—to have done something—without thought of reward."

"It is—but it's not very good business," he laughed. "However, something more profitable may turn up soon."

And as he had been right about the correct method of dealing with Folwell, so he was right in his prophecy.

(Another fascinating adventure of Lydia Grey entitled "Disappeared!" will be described by Mr. Roche in the next, the May, issue.)

Scalp troubles? Loose DANDRUFF?

Read letters below—

they tell much better than we could the amazing results accomplished by Listerine in treating scalp disorders.

MEN and women are constantly writing us of the beneficial effects of using full strength Listerine on the scalp and hair, either as a part of the usual shampoo or independent of it. In many cases they report that Listerine brought relief from scalp troubles after other methods of treatment had failed.

The letters below, selected from many hundreds, show a number of uses to which Listerine has successfully been put. The value of this safe antiseptic lies primarily in its ability to destroy germs almost instantly, and therefore combat infection. At the same time it is soothing and healing to tissue. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Relieved Itching Scalp

My husband and I can't find praise enough for Listerine. It sure is wonderful. For months he was troubled with dandruff and his scalp itched him terribly. He'd come home from work so grouchy, that you could hardly speak to him and he'd always say "How can I help it? My scalp itches so badly, that it nearly drives me crazy, and I have so much dandruff that I'm ashamed to be seen anywhere."

One of our friends advised him to try Listerine. At first he laughed, but I finally persuaded him to try it. He did and with such wonderful results the first time that he went right to the druggist's and purchased a large bottle. He has been using it regularly once a week and I can truthfully say that he hasn't a bit of dandruff, or noticed any itching of the scalp since he's been using it.

Yours truly,
MRS. VIRGIL HELBIG
Newport, Kentucky

Ended Baby's "Milk Crust"

When my infant daughter reached the age of four months, a fine film of "milk crust" commonly known as "cradle cap" formed on her scalp. I attempted to soften this film with olive oil, hoping thereby, to release it from the scalp but soon discovered that this treatment was ineffective as the "cap" had thoroughly imbedded itself in the scalp. Combing with a fine tooth comb helped somewhat but was not recommended as it tended to irritate the sensitive scalp and one had to be extremely careful of the soft opening at the top of the head. The scalp not only was unsightly but refused to respond to treatment.

Finally my husband suggested Listerine, two parts of Listerine to one part of warm water, and rinsing the baby's head with this solution.

Skeptical, I gave it a trial for a week, soaking baby's head thoroughly once daily with the diluted Listerine. At the end of the week I noticed that the "crust" had almost disappeared and that the remaining flakes were quite loose and could be combed out with gentle movements. I continued using the diluted Listerine for the two successive weeks and at the end of that time baby's scalp was clean. I noticed no irritation or discomfiture on her part, therefore was certain that Listerine was as harmless to infants' sensitive scalps as to adults' more hardened ones.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. MILDRED S. MACLEOD
Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

Relieves Itching of Diabetic Patient

Early in our education as student nurses we are taught, among other important duties, the Nurse should not prescribe, and also, she should be seen and not heard.

But, as regards Listerine and its valuable properties, I feel it is necessary that I be heard. If I may so express myself, I find Listerine to be the last word in securing a cooling, refreshing, and permanent relief or cure from the annoyance of not alone dandruff, but skin conditions especially those of the scalp so often prevalent in diabetes.

A small piece of cotton dipped in Listerine and applied to the scalp, after parting the hair, not only relieves the itching, but refreshes the patient confined to bed (which automatically reacts on the general physical health and soothes them to sleep many times) and it entirely removes the large itching spots that occur on the scalp in the diabetic patient.

These spots often appear on the forehead, on the sides of the face and around back of the neck, bordering the hair and are visible, about the size of a quarter. They not only itch but are embarrassing; as skin desquamates and falls on the eyebrows finally rests on the chest and shoulders. These irritated spots, thanks to Listerine which I always apply to the infected area, are controlled, at the same time soothed, and ultimately obliterated.

Cordially yours,
MARY WILSON PATTON, R. N.
San Antonio, Texas

Don't miss BOBBY JONES, King of Golf
LISTERINE HOUR
Every Wednesday Night
WEAF and a coast to coast NBC network
See your local paper for time

PAJAMAS

(Continued from page 31)

even more important: a particularly filthy strip of old Brussels carpet. I shamelessly stole it, wrapped it about my bare head and neck, and started for the wilderness beyond the railroad yards.

I fell into a few ditches, crawled through a fence, came to a street given over to malt-and-hops emporia, poolrooms, and lunchrooms whose refined neon signs of *"Eats"* mocked my misery. I flickered along it. I had never moved quite so fast. At home, in Pelham, that highly select and indeed I may even call it exclusive suburb of New York, I have been rebuked by my wife and by Edgar, my oldest son, for my sloth in playing tennis. Sometimes when a ball is returned to me, I miss it entirely, because I am thinking of the relationship of Walter Lippmann to St. Polycarp, or the curious use of the squinch in the tower of the Cistercian Abbey at Monmonkshire. But this night I could have received and returned a ball six times before my opponent even knew it had been served, so rapid was I.

After perhaps two miles of greyhound coursing, without having time to ask myself just where I was going, I emerged into a section of respectable houses which because they had two-car garages with cement drives, and "We've subscribed to the Red Cross" placards in the windows, showed that they belonged to the kind of people I knew. I felt safe! Here I would surely find people who would appreciate the fact that I had been graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University, that I had an automatic oil furnace in Pelham, that I had lost money in the panic, like the most aristocratic people, and that my Uncle Herbert was one of the best eye, ear, nose, throat, heart and skin specialists in Trenton, N. J. They would recognize me as one of their own class, and rescue me.

MY connection with the medical profession through Uncle Herbert made me stop hopefully in front of a delightful residence of brown-stained shingles, with a carved graystone porch, on which was a tasteful illuminated glass sign, lettered: "F. Smilie Lockland, M. D., Phys. & Surg." Though it was now (I guessed) five in the morning, there were lights in the lower story, indicating that some one was about.

"Good old F. Smilie!" I muttered. "There he is, succoring the unfortunate! What sort, type, or category of public-spirited citizen soars superior to a phys and surg? Perhaps even now he is operating on some poor sufferer, saving his life, being meantime utterly regardless of his own comfort, slumber and rest. I'll go right in! Smilie will know the name of Dr. Herbert Smouse. Perhaps he will have read Uncle Herbert's paper on 'Comparative Fees in 567 Cases of Tonsillectomy' in the *New Jersey Medical Ægis*. Anyway, his house will be warm. O God, I hope it'll be warm! I must ask him how many square inches of radiation he allows to the cubic foot of room contents. Ought to be more!"

But putting these carping criticisms aside,—who was I to criticise a man like Smilie Lockland?—I strode up the sandstone steps and rang the bell. I threw my vulgar scarf of Brussels carpet into the areaway as the door opened—just three inches.

Of the lady who was peering out at my dressing-gown, I inquired pleasantly: "Is the Doctor at home?"

"He is not!"

"Then I'll just come in—"

"You will not!"

Oh, Smilie, Smilie! F. Smilie Lockland, Phys. & Surg.! Where was your oath of Hippocrates then? What of your little woman who shut out from the temple of healing a man who had lost even his Brussels carpet? For she slammed the door, and I stood alone and frigid; and when I looked, I couldn't even find the carpet.

I wavered down the street that a moment ago seemed so friendly and secure. Bah! I knew now what it was that made Bolsheviks! These cursed bourgeois, snug and warm in their beds, with every luxury at hand—sweaters, overcoats, radiators, cans of soup, hot-water bottles, aviators' helmets, wristlets, volumes of Eddie Guest, kerosene stoves, blankets, comforters, gin, woolen socks and fire insurance—while I staggered amid them, cold. . . . Cold!

Not till now had I seemed criminal, but as dawn crept gray over the tin roof of the Pentecostal Tabernacle, I was forced into disorderly conduct. I had turned from Maplegrove Street, on which lived that treacherous and abominable F. Smilie Lockland, into the great thoroughfare of Lindbergh Avenue. A young lady alighted from a trolley car. She had a gray suit and amiable ankles. Later reports indicate that she was a telephone supervisor, coming home from a late trick. She said "Good night" in ever so jolly a voice to the trolley conductor, and frisked up Lindbergh Avenue, till she looked back at me. She gave a slight squeal, and started to run.

I was nettled. Look at it this way! Ask any man in the Men's Club of the Fourth Baptist Church, Pelham, N. Y.! Ask any pastor, grocer or bootlegger who has ever dealt with me! Am I a man to go out deliberately and get into pajamas and dressing-gown and ruffled hair at five-thirty A. M. and chase down Lindbergh Avenue in the city of Blank, or in any other city, merely to frighten a respectable female telephone supervisor?

I was annoyed. I hastened after her.

Or ask—

I have concealed this from you till now, because I do not like to boast, but the fact is, I am no *Babbitt*. I am a literary man. I do the financial, religious and baseball notes for the *Employing Steamfitters' Chronicle*. And you may freely ask any man on the staff of the *Chronicle* if I am likely to pursue phone girls down Lindbergh Avenue, or even Maplegrove Street!

SPEEDING after her merely to explain this, I saw a large policeman emerging from a hallway. He glanced at Miss X (as by now I was romantically calling her); he glowered at me, and unwound his night stick. I slipped into an alley, into a cross-alley, out on a street, and found myself again in front of the house of Dr. F. Smilie Lockland.

The glass sign and the lights on the ground floor still beamed their treacherous greeting. They *had* to save me! Again I burred at the bell; again I faced the small and resolute lady who had previously thrown me out.

"I must see the Doctor! I want to pay my bill before I leave town!"

She threw wide the door. "Oh, do come in!" she crooned, and as I hurled myself into that deliciously warm hall, as I sat shivering on an oak bench which, though unpadded, was wonderfully free of conductors, policemen and telephone girls, she remarked: "You may pay me, if you wish. The Doctor is out. It won't be necessary for you to wait for him."

"I see. Rather! I take it, as you are waiting up for him so late—and what would we do without our devoted little women?—that he is out on a case of incomparable importance. And when he comes home, you will soothe his jangled nerves, you will heat up a tasty cup of soup with your own fair hands—"

"I will not! I'll tell him what I think of him! With my own fair tongue! The old hellion is out playing poker! And now, about that little bill of yours—"

"Madam, I may as well confess all."

I DID, starting with my boyhood in Oklahoma, briefly describing my bonny little Swiss chalet in Pelham and the better trains to take into New York, making harsh but justified remarks about conductors from Jefferson City, and emphasizing the importance of my Uncle Herbert.

She was a crisp, brainy little woman, Mrs. Lockland, though too hard on poker. As I finished, indicating that she could prove the truth of my extraordinary story by looking for the strip of Brussels carpet in her own areaway, she snapped:

"Who—or whom—do you know in this city?"

"No one."

"Whom could you phone in New York?"

"None of them awake yet."

"Couldn't you rouse this wife of yours that you talk about, and the three children, in Pelham, wherever that is?"

"Alas, they have gone off, *nebig*, to my Aunt Ethelberta's, in Maine, and you know how it is with Aunt Ethelberta—she never would have a phone."

"What if I wired the conductor of your train? He would have your name on his chart."

"I'm afraid not. I got my ticket at the last moment. I don't think he has my name."

"I see. Well, I'll think of something. But I mustn't keep you here. You'll be more comfortable in the sitting-room."

She led me into the cheerful warm little room at the end of the hall. "Just sit here while I get you something hot to drink," she murmured. I sat down gratefully; she rippled out—and I heard her lock the door!

She hadn't trusted me! Still, it was warm there, and I dozed till I heard violent voices in the hallway. It was the Doctor's lady, greeting her returning husband.

"So this is the time of morning you choose for getting home! Of course, it doesn't matter what happens to *me!* You sit there all night, drinking and smoking

DR. ALLEN ROGERS, Ph.D.
University of Pennsylvania; Member American Chemical Engineers; awarded Grazelli Medal, 1920; Author Manual of Industrial Chemistry; Director Department of Industrial Chemistry, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JEROME ALEXANDER, B.S., M.Sc.;
Fellow American Association for Advancement of Science; Member American Institute Chemical Engineers; Author "Colloid Chemistry;" Pioneer worker with the Ultramicroscope; Specialist in Colloid Chemistry.

DR. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Ph.D.
Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Member American Chemical Society; American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England.

Why these three great scientists publicly approve Colgate's

A group of highly distinguished American scientists explain why Colgate's penetrating foam cleans teeth better.

Three great scientists take the stand to talk about toothpastes! And all three publicly approve Colgate's!

Dr. Hardee Chambliss, world-famous scientist; Dr. Allen Rogers, research scientist of renown; Jerome Alexander, consultant. These and other outstanding American scientists have recently performed an unique experiment.

They have examined, tested, analyzed a series of modern toothpastes. And they have come to the unanimous conclusion that Colgate's is superior.

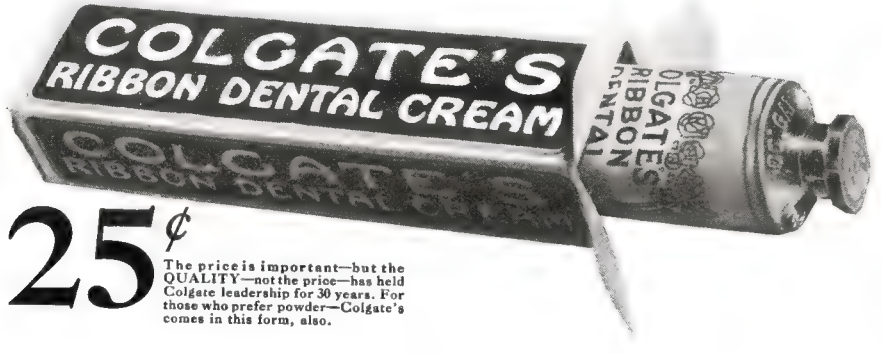
Let them say why. "Colgate's," says Dr. Hardee Chambliss, "has greater cleansing ability."

"It has no equal as a cleansing dentifrice," Dr. Rogers announces after tests, "because it has the ability to get into crevices between the teeth and remove decaying food."

And Jerome Alexander speaks for his colleagues when he lauds Colgate's special ability to flood away the impurities which cause tooth troubles.

During its 30 years, Colgate's has been more universally recommended than any other dentifrice. More people use it than any other.

Scientific approval is reason enough for you to use Colgate's. The price is another reason — since this superior toothpaste sells for only 25c the tube.



25¢ The price is important—but the QUALITY—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years. For those who prefer powder—Colgate's comes in this form, also.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M 999, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name _____

Address _____

and gambling, while I wait up for you and get visited by a lunatic!"

"Well, thass all right with me! Whiss lunatic was it—your father, or your brother Joe?"

"Will you listen to me? Will you kindly try,—just *try;* that's all I ask,—will you kindly just try to clear your brain from the horrible fumes of smoke and liquor, and try, at least *try,* to understand that while you were away, playing your games of chance,—and I hope that, for once, you didn't lose, although you never will learn not to try to fill an inside straight, and your weakness for a four-card draw amounts to antinomianism,—and me, I wait up for you, and a lunatic breaks in here, and I have him locked up in the sitting-room right this minute!"

The Doctor's voice sounded as though he were shocked into sobriety.

"I'll go in and treat him right away. Do you know anything about his credit?"

"I do not. First he says that he come from Pelham, Massachusetts, then that he's from New York. He says he's a steam-fitter. He says a conductor bounced him off a train for eating doughnuts. He's wearing frightful pajamas and bathrobe now, but he says that ordinarily he wears a Brussels carpet suit."

"Clear case to me—*dementia præcox* with an Œdipus complex. Before I see him, I'd better get the cop on the beat, in case he turns violent."

I heard nothing more for ten minutes. In my anguish, I had smoked my last three cigarettes; and in my rage, I had torn up and flung upon the floor the note which I had found in my pocket, asserting that the cabbages would be delivered tomorrow. I went berserk. I burst the tame bonds of civilization. I had always been known for politeness and my love of dumb animals, but suddenly I was a ferocious demon. I wanted a smoke, and I was going to get it. All the urbanity of Pelham dropped from me, and I surged through the sitting-room looking for cigarettes. Ruthlessly I opened the drawer of the center table, rummaged behind books, and even fearlessly searched the pockets of a medical-looking alpaca jacket hanging on a peg.

And there I found two more cigarettes.

I WAS sitting with a proud, cold expression on my face, puffing a cigarette and trying to remember that, after all, I came from Pelham and that I needn't stand any rudeness from these hicks in the city of Blank, when the door was unlocked and the Doctor edged in, followed by a particularly loutish policeman.

"Good morning, my boy!" the Doctor said airily. He was a small man, with a shredded mustache, and his voice sounded the way his mustache looked. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I've been out on a serious case."

"Lose much?"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" He turned and winked at the policeman with a wink that said: "You see? Absolutely batty!"

"Listen!" I raged. "My uncle is Dr.—"

Oh, I don't know why I got so mixed up. But my night of wretchedness, and the codfish eye of the policeman, confused me, and in horror I heard myself saying, "My uncle is Dr. Sherbert House—I mean, Dr. Shoubert Hearse—I mean, Dr. Werbert Wows, of Jersey, New Trenton—"

The policeman sat in a small gilt armchair, like a bullfrog perched on a goldenrod, and looked as though he was wondering whether to start beating me up now. He stared, and panted fatly. Yet he annoyed me less than the sprightly Doctor, who sprang at me and, with those offensively soothing tones we use to children, breathed: "Just a moment, my dear fellow, just a lit-tle mo-ment!"

Before I could resist, he had got a thermometer into my mouth, had seized my wrist, and was counting my pulse. But I saw that there was something wrong with this picture; and in that muffled voice which comes from talking with a clinical thermometer in your mouth, I gurgled:

"Look here, Doc! You think you're timing my pulse by your wrist-watch. You aren't! You haven't got a wrist-watch on! You lost it playing poker tonight—last night—well, anyway, whatever the darn' night is—and you're still too lit to notice it! And unless you help me out I'll tell your jolly little wren of a wife about the watch!"

HE yanked the thermometer from my mouth, looked slyly at the policeman, saw that by now he had gone gently to sleep and whispered: "I think you're already recovering from your attack. Your case is not *dementia præcox.* You're just a nice old maniac depressive. That will be ten dollars, please."

"It will not be ten dollars, please! His name is Dr. Herbert Smouse,—my uncle I mean,—the well-known stomach, cardiac, boil and diet specialist; and I would have told you before, if you hadn't come in scaring me with a cop who would have been in the butcher business if he'd been a little brighter! But I mean: I want you to listen to my story."

"That's so. I did sell that watch to Ramon Cowley, for nineteen bucks, and bought another stack, and then Doc Murphy had four aces. Go on!"

I told all.

The Doctor said pleadingly, "Don't you think it might be amnesia?"

"Certainly not!"

"Just a little amnesia? Listen, brother, I'd love to have a case of amnesia. *You* know. For the County Medical Society!"

"No. No amnesia."

"Not the least little bit? But when you pinched the Brussels carpet—there must have been some amnesia then!"

"Not the slightest. The Smouses have been in every war for the Republic, but they have never had amnesia."

"Oh, all right! You needn't shout at me! After all, this is my house. (It is, isn't it? Of course it is! There's my copy of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover.' I *told* Doc Murphy I'd get home safely!) But I mean: Do you often see spots, flecks or dazzling particles before the eyes?"

"Well, flecks, yes. But no spots or particles."

"I see. Do you hear strange noises? Do you have a feeling that you are being persecuted? Do you feel that a person or persons unknown are plotting against you? Do you sometimes fancy yourself as a person of vast power, as Mussolini, Will Hays or a golf pro?"

"Why—"

"Exactly! Do you fear high places, enclosed places, rapid transit, or eating oysters?"

"Why, sometimes—"

"It's a perfect case! —Officer!" He woke the resentful policeman. "Just keep watch a moment, will you, while I find a time-table."

THE Doctor returned, sprightlier and more detestable than ever.

"I find," he said, "that your train will reach Omaha in twenty minutes. I always did like a sporting chance! . . . . And then you to rebuke me about the wrist-watch! Just to show you, I'll phone to Omaha and get the conductor of your train, and see if your pocket-book, tickets, pants, copy of detective story, *et cetera,* are actually in Lower 4 on the car called — what did you say its name was?"

"Oh, heavens, how can I remember—"

"Loss of memory! Do you often find yourself leaving umbrella, packages, wife, *et cetera* in strange places?"

"I do not! I was saying: That Pullman. Its name was either 'Pickerel' or 'Marcel Proust', or 'Piquenaba' or—*you* know! Have the conductor look in all Lower 4's."

"Right, my dear fellow! If you'll just wait!"

The policeman spoke the first words of which he had been capable:

"Say, Doc, I gotta ring in at the station."

"Splendid, Officer, splendid! Come with me!"

The two of them vanished—that is, the lively little physician vanished, though the policeman trundled out more like an ice-wagon. I heard the door locked. I paid no attention. By this time I was hardened to crimes, and sneering quietly, I got busy rifling the room.

I found one more cigarette, perhaps a trifle flattened, which had been used as a book-mark in "Minor Diseases of the Duodenum," and behind Cruden's Concordance, I found a flask with three hundred c. c. of gin, which helped greatly. When the door was opened again, I was gravely reading an article on "Opisthorchis Felineus and Its Relationship to Hepatic Distomiasis" in the *Journal of the American Medical Association.* Perhaps I flatter myself, but it seemed to me that I looked as a man with a Swiss chalet in Pelham should look.

Yet I was disturbed.

For Dr. Lockland returned, not with the elephantine cop, but with three other officers, headed by a police lieutenant.

"Ah, there you are, my lad! Always reading, aint you?" said the lieutenant.

I tried to ignore him. I looked at the Doctor.

"Did you get the conductor?"

"I did."

"Did he have my ticket, money, identification papers, *et cetera,* to say nothing of my pants? God, how I want my pants!"

"He did not. He looked at all the Lower 4's on the train, and they were either empty or filled with people who were not you."

"None of them were not me? Not one? I mean—"

The lieutenant and his three hirelings exchanged dirty glances with the Doctor and moved nearer to me, fingering their revolvers in a suggestive way.

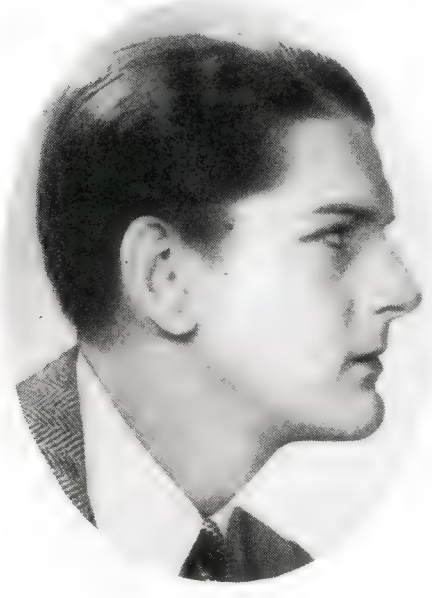
Later, checking up, I found that the Doctor and the conductor were right. Some one had stolen everything from my berth, though whether it was a passenger

"Lock your door on Birthdays!"

SAYS...

HUGH TREVOR

famous screen star



YOU CAN ESCAPE THE MASK OF AGE

Learn the Complexion

Secret 98% of the important Screen Actresses know . . .

"THE WOMAN who wants to win and hold adoration should keep *youth,*" Hugh Trevor says.

"Stage and screen stars hold the admiration they have won year after year. Birthdays don't matter at all. And nowadays other women are learning their complexion secret!"

Actresses all over the world remain young, lovely, alluring, year after year! In Hollywood (605 of the 613 important ones!)... on Broadway... in Europe, they guard complexion beauty—KEEP youthful charm—with gentle, soothing Lux Toilet Soap.

So dependent are they on *regular* care with this fragrant, very white soap, that it is official in all film studios, is found in theatres everywhere.

Of the countless stars who use this white soap, some have the skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin. . . . Every type is represented. *You,* too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap!

BEBE DANIELS, beautiful Radio Pictures' star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping skin lovely."

BETTY COMPSON, lovely Radio Pictures' star, says of this white soap: "I'm delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth LUX TOILET SOAP..10¢

or a station loafer is one of the mysteries that will go down unsolved in history, along with the Man in the Iron Mask, the Dauphin, and the reason why many quite respectable persons regard O. Henry as a better writer than P. G. Wodehouse.

"Well, it doesn't matter," I purred, trying to calm their savage breasts. "It's about the right hour now, with the difference in time, for some one to be at my office in New York who'll recognize me."

"Huh? In those pajamas?" crowed the lieutenant.

"By my voice, idiot!"

"Did you say I was an idiot?"

"I did not!"

"Didn't he say I was an idiot?" the lieutenant demanded of his gallant squad.

"Sure he did, Lieut! Shall we soak him?"

"Let's get him to the station-house first."

"Besides," groaned the Doctor, "who would pay for a long-distance call to New York? Speaking of that, brother,—I didn't quite catch the name,—my call to Omaha will cost you just one dollar and thirty-eight cents. If it wouldn't inconvenience you, my dear fellow?"

FROM my pockets I brought out the dirty handkerchiefs, a match-box with seven matches still left in it, and my nickel. "That's all I've got, though I think the strip of Brussels carpet is still in your areaway."

The Doctor was a good sport. He didn't take the nickel.

The lieutenant did, on the way out.

"Well, we'll just shoot him along to the station-house," said the lieutenant, "and we'll have him up before the insanity commission today, and tomorrow he'll be in the pecan pen, playing mumble-de-peg with Julius Cæsar. Come along, laddy. But say, Doc, shall I put the wristlets on him? Is he likely to get dangerous?"

"No," said the Doctor, and it seemed to me that his voice was a little weary, a little sad. "No, not dangerous. But—my wrist-watch, and now one dollar and thirty-eight cents! Take him along!"

At the telephone in the shiny oak hallway, the lieutenant rang up the station for the patrol wagon, and from the station he apparently received exciting information.

He leaped up from the telephone, ordering his battalion: "Hold him tight!" He bellowed at the Doctor: "You got the wrong slant on this baby! Say, he's one of the most dangerous homicidal maniacs ever hit this town! The station has a report on him—yuh, same guy, all right—tall, skinny fellow, washed-out brown hair, dressed in foolish-looking pajamas and bathrobe, chased Mrs. Clairmonteneaux O'Kelly, night telephone supervisor, age thirty-seven, address corner Lovers' Lane and Kloefkorn Street, down Lindbergh Avenue, early this morning, utterin' horrible shrieks, also profanity and blasphemy. Same fellow! Hold him, boys!"

Till then, the officers of the law had regarded me, and my costume, with what might almost be called contempt. Now, as they gripped my arms, as one of them handcuffed me, I felt that they viewed me with the respect of terror.

I saw it all. I had been too meek!

I kicked wildly. I shouted: "Woe betide begone whurrip!"

And the lieutenant, whose tones had been so cold, said almost caressingly: "Yes, yes, ole fellow, it's all right. Come ridey-ridey and see nice movies?"

They dragged me out, fondly promising to take me to the zoo, to a speakeasy, to the Museum of Assyriological Antiquities, to the county water-works, and every other historical sight in Blank, while I kept on kicking as much as an enfeebled constitution and a worn pair of slippers permitted, and shrieking in what I flatter myself must have been an admirable imitation of a maniac: "Yale beat Harvard! Two-and-six down on the income tax! Let's keep the red flag flying! It's minion, I tell you, minion, not nonpareil! Reach for a sweet! Yes, lettum look for the body under my garage!"

It was curious with what a sweet, quaint, idyllic respect they treated me as they sat about me in the patrol wagon.

"Cigarettes!" I shouted.

"I think he wants a smoke!" sighed one policeman.

"By thunder, Montmorency, I believe you are right! I'll see you get your sergeant's stripes for this!" said the lieutenant nervously. He hastily lighted a cigarette and handed it to me.

Did you ever try smoking a cigarette, at seven of a cold winter morning, in a hurry-up wagon, clad—I mean I was clad, not the wagon—in dressing-gown and pajamas, with handcuffs on your wrists? You haven't missed much.

And in the meantime to have to keep up the maniac talk, muttering: "Twelve cents per kilowatt hour! Snoutrage! And yet— Hey, you demons, listen or I'll treat you the same way! Yurrup! Gloo! Steel handcuffs—non-rustable handcuffs—down on heads of cops and killum. And yet I'm sorry I killed that reater-meter—that teeter-fleeter—I mean that meter-reader. Killedum! With can-opener! Blap! Under garage floor! Cement, see?"

AT the police station I was escorted in as delicately as if I were Aimee McPherson or King Carol.

"Morning, Lieut," murmured the desk sergeant.

The lieutenant panted: "I've got the Lindbergh Avenue murderer! And I've found that he's committed two as yet, or so from my knowledge of criminal annals, I should imagine, undiscovered murders. The corpses will be discovered buried in cement under his garage in Pellum, New Jersey!"

"Is that a fact?"

"Surest thing you know!"

"This means promotion for you, Lieut!"

"It oughta! I took him single-handed. Where are the reporters? Well, call 'em up, and when they come, tell 'em I have nothing to say, and then see I see 'em. Now where shall we put this poor guy? Nice fellow, but a chronic murderer."

"Well, we ought to put him in a superior cell, then, don't you think?" said the sergeant. "You know, we've had to haul in Zoppo Innocente, and he's in Cell de Luxe A."

"You mean—" I have never seen a man more angrily shocked than the lieutenant. "You mean you've pinched Zoppo? What a swell-elegant bunch you've turned out to be! I suppose you know that Zoppo is merely the most disingenuous gunman west of Chicago? I suppose you know that this will mean the deduction, or shall I say subtraction, from the forces of civic righteousness of you and me and a lotta guys I won't mention, but God help the mayor and the chief!"

"Sure, Lieut, I know! I know! By the way, if I may be permitted an apparently tangential remark, I should highly appreciate it if you would pay me the twenty-five hundred bucks you owe me. I would like a nice funeral. But here's what happened. The flying squadron caught Zoppo just as he was bumping off Maggiocion-dolo Grattaculo, though old Zop was as careful as ever. He'd took Maggi on a ride way out to Sycamore Plaza. But just as he was shooting, along comes an inspection party of the Anti-Saloon League, with Bishop Skaggs and Ermen Plush in it."

"Not Plush?"

"The same."

"Not the guy that devotes all he makes from the sale of cocktail-glasses, shakers and juniper flavor to the Prohibition cause?

"Yes. Him. They'd been out on a big crusade. They'd found a colored gal that was selling beer. She'll get six years. They'd found a G. A. R. veteran with a half-pint of gin. He'll get life! So they was going along, all cozy about five this morning, when they see Zoppo bumping off Maggi. And just then the flying squadron comes along, and the Bish and Plush complains, and so Inspector Pjysky had to pinch Zop and bring him in. And believe me, Lieut, Zop is plenty sore. Of course he'll get off in the magistrate's court, this morning, but he says he's lost ten cargoes of beer, and he'll have all our badges. Now listen, Lieut: You say this poor zob you just brought in is a regular killer?"

"Worst I ever saw! Murdered a train-conductor, a reater-meader—I mean a meter deeder—and six cops and a Pullman porter—oh, yes, and a dealer in Brussels carpets, and has 'em all buried under his garage."

"Neat place for it, too! Now listen, Lieut! What about putting him in the same cell with good old Zoppo? Maybe he'll bump him off for us."

"Serg, you said it!" the lieutenant chanted; and to me: "Lookit, baby! We're going to put you in with a bad guy. Get me? Baddy, baddy mans! Here's my pocket-knife. If that guy insults you, just 'tend to him, like a good fellow. He hates Brussels carpet, that fellow—get me?"

THE handcuffs were snapped off my wrists. I was thrust into a large cell, simply furnished with two beds, a portrait of Hoover, and a unit bookcase. From his pillow, one of the most extraordinary men imaginable raised his head—a small, square man, very swarthy. Black curly hair almost met his eyebrows, and those eyebrows were a straight menacing line. He glared at me, and slapped his hand against his back trousers pocket, muttering something like: "Well, baby, Maggi?"

"Certainly not! I am no Maggi!" I sat down aloofly on the other bed.

"Well, hootahell are you?"

"My name is Harry S. Smouse. I am a literary gentleman."

"Oh! Drunk?"

"Certainly not!"

"Bootlegging?"

"Certainly not. Have you a cigarette?"

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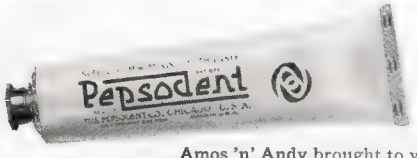

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"No, dear heart! What do you think of bootleggers?"

"They are, I suppose, a low and perhaps even dastardly race."

"Did you say dastardly?"

"I did."

"Oh. My mistake."

And the extraordinary man flopped over and went to sleep.

I tried to, but so distraught was I that I was still wide awake when a deputation of three gentlemen peered into our cell.

"Good morning. I am the mayor of the city. Is Mr. Zoppo Innocente awake? No, he seems asleep," said the roundest of the three.

"Are you a friend of his? May I venture to introduce myself? The sheriff," the second observed to me.

"And I," said the third with a friendly smile, "am secretary of the Fly-screen adjusters and Porch-painters International Brotherhood, Local 17, and I wish to be the first to say the Zoppo has been very much misunderstood indeed. I have ventured to bring him—you both, rather—some cigars, some scarcely worn copies of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and some nice oranges."

Mr. Innocente snorted awake, looked at them sharply, groaned disgustedly, and slammed his pillow over his head.

"Good morning, Mr. Innocente!" they chorused.

"Won't you have an orange?" begged the labor organizer.

Mr. Innocente sat up and threw his legs over the side of his bed in one quick, alarming motion. "Get out of here!"

"A nice orange. Fresh!"

"Beat it!"

"Look here, Zoppo," begged the mayor. "You know it was all a mistake. You'll be let out this morning. Honest, old fellow, we had to do something to pacify Ermen Plush."

"Did you have to run me in like I was some vagrant? Get out!"

Mr. Innocente sank his face sobbingly in his pillow. The stately delegation departed, and three young men in sweaters and plus-fours appeared before our bars.

"Zoppo! Hey, kid! Zop!" crooned one of them, in a tender voice.

Mr. Innocente looked up. He seemed displeased. "How you bozos get here?" he sighed.

"Just sweetened the serg, baby," murmured the center one. "Give our regards to Maggiociondolo, will you?" And drawing an automatic revolver from a pocket most ingeniously concealed in the slack of his plus-fours, he shot Mr. Innocente three times, and they all went away.

MR. INNOCENTE fell over on the bed. There was a lot of scurrying about of doctors and police officers and reporters for a while.

The doctors said that it would not be safe to move Mr. Innocente. And a lieutenant thanked me,—I never did quite know why,—and gave me a whole new pack of cigarettes.

Mr. Innocente and I were alone in the cell, with the door open, when two unpleasant new visitants walked in, also young and sleek and swarthy. Zoppo grinned at them.

"Who done it, boss?" said one of them. "This guy here?"

I really did feel uncomfortable as the man jerked his thumb in my direction, but grinned again. He spoke, with difficulty: "No. He's me new bodyguard. New leader of the gang—get me? Stick right to him!" A sinister mirth seemed to mingle with his agonized expression.

"Hardest-boiled egg in New York," he wheezed. "Talks like a gent, but he's all right. He'll get the Maggi gang. Name Heinie Hipple. Get him out of here, and do what he tells you to."

And I swear Mr. Innocente winked at me.

The other gangster said: "Look, Heinie, my name is Pete Costola. I'll fix it up to get you out right away. What's the charge?"

"Involuntary *dementia præcox.*"

"Gee, that sounds serious. I'd better see the mouthpiece."

They went. I slept. I was awakened by Pete Costola, Dr. F. Smilie Lockland, the lieutenant of police, the sergeant who had booked me, and a new man—a lawyer, it appeared—entering our cell.

The lawyer demanded of Dr. Lockland: "You say this gentleman acted in a mad, irrational, maniacal manner to you? Do you want to go on the stand and make a positive statement to this effect?"

"Well, no," fretted Dr. Lockland.

"Do you wish to change the charge, then?"

"Well, I guess I better. I guess I was tired, just a wee bit tired, and misunderstood our friend here. My fault! Glad to withdraw the charge!"

STILL in dressing-gown and pajamas, I was released from the station-house cell, and at nine in the morning was riding in a taxicab with Pete Costola. Pete, who wore an automatic in his coat-sleeve, a pineapple bomb attached to his watch-chain, and carried a sawed-off shotgun in his polished-seal briefcase, looked at me admiringly. Why shouldn't he, I decided—I had been a homicidal maniac. I had worn the Brussels carpet. I was Zop's successor!

"Look, Chief," asked Pete. "Where did you lose the clothes?"

I put my arms akimbo. I honestly did! I glared at him like Richard Cœur de Lion. "Any of your business, Pete? Are you *asking* me anything?"

"No! Gee! Excuse me, Chief!"

"Then listen! I got me reasons, see?"

"Sure!" he breathed.

"Then listen! Whatsa program today?"

"Well, I guess first bump off Maggi's successor, Batata Muffioni. We meet the Council of the gang at the Hotel Magnifico."

"Fine, Pete. But first you get me some things to make up for what I lost in the killing last night."

"Killing? Oh, excuse me, Chief!"

"Well, zizesaying, get me a private suite, and bring me some clothes, two hundred and fifty bucks, a toothbrush, and a detective story—a new one, mind you—and don't go bringing me the latest S. S. Van Loon, because I've read it, see!"

For a second I fancied he doubted me as a chief of gangsters. So I rose, dangerously—as much as you can rise in a taxicab. The look of doubt vanished.

"Yuh, sure, how about one by Edgar Wallace? Or do you think there is more imagination in the tales of Agatha Christie?" said Pete, hastily and meekly.

"Fine. Now gimme a gun!"

He handed over a large dangerous-looking object. "Say, Chief," he begged, "you aint going to bump off nobody till we meet the Council?"

"You keep your trap shut!"

"Sure, boss! Please to excuse it!"

We rode in silence to the Hotel Magnifico.

Pete got me up tactfully in the freight elevator. We got out on the thirty-seventh floor, and Pete telephoned for the assistant manager—an elegant person in morning-clothes, who purred at me: "Good morning, Mr. Hipple. So sorry to hear of the loss of Mr. Innocente. Would you care to try Suite B7 in which to change your clothes, sir?"

I twisted my jaw round to the right, and hoped I made my "Awright, shoot!" adequately tough.

IT was a nice suite with a servidor, a radio, an electric refrigerator, a bathroom in purple and lemon tiles, an electrical cocktail-shaker and an electrical orange-squeezer, an hydraulic corkscrew, an original Matisse, a map of Scythia in 1267 A. D., a quite small and awfully nice private vacuum cleaner for coat-collars, a Gideon Bible bound in crushed morocco, and some beds.

Not more than half an hour later Pete Costola dashed into my suite with the money, a suit that fitted me reasonably well, haberdashery, shoes, a cup of coffee, and a copy of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' "The Lodger."

"Fine, Pete," I said, as I hastily drew on the new garments. "You're a good kid, and I hope to be able to give you a little surprise."

"Well, say, that's fine of you, boss. Now come meet Pasquale, your new lieutenant."

Slipping Pete's automatic into my side-pocket, I followed him one flight upstairs. With some notion of escaping down the stairs, I stopped at a window and murmured: "How lovely is this prospect of insurance buildings, chain groceries, and Y. M. C. A.'s, Pete!"

I had thought he would be bored. But in Pete Costola there was something of the poetic soul of his countrymen, Dante and Gœthe and Vergil.

"Yeah," he breathed, "'s a fact. To say nothing of the beautiful marble morgue where Batata will lie in about one hour and a half from now, if to our salt and steel we shall be true! Let's go!"

We entered the suite in which sat the Executive Council of the Zoppo Innocente Literary and Distributing Association, Inc.

Around a large mahogany table sat six young gentlemen with sixty-candlepower eyes. One who looked like Pete Costola, but much more so, arose. "Hey, whatsa game?" he said to Pete. "Wherjuh getta idea this guy is Zop's successor? Whoozee?"

I really felt uncomfortable.

Pete faltered. "He's Heinie Hipple. He's a homicidal maniac—s'what Lieutenant O'Killalay at Station Three said."

"Hm! We'll see about that!" murmured the unpleasant young man. He telephoned, he got my lieutenant friend, and he spake:

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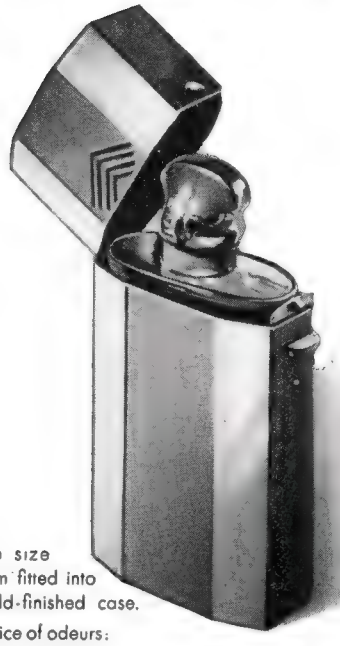

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"H'lo, Lieut! Pasquale Ringabbiare. How's a boy? I hear your eldest son Claude is doing fine on the radio, broadcasting the beef arrivals at the stockyards. I bet he wins the Academy of Arts and Letters medal. . . . Huh? No, no, nothing much; they just knocked off two truckloads of beer. . . . No, the wife and I have taken up backgammon. Drop around some evening. . . . No, the bullet just nipped my ear. Nothing much. . . . No, I haven't read much of his stuff. We like Thornton Wilder better. . . . Say, listen, Lieut, what dope you got on a guy called Heinie Hipple? . . . He did? Killed a conductor and a doctor's wife and the president of the telephone company? And a man named Russell Scarpet? Thanks, Lieut!"

Pasquale beamed at me. "Honestly, I apologize, old fellow! Your demeanor was so gentle that I got you wrong! *Morituri,* in all probability, *te salutamus!* Now what are your orders about bumping off Batata?"

"I'm doing this job alone," I said.

"But, my dear commander, Batata will be surrounded by redoubtable bodyguards!"

"Hear what I said?" I snarled. Pasquale quailed before me. After I enjoyed his quailing, I said forgivingly: "It's all right, Pasq, my boy. Now you laddies all wait for me here, understand? Don't stir till I phone."

"Good luck to you, *mon colonel!*" they chorused, and all shook hands with me as if they didn't expect to see me again.

They didn't.

At eleven that morning I was on the Del Monte Special, bound for San Francisco, sitting in the chair-car chatting to a very pleasant stranger—superintendent of schools in Altheimer, Arkansas, he told me.

"Fine town," he said. "Fine educational opportunities."

"Yes, you certainly get a lot of education in that town," I said.

"Splendid water-supply system."

"Is that a fact?" I said, happy at having returned to an intellectual milieu.

I gave a glance at the copy of the Morning *Sun* on my lap, noted various headlines, "Telephone Girl Chased by Maniac," "Zoppo Innocente Dies of Heart Failure," and went back to watching the peaceful landscape slide by.

I wondered if Pasquale and the boys were still waiting for me.

YOUR LIFE DEPENDS UPON THE POLICE

(Continued from page 36)

from that inadequate force of two hundred and fifty who patrol Chicago (and other cities in somewhat like proportions) afoot.

In view of this situation, I think that Boston in 1919 and Chicago today are ripe for comparison. Boston for forty-eight hours was almost entirely without police patrolmen. Chicago, day in and day out, twenty-four hours a day, has at best under present conditions only two hundred and fifty uniformed men patrolling its sidewalks.

What does that mean to the individual policeman who is assigned to foot patrol? It means that he is responsible for about a square mile of territory, as a general thing. But there are twenty-six linear miles of street in that square mile, cañoned places in which he can see only up or down the street in which he walks. Why, if he ran, he could barely range the full course of his beat during his tour of duty. Under his protection are 30,000 people. To get this figure, I selected a typical square mile in the heart of a Chicago residential area and computed the census figures for that area. Imagine a town of 30,000 inhabitants with only one foot patrolman! Yet this has become the general condition in our large cities; and the people who live in them are, I believe, unaware of it.

Although the influence making for extensions of police functions are numerous and cover a wide range, they all have one feature in common. Without exception these schemes for widening the character of police work can only be satisfied by drawing upon the rank and file of the uniformed force. That body in any American city today is like a reservoir afflicted with numerous leakages that tend to drain it dry.

The frightfully small numbers of these men in blue upon whom our lives depend is not the only fact about them that is disturbing. We must face the unpleasant truth that gross inefficiency marks the work of the average city policeman.

Suppose Chicago baseball teams were restricted to the prairie lots of Chicago for recruits. How well would the Cubs and the White Sox fare in the big-league struggles? We all know that big-league baseball scouts comb the country for the promising young men with some of the special aptitude that is needed to win ball-games. Special aptitudes are essential in the creation of good policemen too; yet Chicago is forced to restrict her hunt for promising human material for her police force to her own city limits. That is the usual situation in most American cities. Statutes or civil service regulations usually require a local residence of at least one year, and in some instances of two, three or five years. This is not intended as a reflection on the people of Chicago; it is not a reflection. Let us shift the scene for the moment to New York: There about three hundred horses are needed for the mounted squad. They must be bay horses; they must be geldings, and meet certain other standards not very severe, including one of price. In order to find the right kind of horses, representatives of the city of New York conduct a search that includes all the horse-markets of the country. Most of the animals are found in the Middle or Far West. Ask yourself if horses should be selected more carefully than men. New York City, incidentally, is privileged to recruit its policemen from anywhere in the State, but Chicago and most other large cities must find recruits among the limited number of city residents who *want* to become policemen.

This is one of the big reasons why increases of pay granted to city policemen are usually followed by the disappointment of those who gave grudging consent to the raise with the hope of getting a corresponding increase in police efficiency.

Chicago is now paying patrolmen after three years' service twenty-five hundred dollars a year. If the city were in a position to offer such a reward to any citizen of the United States who could meet the necessary requirements, it could soon enlist the finest body of policemen that any city could ask for. Instead, what happens?

THE scene is an examination-room of the Civil Service Commission in Chicago. Candidates for positions on the police force are in throes of arithmetical pain. Big feet are wrapped around chair legs. Tongues protrude. They are experiencing all of the discomfort of school-boys at examination time. However, they are all going to get a pleasant surprise of a kind that is never given to school-children. Knowing that at any given moment the supply of applicants in Chicago may be low in numbers and quality, the authorities have met this situation in an astounding fashion. They do it by pretending that each applicant for a policeman's job, pay, uniform, authority, perquisites and all, is ten per cent smarter than he actually is. Am I jesting? Not at all. The Chicago Civil Service Commission has found it necessary to add an arbitrary "bonus" of ten per cent to the average grade of policemen-aspirants in order to qualify a sufficient number for the immediate police requirements. Thus all the formalities of examination acquire a kinship to the things that happened to *Alice* in Wonderland: and necessarily the Chicago police force is overburdened with unqualified recruits.

If we are going to have any improvement in police service, however, we shall be obliged to revise our notions concerning the proper content of civil service examinations, of the various existing tests of police aptitude. I am going to set down here some actual questions propounded under present-day civil service requirements to candidates for positions on city police forces.

"How many rolls of wall-paper will be required to decorate a room with walls twelve feet long and ten feet wide and nine feet high?"

"Where is the Tropic of Capricorn?"

"Where is Lincoln Park?"

"What is a felony?"

One of the nation's greatest police administrators has expressed his contempt for such absurdities. The late Colonel John C. Groome, when he was superintendent of Pennsylvania's State Police, discarding all such tests, said:

"I don't care whether a police recruit believes that the Duke of Wellington was a man, a trotting horse or a brand of smoking tobacco. What I want and what I must at all costs have are men of such intelligence, character, physique and general aptitude that, given the necessary training, they can be welded together into a part of a reliable police machine."

What John Groome wanted was men with courage and resourcefulness. Would he have been aided in his recruiting if he

had been forced to follow the methods of most civil service boards which put a foolish stress on arithmetical ability? As a matter of fact, it has been demonstrated scientifically that aptitude in mathematics generally bears an inverse relation to police aptitude. So, when we require a candidate for a police force to add a column of figures, we may be, and likely are, weeding out good police material.

So much for the selection of the rank and file of these men, the proper performance of whose work is so vital to our lives and property. What about their discipline after they are selected?

It seems obvious that the police officer requires a sterner control than, for example, the clerks in a city auditor's office. Yet both are given the same protection from their superiors under civil service rules. Frequently we find that patrolmen dismissed by the head of the police department will be repeatedly reinstated by the Civil Service Commission. This is true in the vast majority of our cities. The record will show that Police Officer John K. Jones was dismissed for being—Well, here is a typical case:

The policeman I have in mind was dismissed half a dozen times on charges ranging from shake-down grafting to drunkenness on duty. Each time he was reinstated. Naturally, each time he was returned to duty over the heads of his superiors, he became more arrogant and less amenable to discipline. I know personally of hundreds of such cases in cities from coast to coast. Each case has contributed to the demolition of the disciplinary system. Ask yourself if this sort of thing is happening in your city. If the answer is yes, do not be surprised if the burglary insurance rates for your city are higher than they should be. There is a close tie-up between inefficient, bad police work and high crime rates.

IT is at this point that we must consider phases of the police problem that are really complicated. You can read some of its significance in the blood of a man who was lying dead on the sidewalk of an American city where I was making a survey of police conditions. We arrived on the scene in a police squad car while the crime was, in the police phrase, still "hot." The man's wife and his little boy were bending over him, crying. The scarlet stain on the sidewalk was still widening. A throng of excited, shrill-voiced people was woven tightly about this broken family when the police pressed through.

Suddenly the little boy became tense and focused his attention on a man on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Mamma," he cried, "there's that man who—"

Instantly the mother clamped her hand across the boy's mouth and clutching him tightly to her side, with a word commanded his silence. He shut up then, and neither threats nor cajolments could make him speak again. Yet we knew he had seen the murderer. The thing is written in the records today as an unsolved homicide; but actually it was not a mystery. Probably many persons knew the identity of the murderer, knew his motive; and if they could be freed of all fear of meeting the same fate as that man who died on the sidewalk, they would have been glad to see the murderer punished.

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Fear tells the whole of that story. It is the Rosetta stone with which we can interpret a great body of the records of that breakdown in our civilization which we mean when we say the police are failing. The plain fact is that the public in large measure has lost confidence in the ability of the police to defend it from the private vengeance of all manner of gangsters. Without witnesses, how are the agencies of the law going to proceed to get convictions in courtrooms? We used to shrug our shoulders when we heard that such things were true of Italians and Chinamen dwelling as aliens in our midst. Like an infection the thing has spread, until today in some cities the average prudent citizen of the most ancient American lineage would be likely to hesitate before offering himself as a witness against a gang outlaw.

The plain fact is that the public in large measure has lost confidence in its police. This is true to such a degree that the utmost in devotion to police duty is met with a shrug. Deaths in line of duty are becoming more and more common among the rank and file, but these things cause only a ripple of public interest, whereas they should always be matters of deep public concern.

On the wall of the lobby of police headquarters in New York City about 1917 there was a tablet inscribed with the name of every man killed in the line of duty in the history of the department. In the fourteen years since then other tablets have been fixed to the walls of that lobby. Each one is burdened with the names of policemen killed in the line of duty. Since the close of the war, several times as many policemen have been killed in New York City as in all the preceding years that there has been a police department. In other cities the record is comparable. In Chicago in 1929 thirteen policemen were murdered. Surely anyone can see that when policemen are shot down in such numbers without there being an upheaval of civic indignation something is woefully wrong with the public attitude. The murder of a policeman is a challenge to organized society; but in America the interests of society and the police have somehow become estranged.

WHICH came first, the reluctance of the public to assist the police, or the third degree, I cannot say positively. Nevertheless, I do know that the police justify their use of the third degree by pointing to the non-coöperation of the public. They say the third degree is their sole remaining recourse.

To the Anglo-Saxon mind, there has always been something repellent about forced confessions. Constitutional guarantees have been set up to assure that they will not be exacted. Nevertheless, police practice in this country includes the third degree, either because it represents a convenient shortcut to quick results, or because it is the *only* way in which *any* results can be secured in specific cases. Understand, please, that the third degree includes everything from tricks to frighten or mislead a prisoner, to downright physical torture.

There is this kind of thing for example: It happened in a city of the South. A child had been kidnaped, and the police had captured one of the kidnapers. At least, they were sure to a moral certainty that they had one of the gang. But he would say nothing. "Where is the child?" they would ask him. He kept his lips tight.

Now, I know the police captain who was in charge in the situation. He is as shrewd as they make them. If that had been *your* child that was missing, perhaps about to be murdered to enable its captors to escape a tightening net, *you* would have been little concerned about constitutional guarantees at such a moment—but you would have been deeply concerned with the ability of that police captain to force his prisoner to talk!

"Bring me a tow rope," commanded the policeman. One was brought from a police automobile outside. All this was happening in the privacy of a police-station cell-block. "Now, damn you," he said to the prisoner, "you are going to talk." Then he knotted the rope about the man's neck and tossed the free end across a steel bar overhead. He did not speak again; he merely drew on that rope hand over hand until the prisoner's toes alone were touching the floor, his tongue protruding, and his hands, cuffed behind him, were wriggling in agony. Half a minute. Then the rope was slackened.

"Now will you talk?" The prisoner glared, swallowed and kept silent. Once more he was stretched at the end of the rope by his neck. A minute, this time. From some eloquent wrigglings it was divined that he was ready to speak; but when he was lowered again, he was as silent as before. A third time he was lifted until his feet swung clear—lifted, mind you, not jerked. This time his face had turned black before the rope was slackened. He was limp on the floor being fanned to restore his normal breathing before he was asked again if he would talk. That time he nodded his head. In five minutes he had told where the child was hidden; and a police squad car, its siren screaming, was dashing off to the rescue.

IT was all wrong, of course, unless it happened to be your child whose life was at stake. Whatever your emotional response to that incident, however, I am sure you will agree that, as a general thing, the third degree is an intolerable abuse of police authority. Certainly there is no one who would not be deeply resentful of third-degree practices if he thought there was the slightest chance that they might ever be applied to him. I want to say that unless you are a pretty substantial citizen or are known to have influential friends, there is nothing but fortunate circumstance standing between you and the torture of a third degree. In every police station in this country about which I know anything, there is a room remote from the public parts of the building where prisoners are questioned.

It frequently happens that men are arraigned before magistrates with blackened eyes, loosened teeth, broken ribs and worse injuries. If the magistrate displays curiosity, he is told that the prisoner tried to escape or that he resisted arrest. Some of us may be so short-sighted as to feel that as long as tough and heartless gang criminals are the ones who are beaten, the world is probably no worse off. The truth is, the member of a well-organized gang is rarely given what the police call a shellacking. Too often the victim of these clumsy, brutal practices is a friendless, poor and often inoffensive person.

Lately there was published a book called "The Third Degree." It was the work of Emanuel H. Lavine, a New York newspaper police reporter. To my knowledge, none of the statements made in that book has been denied by any policeman. Lavine tells of things he has seen in his years of news-gathering among policemen: of a murder suspect who was strapped in a dentist chair and a burr was ground against his teeth until he said he would tell everything; of men strapped into armchairs and then beaten on the head with a rubber hose; of men who were dealt with so brutally that their minds failed them; of kicks delivered in the most sensitive part of man's anatomy. I cite Lavine because I feel sure he has had greater opportunities than I to see the third degree at its worst; but I have seen plenty. By means of the third degree many criminals who otherwise might have gone free have been imprisoned and executed; but American society has paid a high price for such convictions. The price is something that is measured out in an increasing reluctance of juries to convict men who are clearly guilty. The men who are called into jury-boxes adjust this widespread wrong by voting for acquittals. "Who wouldn't confess guilt under torture, even though innocent?" they ask each other—and guilty men are freed.

POLITICS continues to exercise a terrific influence in police management, and this contributes largely to the disastrous result. The influence is exerted because the ward-politicians of all our cities rely for much of their power on the very people who commit offenses: the leaders in beer and gambling syndicates, vice lords and racketeers of every breed. Indeed, when you sum it all up, include every phase of police insufficiency and police inefficiency, you may see clearly that conditions are as bad as they are because those who dominate our cities politically do not want an efficient police power. A competent police establishment would destroy the corrupt forces that keep them in power. So by skillful sabotage down the years, they have wrought a perpetual condition in all the big cities that is only by degree better than the dreadful state that Boston knew during forty-eight hours of the year 1919.

What is the result?

In New York, Arnold Rothstein, a sinister figure who was the capitalist behind a variety of illicit and illegal enterprises, of which gambling was probably the most innocuous, was shot in a hotel room. Rothstein, who kept influential figures in his power, who made big loans to magistrates, who literally bought immunity for his criminal henchmen as you might buy any other kind of merchandise—Rothstein refused to say who had shot him. He died, and his murder is still an unsolved crime. When the public dissatisfaction, expressed chiefly through the newspapers, made Mayor Walker uncomfortable, he let it be known that he had given his friend the police commissioner forty-eight hours in which to produce results. Still the murder remained unsolved, and the Mayor's friend walked out of police headquarters, a beaten man, a sacrifice to the system.

New York was told that it was going to get a new deal! A new police commissioner! What did he do? His name was Grover Whalen. There would be action now, the public was told. There was action. Within a week the new commissioner had the merchants worrying about something else, a scheme for the radical restriction of parking, and for speeding up traffic through the theater zone. By this and other methods the Rothstein case was crowded off the first pages of the newspapers, which meant that it was effectually shelved, and that Rothstein's political partners were once more comfortable.

More recently New York has had another demonstration of the immunity of gang murderers from prosecution. In another hotel a gang leader, "Legs" Diamond, was shot four or five times by some gentleman who had, seemingly, been trying to kill him for a long time. As a matter of fact, more efficient police in Europe had put Diamond on a boat and shipped him back to the United States, where they justifiably assumed he was wanted by the police authorities. But the police of New York did not want him. There were savage killings which they thought he might explain, but they did not want him. Consequently the thing of which he had been in fear when he fled to Europe finally overtook him in that hotel bedroom where he lounged in silken pajamas of an appropriate scarlet hue.

Quite recently the tubercular Diamond, his vicious face wrenched by spasms of pain, was discharged from a hospital. And the best the mighty New York police force has been able to do in connection with his case occurred then. They provided an escort of policemen to act as a bodyguard on his journey from the city to his country home. Certainly as far as the public is aware, that act of guardianship was the only thing accomplished by the New York police. Surely the gang rosters must include some powerful names when justice is constantly thwarted in that manner.

ANOTHER symptom of what we are discussing is to be found in New York through the disclosures of a wretched tool of the police named Acuna. We recognize that matters were bad in Boston when the police were on strike. Women were not safe on the streets. The confessions of Acuna reveal that in New York women are not safe in their own homes. Their insecurity, moreover, is not due to hoodlums but to the police themselves. In New York during the last fifteen years prostitution has been brought under satisfactory control. It was in the work of effecting a further suppression of prostitution that the man Acuna was employed. He was paid out of funds taken from the taxpayers of New York for the maintenance of the police department. He was called a stool pigeon. In Europe he would be called a *provocateur*. Police detectives used him as hunters use live-duck decoys. What Acuna did was encourage solicitation from women. There exists evidence to show that at times his sleek figure, —well dressed, thanks to police department money—was used to trap innocent girls.

And to what end? That records of the detectives whose instrument Acuna was

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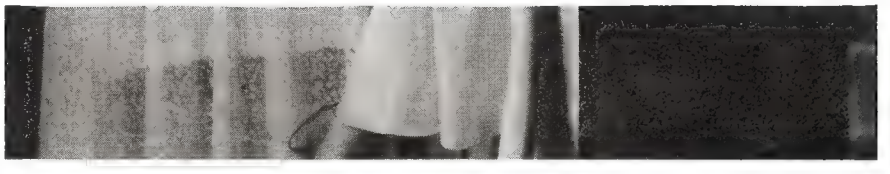

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might show results. Seemingly they were letting the trade of real prostitutes flourish in return for bribes.

Governor Roosevelt by pardoning some of those girls who were in prison has revealed that he is persuaded that they were innocent of the charges upon which they were convicted. Just suppose one of those girls had been your daughter? Would you then think it was time something was done to make sure that policemen are faithful, efficient servants of the society that supports them? Why, nothing that has been attributed to the worst gangsters is more monstrous than these offenses of which Acuna glibly talks, and which are unrefuted.

In Detroit men are kidnaped and held for ransom by gangsters, and these crimes, too, go unpunished because the victims have no faith in the power or the disposition of the police to protect from the vengeance of the gangs. In Buffalo, in Los Angeles, in St. Louis and the other large cities, there are gangs; and the gang members are engaged in the crime business because they are immune from punishment. Chicago simply happens to have the record that is worst of all.

Between 1927 and 1929 there were 257 gang murders committed in Chicago in a single year. I do not mean that was the total of the murders,—the number of those would run somewhat higher for a single year,—nor murders in which gangsters happened to be involved; their total would average three times as high. These 257 murders to which I refer were committed within a space of but seven years as the direct and necessary result of gang competition.

Now how many of these murders resulted in a conviction? The answer is *not one!* Suspects were arrested for some of these killings, it is true, but they either were released by the police, or the grand jury declined to indict, the prosecution to try them, or the trial jury to convict them. What was the efficiency of all the machinery of criminal justice—police, coroner, State's attorney and courts—in these gang murder cases? There was no efficiency at all. There was complete failure.

This is why those decent elements in Chicago which seek to pool their strength in the Chicago Association of Commerce and the Employers' Association have felt it was necessary to have their own bodies for investigating crimes. They have to do something, because almost every variety of criminal activity is going unpunished —robberies, burglaries and felonious assaults with deadly weapons. Often the ratio of crimes committed to cases solved is ten to one. In some cities it is only three to one. Almost never at any place in the United States does the ratio reach two to one.

WHEN we get right down to brass tacks, here is the situation: The police lack sufficient man-power. Such as they have is not effectively distributed. Nearly every man-jack of them is under the domination of some politician. The politician looks after his own, law-abiding and criminal alike. The police must watch carefully to be sure that they do not offend some one who has influence with higher-ups. That is true of murderers and racketeers, and it is true of better people who merely violate traffic ordinances and promptly seek a way to "fix" the matter.

In New York as well as Chicago certain powerful criminals walk the streets clothed in almost complete immunity, so far as the police are concerned. In Chicago lately warrants were sworn out for the arrest of some of the outstanding offenders. Some of the warrants sworn out for their arrest were not served. Or if they were served, when the men were brought in to be booked, bondsmen were on hand to secure their prompt release. This subject of bail-bonds is a part of the whole evil so exasperating to the law-abiding in its results that it must not be allowed to confuse our present purpose. Also in Chicago we have the spectacle of millionaire hoodlums with murder on their souls coming into the municipal court to answer with grins and high-priced lawyers to the charge of vagrancy. The Capones of the United States fear nothing any more from the machinery of justice in the States in which they live. Their only worry is that they may be prosecuted in the Federal courts for failure to file honest income-tax returns!

Who stand between us and all these public enemies? The police, yes. But the police are not standing erect. How to make them do that, how we as citizens can help them to be the right kind of policemen, will be the subject of an article in *Redbook* next month.

THE FOOTPRINT OF CINDERELLA

(Continued from page 61)

"Ah, Valak! Your man brought me a summons. What ho?"

"Sit down, Rupert."

"Fine. That means you want to talk to me. If I were to talk to you, now, I'd have to stand. Only a few men could talk sitting down—*John Falstaff*, because he couldn't get to his feet—Pope, because he was crippled—"

Valak smiled. The expression indicated that he understood what Rupert was saying, but that his preoccupation, once announced, would end all chatter, however droll.

"What is the subject of the discourse?" Rupert asked.

"Muriel."

The Prince raised his eyebrows. He became instantly receptive.

"I have something to tell you about Muriel," Valak commenced, "that will shock you profoundly." He could see the young man wondering what it would be, even as he covered that wonderment by a casual nod. Valak continued in Sabrian: "Muriel Leigh is not the daughter of Johnathan Leigh."

Rupert did not budge. His expression changed, seemingly without the assistance of his facial muscles. "Tell me about it."

Valak told him. He told the story without indirection and without any effort at giving the actors either character or motive. He finished the narrative by telling of his unsuccessful attempt to interfere with the girl in Ohio, and his determination to continue his effort to capture the Leigh fortune.

In the middle of the recital Rupert shut his eyes.

When it was ended he said: "That is very sad, isn't it?"

"Ah! You mean—for you, for me, for Sabria, if things go wrong now, as it seems they well may?"

"Not at all. I mean for Muriel."

"Muriel?"

Slowly Rupert took his cigarette-case from his pocket and lighted a cigarette. He spent a long time tapping the tobacco on the embossed silver crest. "That is tragedy, Valak. Suppose some one suddenly discovered that you were not a duke but the son of a goatherd?"

"In dwelling on the mischance of an individual, aren't you overlooking—your country?"

"Your favorite theme, Valak."

"Well? What you oppose is sentimentality. Absolutism. A foolish and unsocial American ideal—"

"I don't oppose it. I merely note it."

Valak took his station at the window, this time with his back to the street and his eyes on the Prince. Sadness was scarcely the emotion he had anticipated. Still, he perceived, it was less unlike Rupert than it was unlike the traditions of Rupert's ancestors. In any case, he was too skillful to be harsh or unsympathetic.

"I think," he said at last, "that some sort of deal can be made."

Rupert nodded. "That is up to you, of course. Meanwhile, I reserve the right to think exclusively about Muriel."

"If you wish."

"I'm glad you told me, Valak."

"It was something you had to know—sooner or later."

Rupert rose with a certain rigidity. "You will excuse me now?"

"Of course."

Valak felt, as the Prince crossed the room, that he was commanding his right foot, then his left foot, to move forward.

"HE said he must see you at once." Chloe held Barney Avery's card in her fingers and stared at it. "At once? Why didn't his father come instead?"

"I don't know, Miss Laforge-Leigh," Severance answered.

Barney was standing in the drawing-room. His arms were behind his back as if locked there to prevent their activity. His jaw was thrust out. His eyes were bloodshot.

"I am here to see Miss Jamison."

Chloe received the statement calmly and returned it with a long, hostile regard. It meant that the Averys, father and son, knew that there was a Miss Jamison; it meant that they knew in all probability who she was; it meant that they knew she was in the house. She answered with a bland lie:

"And who is Miss Jamison?"

Barney took a half-step toward her. "You know who she is. She is Johnathan Leigh's daughter. She is the girl you cheated out of her life and name and fortune. She is the girl you brought here because you were afraid some one would find her. Is that enough?"

Chloe did not flinch. "You are quite mad. Quite, my dear young man."

"You will bring her to me—or shall I go for her?"

"There is no such person in my house."

Barney shrugged. "It happens that there is. My father's detectives saw you bring her here. They know she has not left. Will you be good enough to call her?"

Chloe studied him. "There is a girl here—a girl to whom I was giving temporary shelter. A charity matter. She is the only person in the house besides Muriel, myself, and the servants. If you refer to her—"

"That's the story, eh? Well, I do."

"It would be impossible for you to see her."

"I'll—"

"Young man, your behavior is disgraceful. I shall ask my servants to show you out. To restrain you, if necessary!" Chloe turned her back on him.

Barney understood only that he was going to fail to see Janet. He caught Chloe's sleeve. His voice was husky. "Wait, Miss Laforge-Leigh. Don't you understand? I've got to see her. I love her."

Her face went blank with astonishment. "You what?"

"I love her."

"When did that happen?"

"In Mayville. I went to Mayville. I met her there. I fell in love with her. I—"

For an instant Chloe thought that Barney might have met Janet and fallen in love with her by some wild freak of coincidence. She realized quickly that he had gone to Mayville for the purpose of finding the girl, and that his love for her was the accident. Chloe now understood completely the devastating sum of Avery's information. He knew about the two babies. He had located Janet. And his son had fallen in love with the girl.

CHLOE instantly wondered if Barney's interest in Janet could not be turned to profit. At once she perceived a nucleus for the hypothesis that Valak was turning over in his mind even at that moment: any effort of the Averys to prove that Janet was Leigh's heiress would have the appearance of an attempt by the Averys to steal the Leigh fortune. That Barney was in love with Janet would give the situation a very obvious seeming.

Why not let Barney see the girl, then? If she could bargain with him for time in which to think, she might be able to construe the Avery case into an *impasse* or even a dangerous boomerang.

Barney had let go her sleeve. Now she underwent a mechanical revision that gave her the outward semblance of generosity.

"My dear boy, why didn't you say you cared about the child in the first place?"

Barney regarded her with suspicious surprise. "Why—"

"That quite alters the situation—quite. Of course, the idea you and your father have concerning Miss Jamison's antecedents is a monstrous and unjust error." Her lip trembled. "It hurts me. I have always been so fond of you both." She sighed. "That is the way of the world—suspicion and injustice. Of course you may see her. But wait. I want you to promise me something first."

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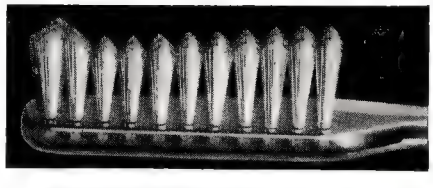

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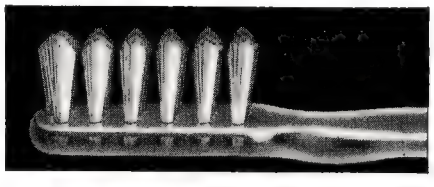

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"I won't promise a thing."

"Very well—" She reached for the bell-pull.

"What is it?"

"I want you to promise to say nothing to her about this ridiculous notion of your father's. It would be unkind to her. It would be unkind to Muriel, to me, to the memory of my brother."

Barney frowned. The thing Chloe had asked him not to tell was the very thing he had dreaded most to impart to Janet. As long as she did not know about her fortune, she would not think of him as a mercenary lover. He hesitated in his reply to Chloe, not because he comprehended her intricate motives (he was too impatient for that) but because he had whipped himself to the point of telling Janet. He had made the decision, found the courage, and he had come. Suddenly Chloe swept away the need. Pure emotional inertia made him falter.

"That is a fair exchange for seeing her," Chloe said.

"Well—" Time, Barney's mind whispered, time in which to prepare her for the fact! "How do you know I can be trusted?"

Chloe pursed her lips. "I know you can be."

"Very well. I agree."

"Your word of honor, Mr. Avery."

"My word. Where is she?"

"Still in bed, I think. I'll have some one send for her. Remember, Mr. Avery, I am being very generous to you."

Barney began to walk back and forth on the thick carpet.

JANET stood in the doorway. She was smiling; she was calm. The vehement drama his imagination had made for that meeting suddenly evaporated. Barney also felt calm—and very tired.

"Hello, Barney."

"Hello, Janet."

"I thought you'd find me. I knew you'd come here when Father told you where I had gone."

"Aren't you going to kiss me?"

She walked up to him and held his two hands. Her kiss was very light. "I'd be afraid to kiss you much in this house. Too many servants—and a few ghosts, I think."

They looked at each other. "When did you get here?"

"Last night," Janet said. "When did you?"

"Last night. I called here at the house—but they wouldn't let me in. I telephoned, but the wire was out of order." The strong inhibition that had been so abruptly put upon him had paralyzed all his faculties for conversation. "How do you like Philadelphia?"

"Fine—since you've come."

"That's nice." Why couldn't he tell her, Barney thought. Why couldn't he get it over with?

"You look terribly tired."

"I haven't had much sleep."

"Are you worried about anything?"

"Not a thing."

"You haven't congratulated me about the family Miss Laforge-Leigh has found for me. Isn't it wonderful? And I realized only this morning that I hadn't even asked what my real name is! Imagine!"

"I'm very glad."

Janet sobered. "Barney, what's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, there is. Have you told your family about me and they don't like it?"

"My family will adore you."

"Then what on earth is wrong? You look as if you'd lost your last friend. And all you do is say 'Yes,' 'No,' 'Nothing.'"

Barney stared at her miserably. "Have you had breakfast?"

"No, I haven't. But that doesn't make any difference—"

"Would you care to come out with me?"

"I can't. Miss Laforge-Leigh sent the maid to wake me—I was already up—and asked me to stay in this morning."

Barney nodded. Irene was standing at the door. "Miss Laforge-Leigh asked me to say that breakfast is served."

"You see? I've got to go."

"Couldn't I wait?"

She shook her head. "I don't think you'd better, dear. This is such a peculiar house—and Miss Laforge-Leigh is so odd—"

"Yes," Barney said, "she is odd."

"You positively give me the creeps!"

"It's nothing."

"So you said. Can't you please tell me?"

"No."

"Well—I've got to go for breakfast."

"Well—I'll call you up later."

"All right."

Their eyes met uncomprehendingly. Barney could bear it no longer. He took her in his arms, lifted her off her feet, buried his face in the bright aura of her hair.

"Promise me that you love me—no matter what?"

"Of course I do, Barney."

"Regardless of how I may seem to you?"

She drew her face from his and smiled. "Honestly—you're like a kid that has done something naughty. Have you? I know you haven't, because if you were worrying about anything like that, you'd tell me." She laughed unevenly. "I always have thought of you as so superior and so calm. Now—you're just all in pieces. I felt as if something dreadful were going to happen—till you kissed me."

"It won't," Barney said, "if you only continue to believe that I care more about you than anything else on earth."

"Don't doubt me. It's unflattering. I've got to go now. The maid will see us."

"I don't care."

"Masculine immodesty! Call me up later. I feel much better already. Only you must plan to tell me your evil secret pretty soon. I'll bet it turns out to be silly. Loose me, please."

He let her go. She opened the front door for him.

"'By."

"'By," Janet echoed.

BARNEY became one of the million-odd young men who are remorseful over the way they've behaved in the presence of the lady of their heart's desire. He walked rigidly across Rittenhouse Square and turned in the direction of his father's office. Just seeing Janet, merely assuring himself that she was safe, had been the bright fetish of the last twenty-four hours. Having her in his arms had been simple and natural but hopelessly inconclusive. The appearance of intimacy sometimes hides great gulfs of fact and feeling.

He had succeeded merely through violence in giving his father's entire hand away to Chloe. He had blurted. He had then made Chloe a promise which put him in a position that worried Janet. He had not helped his own ends in any way. Knowing that Janet was safe had afforded him a relief to which he became accustomed before he saw her. Now he would have to face his father, to tell his father that he had behaved like an idiot. One's folly, unfortunately, is invisible when committed, and flagrant only in afterthought.

Youth flays itself far more than maturity. Barney reminded himself bitterly that he was a graduate of Yale and of law school, that he had been admitted to the bar, that no men over twenty behaved as he had behaved. The thought that his passions were more primitive and stronger than those of other men solaced him momentarily, and then he became angry that such an idea could be entertained for its comfort. He stared with agitated astonishment at the great rent in the garment of his sophisticated poise.

His father had listened to his story on the previous night with such concentrated silence that Barney could not guess his thoughts. Perhaps his father was angry because he had fallen in love with a country girl. Perhaps he was merely absorbed in the legal aspects of the case. He had told Barney that his detectives had reported the arrival of Janet at the Leigh mansion. He had insisted that Barney go to bed and sleep. Barney had not seen him in the morning.

HE opened the door of his father's office with a sweep of his arm, and again he was checked by the foreign aspect of another person. Douglas Avery was quietly dictating letters. He looked up and said: "Come in, son. I'll be through in a moment."

Barney hung his straw hat on the rack and waited. His father finally dismissed the stenographer.

"I should presume, Barney, that you've seen her."

"I have." He gave a rapid account of the past hour. He terminated it with a statement typical of his cumulative mood. "In other words, I've been a complete fool."

"I wouldn't say so. It's too bad, of course, that you let go like that to Chloe. The promise she got from you was pretty shrewd."

"What do you mean?"

"It cements her defense against us."

"Which is?"

"That we fabricated the proof about Miss Jamison; that we are seeking the money for ourselves; that, once we have it conferred on Miss Jamison, you will marry her and the deed will be done."

"Good God!"

"On the other hand, you drove what was a good bargain."

"I ruined Janet's chances."

"You hurt them. But you saw her—which was what you wanted."

Barney nodded. He felt as if he had betrayed his father for the sake of his own satisfaction. Douglas Avery smiled.

"You're the first hot-headed Avery in six generations."

"The first moron in the family!"

"Stick to your guns." He sighed. "Love never came to me like that. And it's my loss. If you weren't in love—I'd say your forcible and piratical entrance was very,

very stupid. Love gives it a certain nobility."

"I know it. I'm disgusted with myself." Barney ignored the excuse his father proffered.

"Good." Suddenly Avery chuckled. "I'm damned if I can think of you as modern."

Barney did not answer.

"It's pure *King Arthur*—your flivver ride from Mayville, the hot confession you made last night—oh, don't get sore. The devil take you! I'm practically proud of you. You've risen above this,"—he waved his hand at the office,—"the dull and droning preparation of briefs that has occupied the Averys since Benjamin Franklin hired us, since the Revolution, since the beginning of law, probably. Damn it—" Douglas Avery's slang was exhausted. His ability to express that particular motif, too, could carry him no farther. He saw that his words hurt his son. "I'm sorry, Barney. I hope she's worth it. I know she is," he amended. "I hope you are going to be able to be one of the few men who cannot merely remember the value you once put upon a woman and her love, but who can always keep that value at the same degree. Is that pompous?"

"It doesn't clear anything away."

"No." Avery turned his paper-knife in his fingers. "What will? You want a surcease for the tribulations that exist merely because of circumstance. You want the Gordian knot cut. What would you think if I said that it could never be cut?"

"What!"

"Exactly. I examined everything last night in the light of what you told me. Men are prone to imagine that there is a solution to everything: a solution to life, a solution to death, a solution for every possible complication of human affairs. I mean a complete and final solution. There isn't any such solution."

"I DON'T understand you, Father," said Barney.

"You refer everything to the present situation. Well, that is the thing to do. Look at it: Chloe did one ill-advised thing. The stone was flung into the water. And now the ripples are spreading. Valak wants a fortune for his country. Who are we to say that such a desire isn't a worthy, even a tremendously worthy one?

"Rupert of Sabria wants the same thing. Can you say that he is not in love with Muriel? I believe he is. Then his rights are as important to him as yours to you—and you've exercised a good deal of liberty on those assumed rights.

"Is it Muriel's fault that she is not Leigh's daughter? Is it safe to be the agent of Fate under the guise of justice?

"Chloe from her own point of view is justified also. We know that she was warped, biased, prejudiced, mistaken; she never will.

"Look at Miss Jamison. Our legal system says the estate belongs to her. Does she need it—especially if you marry her?"

"That's what I thought. Why don't I just—elope with her?"

"Because you haven't the right to make the decision either way. Even Johnathan Leigh did not have that right, and perhaps that is why he left clues in our hands. Perhaps he thought the equities involved might be plainer at some future time. If I could know now what he would do now—that would settle everything.

"Consider ourselves again: Chloe and Valak, Muriel and a good attorney might bring to nothing our best effort to prove Miss Jamison's claim. That might permanently harm us—as well as her. My thoughts sound reactionary. I am reactionary. We might possibly be better off if we had not tampered."

"I would not have met Janet."

"Consider that, then, our asset."

"You're generous about a strange girl."

Avery gestured to remove the traces of sentiment. "I have faith in you. So has your mother. You ought to talk to your mother more. She never failed me. Wisdom in women. Somebody wrote a poem about it. They can't think as well as men. But often their guesses are better than any man's. The digression is important and applicable. I've thought continuously about all this."

Suppose you married the wrong man—found it out—and then married the right man. Could you really *clear* yourself of the first marriage?

A most fascinating, *thrilling* novel of love—

"A PATH *to* PARADISE"

by CONINGSBY DAWSON

Next Month

"So have I," Barney observed moodily.

"And your conclusions?"

Barney shrugged. "Weren't even as well based as your summary of it all."

"Naturally not. You were biased. A bias helps you through life. Almost everyone lives by a bias. Impartiality is too insulting to vanity." He considered his son gravely. "Each of us has a little piece of the whole fabric. Each has an advantage and a disadvantage—some of them real and some of them only seeming to be real. We can all check each other."

Barney laughed without mirth. "Love, money, power, fame—oh, hell and the devil!"

"That's not the attitude, either. Certainly those are the things involved. Otherwise we would not be so perturbed by it." He stood up and reached for his hat. "Classification only shows that we can do nothing. Want to have lunch with me?"

"You aren't just leaving things flat like that?"

"What else?"

"I suppose you consider me a walking false alarm?"

"Walking alarm—not false." Douglas Avery took his son's arm. "If you could tell me what to do, I'd do it. In my whole life as a lawyer, I was never involved in anything so preposterous and so profound. There is nothing to do. Won't you join me for lunch?"

"I can't."

"Waiting for a telephone-call?"

"Of course."

Avery opened the door and then turned. "If she calls and if you go to see her again, you'd better buy a new necktie, wash behind your ears and take her some flowers. It isn't doomsday, you know."

Barney nodded. The door closed. He doubled his fist and wrinkled his brow. He told himself that he would do some thinking. Yet his thoughts were a circuit: Janet—what a mess life could become. . . . A man of his age should have better self-control. . . . Janet again. . . .

"YOU look ill, Severance," said Valak.

"I was not permitted to sleep last night, Your Grace."

Valak raised his eyebrows. "Indeed? Indigestion?"

"I was kept awake to perform a duty, sir. Guarding the house."

"Guarding the house?"

"Exactly, sir."

A transient smile moved the Duke's features. "Against what?"

"I do not know, sir. Against some sort of burglary, I presume. Miss Laforge-Leigh's conception."

"Ah! Will you take my card to her?"

Severance returned with the card. His expression was perplexed. "She is out, Your Grace."

"She said so, eh?"

"Precisely, sir. Ah—no sir. She is not in."

Valak scribbled on the back of a card. Severance went into the dining-room. When he came back, he ushered the Duke into the living-room. Chloe came in a moment later.

"I am really hurt, my dear Miss Laforge-Leigh," he began, "to realize that you feared my—ah—my first effort in this matter which interests us so greatly would extend into your domicile."

"Do you deny that you tried to get in last night—or one of your representatives?"

"Most emphatically."

"Who did, then?"

Valak lifted his hands delicately. "A caller? A telegraph-boy? I cannot guess. Severance tells me that he was the faithful watch-dog. But really, when I found from my agents that you had escorted—ah—a certain person here, I thought it was very ingenious. I should, perhaps, have been forewarned by your previous facility in—let us say—the transportation of human beings."

Chloe concerned herself first with the remarks that had slighted her.

"Did you come here to insult me, Your Grace? I have suffered enough—"

"On the contrary." He stared pleasantly into her agate eyes.

She said: "Humph! Then who tried to get in? Avery! Young Avery! That's who it was. He came here this morning."

"I take it your guard was ready for him?"

"Severance let him in. Severance knows him. He wanted to see Miss Jamison. I permitted it, with the one requirement that he say nothing to her about —about—"

"Just a moment. I am interested in knowing how our young friend became acquainted with Miss Jamison."

He listened patiently to Chloe's exposition and to her explanation of her reasons for letting Barney talk to Janet.

"You have a prodigious sagacity, Miss Laforge-Leigh," he said finally. "Prodigious! Sabria can use such a tide of thinking power."

"You really think so, Your Grace!"

"Absolutely. Utterly. It was Machiavellian. Now—"

Chloe was trembling with eagerness. "I was reading an account of the Marchinois of Czenk only last night. The 'Sabrian Sibyl.' I dearly wish that I could emulate her. Of course, she was slender and more—womanish—than I. But—"

Valak drew a long breath. He was now aware of Avery's knowledge and he was considering rapidly the unfortunate light in which Barney's passion put the lawyer. It was vastly more than he had hoped to glean from a call upon Chloe. It was worth, even, the tedious pain of listening to the woman's monarchical aspirations.

He was compelled to listen for some time. Chloe explained in great detail her efforts to save the glory of the name of Leigh and more particularly Laforge. She outlined a few of the capacities which would recommend her for a position close to the throne of Sabria. Janet's entrance interrupted her.

ORDINARILY, Janet would not have done such a thing. She had been eating breakfast, thinking about Barney, when Severance had brought in a card. Chloe took it, and said she was out. Severance returned and showed a message on the card to his mistress. Then Chloe excused herself. Janet continued to make the remotely conscious gestures of breakfasting. The card was lying at Chloe's place, message side up. Janet read it before she realized that she had no right to do so. It said, *"I have given up the plan for the Mayville girl. You have no reason to fear me. V."*

When she realized that it referred to herself, she was not surprised. When she perceived that Chloe's terror of the previous night had been on her account, she was curious and possibly a little frightened. She could hear the mumble of voices through the double doors. Nothing tangible had been said about the promised legacy. Valak, Duke of Lower Sabria, had no meaning to her. She had not been invited to join Chloe and her guest, and she had not been forbidden to do so. She was not anxious to spend another night in the Leigh house. Her nature in the face of crises or complexities involving herself was one that turned naturally to the simplest and most direct procedure. This man knew about her. Perhaps he would speak when Chloe was cryptic. It was something definite and a thing on which to gamble. She rose, and went into the living-room.

She saw a rather elderly and exceedingly distinguished-looking man.

She also perceived Chloe's startled expression when she parted the portières. It was Chloe's motion to her to withdraw that attracted Valak's attention. He lifted his monocle to his eye and looked at her.

He said, "Ah!" quite softly, and faced his hostess. "This is the young lady?"

Chloe was very angry. "This is a private discussion, Miss Jamison, and I need not say that you are most unwelcome."

Janet would have left immediately, but Valak smiled. "On the contrary, I am eager to meet Miss Jamison."

Chloe hesitated. Her breathing was audible. "Very well. Come in. His Grace, the Duke of Lower Sabria—may I present Miss Jamison?"

Valak took Janet's hand and kissed it. Then he stood away from her in a long, unapologetic appraisal. "Very pretty. Quite ravishing. You failed to tell me. Resembles—ah—resembles one of your actresses, whom I cannot call to mind. Dear me, I'm becoming absent-minded! One is naturally shocked—ah—won't you sit down?"

Janet moved into the chair. Chloe's face was intensely unpleasant. It made Janet want to laugh. She felt surer of herself than she had since before her arrival in Philadelphia.

"Your first trip to Philadelphia?" Valak asked.

"Yes."

"One addresses Motvia as 'Your Grace,' Miss Jamison." It was merely the froth of Chloe's indignation.

"Pshaw," Valak said. "I prefer not to use titles in America. You like it here?"

"Really," Janet said, "I've been here for so short a time that I can't say. It was kind of Miss Laforge-Leigh to bring me."

Valak beamed at Chloe. "Ah! Of course. Let's see—your relation to Miss Laforge-Leigh would be—"

"Your Grace!" Chloe said hoarsely.

"Oh, I'm not related to her."

Valak looked surprised. "No?"

"Miss Laforge-Leigh was interested in me merely through charity. She arranged to have me adopted, twenty years ago, and recently she has traced my family. They are all dead, but I believe they have left a few heirlooms for me. It was rather nice of her to remember me through all these years—don't you think so?"

CHLOE was apoplectic. Her palate rattled; her eyes quivered. She strove to think of a way to stop the girl's fiendish prattle. The careful thrusts Valak had made between Janet's statements were even more unbearable. Chloe did not realize at all, and Valak only half guessed, that Janet's blithe account was in reality a searching interrogation point; Janet was asking them both to tell her the whole truth about herself and put an end to her confusion.

Valak said: "Miss Laforge-Leigh has managed the affairs of a number of people with great effectiveness."

Janet realized that the statement had a double meaning. It brought Chloe to her feet. "This is ridiculous."

"Oh, quite," Valak said.

There was nothing, then, to be learned. Janet looked from the woman to the man. She stood. "I'm dreadfully sorry that I intruded. I was on my way to my room."

Valak took her hand. "It was a pleasure to meet you, Miss Jamison. I hope to be able to repeat it very soon."

"Thank you."

THERE was a little interval after Janet's departure during which Valak regarded Chloe with speculative interest, and decided, perhaps, that she would not fall dead of her excitation.

"And now, my dear lady, I shall leave you."

She did not answer.

"I hope my call has not disturbed you?"

"I feel," Chloe said in a strange voice, "that you nearly betrayed me."

"I skirted betrayal merely to punish you, Miss Laforge-Leigh."

"You are cruel."

"Ah? I am sorry then. One's soul makes such things sometimes essential. Do not worry. I bid you adieu, then."

Chloe sat down and filled the still room with the aura of her dark thoughts.

It is doubtful if there are any men who may be compared with women such as Chloe Laforge-Leigh. A man's rascality may be fierce and terrible. A man may be a miser or a hypocrite. Yet there are few perverse men who do not at some time or other catch one lucid glimpse of that perversity and realize that they are going against the order of their fellows. No man can so bloat himself with self-righteousness, so invert his judgment, and so torture his mind as never to doubt in his infallibility.

Yet Chloe had so powerfully compounded duty out of her immense vanity that she saw any effort to turn her aside as unwonted and unholy persecution. Knowing that the law would hold her wrong never caused her to doubt the justice of her acts. She saw truth as a malicious attitude.

The vengeance of twenty pregnant years hung over her. Not for one instant did she consider herself to blame. There are many women like Chloe. They may be eliminated some day from a healthier civilization. They are not to be pitied. They are the blemishes germinated by the short sight of our own codes and morals, our own taboos and conventions, our own teachings and beliefs. Sometimes such women go to their justified doom. In Salem they were burned occasionally. More often, pluming their ostentatious feathers, they remain like ugly birds on the places where the good young have already died. Aunts, grandmothers, elderly sisters, constant in the groove of their self-aggrandizing "duty," all smugly critical of ruined homes, of wrecked lives, of dipsomaniacs, of suicides which they have subtly contrived—these old women are the most awesome manifestation of the evil intrinsic in man's vast imperfection.

Chloe Laforge-Leigh was all that. Her mind was warped. Birth had given her a social station from which it was unlikely she should ever fall. From the day of her birth there had been ground into her the importance of the proper appearance of a thing, regardless of its true character. Instead of washing her face, she rouged and powdered. That was an expression of her philosophy. The worst indictment she might expect from her equals and contemporaries could be shrugged off as gossip or as jealousy. But like herself, her contemporaries were not so much in-

terested in the truth about themselves as in the seeming of themselves. Truth might be a mirror. Truth is never good for such people, and they do not wish to look upon it. And a man without eyes is less blind than one who does not wish to see.

Chloe sat in the room, a figure to discourage the day, frantically thickening the cataracts she had stretched across her soul.

IT was Rupert's own roadster, the one he had bought since his engagement to Muriel. She sat beside him. Their talk had all been staccato, its middle and important parts often broken by the urgencies of speed and uncertain traffic. The same quick refocusing had kept their eyes on the road rather than each other. They did not wish to look at each other, for that matter, and their natures made the speed necessary. Without the additional absorption of an obbligato, their thoughts might have been unbearable.

"You can see, of course," Rupert said quickly, "that I have neither the right nor the reasons to justify telling you."

"Nevertheless you did." Muriel's hand clenched the door as a turn was made around a hay-rack.

"Which obviously means—"

"That you're in love with me."

There was a big car, flashing in the sunlight—a signboard, a long stone fence.

"And I would never have found it out, perhaps, if it hadn't happened."

Muriel smiled at him. "Who would? The happy are the cynical. Maybe it's vice versa. Can we go faster?"

"If we don't pick up a cop."

"I always knew that Chloe was an unspeakable—"

"Don't bother to say it."

"Well?"

He risked a glance at her. "Valak seems to think that he can get away with it in spite of everything."

"How does he feel about marrying French peasantry into Sabria?"

"He has a more important interest."

"Money. I sha'n't forget money from now on."

"No. Me—I've never been allowed to."

Muriel grinned at him. "You're really something, Rupert. You have stuff. I feel as if I'd like to park and neck with you. The peasant streak turning up at last, I suppose."

The Prince let go of the wheel with one hand. He took off her hat and thrust his fingers into her hair. For an instant they remained there, disheveling her coiffure.

"That do?"

"Thanks," she said.

They drove for five miles without speaking. "I suppose the Averys will want to get it into the papers right away. That's the procedure, isn't it?"

"I don't know."

"It'll be tough on you," she said

"Don't make a martyr of me. As far as I'm concerned—"

"A nice piece of irony, what?" She laughed. "You try to marry a girl for her money. Through the goodness of God, you and she get 'that way' about each other. And lo, the applecart is upset by the hand of Fate! Wonderful, magnificent! When you marry some other rich girl, Rupert, can I be your mistress?"

ONLY A "BIRD" OF THE GILDED AGE . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

IT takes a lot to worry this boy. He has everything. Position, the finest of friends and plenty of time to enjoy the life of leisure. When he follows the hounds he does it with a field-glass. His friends ride his polo ponies and while he's kept pretty busy entertaining, his check book does most of the work.

Yes, he has everything—including "Athlete's Foot." Even while taking his tub this immaculate and gilded youth wonders where *he* got that red rash between the toes of his un-athletic feet. He's almost ashamed to admit that it i-t-c-h-e-s and, while Perkins raises sympathetic eyebrows, neither of them even *knows* that it's the ringworm infection which attacks people in all walks of life—now commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

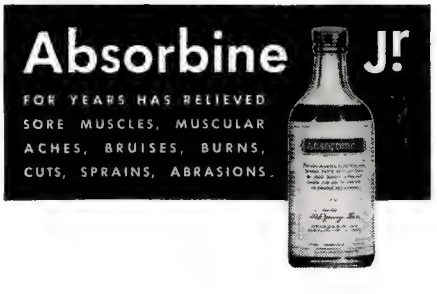
"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. The U. S. Public Health Service has even reported that "*probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*"

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes the danger signal is redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates flesh-like tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it *kills* this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.* If the case does not readily yield to this treatment you should see your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 481 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.



Rupert looked back. "I nearly hit that Elk or Mason or whatever he was."

"It's things like that that make girls like me go feminine and weep real tears," she said.

"Sorry. I'll hit the next one."

Ten miles. Abruptly he stopped the car and kissed her. "Want to get married in the next town?"

"You'd do it, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly."

"No, then. Let's go back."

IT was just noon. Muriel opened the front door and saw Chloe sitting in the living-room. Whatever was in Chloe's mind had been of such weight as to hold her there, as if a stone she could not move had been put in her lap. Muriel went into the room. She was somewhat more pale than usual.

"Hello, Chloe," she said softly.

Her aunt looked up.

"May I sit down?"

"I have no objection."

Muriel crossed her legs and lighted a cigarette. "Rupert," she began casually, "just told me I was of pure French descent."

Chloe translated the remark into its meaning. "Rupert! He knows?"

"Valak told him."

Veins swelled on the face of the older woman. "The fool!"

Muriel shrugged. "If that makes him a fool—just what do you think it makes you, Chloe?"

"How do you dare make such—"

"Don't be cross. You're innocent. You did the right thing. The fact that you stole Miss Jamison's life and gave it to me, and that I'm going to lose mine now is a minor consideration." Even Chloe could catch the sharp scream of sarcasm; it was like the sound of a sword swiftly whipped through the air. "You ruined the first part of her life and the rest of mine. But you kept your proud name safe for twenty years. Except for you, my dear Auntie, I would probably be walking the streets of Paris. I just thought I would come in and thank you."

"You've been drinking!"

"I haven't. But it's a good idea."

Chloe looked at her. "Is that all you have to say?"

"No. One other thing: When the papers gently lay the unmoving and pure white body of Muriel Leigh on the garbage-pile, I shall see to it that little Muriel is accompanied to the incinerator by the carcass of Chloe Laforge-Leigh." She stood up. Her eyes crackled. "Damn you!"

Her voice became bantering again. "See you in hell, dear Auntie." She left.

AFTERNOON. Barney rang the doorbell.

"Miss Jamison is in the music-room."

"Roses," Barney said.

Janet opened the box. "They're gorgeous. I always liked the yellow ones best. I'll put them in my room—it's yellow too."

"I'm glad you called me," he said.

"I was lonesome. I always am when you're not with me. And Miss Laforge-Leigh asked me to stay till tomorrow. She promised to fix everything then."

"What have you been doing?"

"Nothing." She told him about Valak's card and her intrusion. "Do you think it's all right to stay here?"

"I guess so. This man—Valak—wanted to know all about you?"

"He was a little bit curious. I think he knew something about me before he met me. I know he did. The card shows that, doesn't it? You know, I have a feeling that you knew something about me too. That's why you came to Mayville, isn't it?"

The dread of the construction she would put on his trip to Mayville burned in him. "Perhaps."

"But you won't tell. Nobody will tell. I had a feeling last night before I went to sleep that if I really had brains—what do the detective stories call it, the power of inductive reasoning?—I could figure everything out for myself. I felt it even more this morning. You won't help me. Miss Laforge-Leigh won't. And even this Mr. Valak didn't. Who is he, anyway?"

"He's more or less in charge of Rupert. He's not a *Mr.* He's a duke."

Once in a long, long while comes such a story—a *society* fox hunt in which two cowboys ride.

A *rare* event, next month—

"FOX HUNT"

by Bud La Mar

"Rupert? Is that the prince who is engaged to Miss Leigh?"

"Yes."

"I met her last night. She's fascinating-looking."

Barney nodded. "You won't worry about things, will you?"

"Not if you say I shouldn't."

"And you'll keep on loving me?"

"Always."

He glanced restively toward the hall. "Who's at home?"

"Miss Laforge-Leigh. She's in her rooms. She sat all morning in the living-room. I haven't seen Miss Leigh."

"Oh!"

"I wish you weren't so melancholy. You weren't like that in Mayville."

Barney smiled. "I'm sorry. That's the way life is. Sometimes it's Mayville, but most of the time it's Philadelphia."

"I thought city people were always gay and frivolous."

"Sing for me," Barney said.

She went to the piano. "Do you believe I dare?"

"Why not? Nobody has sung in this house for years."

"That doesn't make it any easier. What shall I sing?"

"Anything! Sing 'Who?' Or sing 'Moanin' Low.' I don't care."

She played a few chords. He settled in his chair so that he could look at her without moving. For a long time she played and sang softly, one song after another.

Once he said: "God, you have a beautiful voice!" Then he remembered Daisy Storey: a reason for that voice! He half closed his eyes. A vast *Weltschmertz* possessed him. His thoughts dwelt on remote things of great aspect—skies and winds, the stars at night, the sea.

Then she giggled. She leaned forward and began to sing,

Through the dark of night,
I've got to go where you are . . . .
Through the fire and smoke,
I've got to go where you are . . . .
Chloe!

She interrupted herself. "Miss Laforge-Leigh's name is Chloe, isn't it?"

Barney laughed. He went to the piano and kissed her. She took her hands from the keys. Silence reëntered the room. His arms drew them together. Minutes passed ecstatically.

"Ah, there!"

They separated quickly. Muriel stood in the doorway. She held a cocktail glass in her hand. She smiled gayly and sipped from it. "Excuse the interruption. I came down to see why the concert had stopped. Why didn't you tell me you could sing, Miss Jamison?"

Janet had blushed crimson. "It isn't anything—"

"Nonsense! You're a wow. You have everything. How come you have such a drag with the nightingale, Barney? How come you know her at all? Muriel is nonplused."

"Why—"

Muriel waved her hand. "No alibis needed. I can guess. Go home, big boy. I want to talk to your girl friend."

Barney and Janet looked at each other. Muriel came into the room. She fingered one of Barney's lapels. "Seriously and not meaning to be rude. If you beat it, I'll do you a favor. A big favor."

Barney frowned at her. "You're tight as a tick."

"Any objections?"

"No. But—"

"Let Muriel do it all. She knows best. Onward, Christian Soldier! I've got to talk to our Janet."

"Maybe you'd better," Janet said.

Barney locked his jaws. "All right. I'll go." He returned from the hall with his hat. "I can be reached at my house."

HE slammed the door. What right had Muriel to break in? Why did Janet want him to go? He stalked along the street. He was embarrassed. He was furious at himself. Never had he lived through a more unsatisfactory day.

In the house, Muriel shouted from the foot of the stairs. "Irene! Bring down that cocktail-shaker."

The maid appeared with it.

"Where's Chloe?"

"Still in her room, Miss Leigh."

"Well, don't let her sneak downstairs." She turned to Janet. "Want a drink?

Well, sit down, anyway. I'm sorry I was rude to your boy friend. How'd you meet him?"

"In Mayville."

"I suspected something like that. How long ago?"

"Ten days. . . . No—eight."

"Exactly. He went out where you lived and accidentally met you. Know why?"

"No."

Muriel drained her glass and filled it again. "I'll tell you: Because you're me. And I, in a manner of speaking, am you."

"I don't quite understand."

"Of course not. We're going for a boat-ride, you and I. And I am going to be the glass in the bottom. Through me you can see everything. Poetic, what? Why'd Chloe bring you here? I figured that out a few minutes ago. Listen. You're Johnathan Leigh's daughter."

"I'm what?"

"Leigh's daughter. I'm only an impostor, a fake. When you and I were about four months old or something like that, Chloe switched us. Brilliant, eh? Your mother, who was Leigh's wife, took you abroad when you were a baby. Chloe went with you. Your mother—by the way, you look just like her—was washed overboard. Chloe hated your mother. When the ship landed in France, she found me. I happened to be a distant relative—of hers. She brought me back and said I was you, and she had you adopted in Cleveland."

"Buffalo."

"So it was. Buffalo."

JANET began to tremble slightly. Muriel went on: "Before Johnathan Leigh died he must have guessed there was something fishy about me. He must have dropped a hint in his will, because the Averys wouldn't read it. Instead, they very obviously hunted you out. But they never told you anything, did they?"

"No," Janet whispered. "He never said anything."

"They probably wanted to see if you were worth fighting for."

"Fighting for?"

"Sure. Leigh's money is yours. Only they have to prove it."

"Oh!"

"Well—where was I? Oh, yes. Why did Chloe bring you here? That stumped me for a while. It was the inspiration in the gin that brought light. Chloe must have told Valak. They're thick as thieves anyway, and she's been getting pretty moldy because Avery wouldn't probate my ex-father's will. Valak is out for the Leigh fortune. Wants to get it for Sabria, which my marriage to—my marriage would accomplish automatically. When she told Valak the truth, he probably decided to put you out of the picture. Valak doesn't stop for trifles. And you were a trifle to him.

"That would end Avery's case. He must have told Chloe. And she got cold feet and went to Mayville and nabbed you first."

Janet stared unspeaking at the other girl. Muriel chuckled. "Chloe always bit off more than she could chew. A very apt vulgarism, if you'll pardon it. Anyway that's the way I figured it out. I may be wrong. But it fits together. And here we are!"

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Janet watched her ring again. Her thoughts were in an indescribable turmoil. From it emerged one idea.

"Why did you tell me all this? You shouldn't have. I'm positive I'm not supposed to know. And—I can't see why you, of all people, should be the one—"

"You think it's generous of me?"

"More than that—"

Muriel rose. She swayed a little. "There is no generosity in my soul, young lady—none. I am hard and cruel. I told you and I will tell everyone simply—simply,"—and her expression became distorted,—"simply because when I go down, darling, Chloe is going still lower, so help me God! I hate her!" Very suddenly she began to sob desperately.

Ten minutes later she raised her head from Janet's lap. Her eyes were dull. "Will you forget this little interlude of tears?" she asked thickly.

"Of course."

"Not like me. It's the gin. Must be bad." She rose unsteadily. For a moment she saw Janet clearly. "You don't look very happy."

"Oh!" Janet said.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Shall I help you upstairs?"

"No. What's the matter?"

"Did Barney know that I was—who I am—when he went to Mayville?"

Muriel frowned and shook her head. "I don't— Oh! You mean did he know you were going to get all this money? Sure. He knew. That is what I was speaking to him about when he left." She shook her head again. "Call Irene. I've got to go to my room."

Janet went out in the hall. She watched Muriel as she slowly climbed the stairs. Then she sat down at the piano. Tears streamed from her eyes.

VALAK sent for the Prince. Rupert had strewn his room with cigarette-stubs. The Duke nodded toward a chair. He spoke with sharp emphasis.

"It is absolutely necessary to Sabria that we do not lose this fortune, no matter what it may cost us in face. I have cablegrams every day—"

"I know," Rupert said.

"There is only one logical thing for you to do."

"And that is?"

"I have decided that Chloe's case will not hold water against Avery's. It is too precarious. You must immediately lay plans to court the other girl. You must marry her as soon as appearances will allow. Of course, it will be obvious. But greater things than mere conventions are at stake. There is absolutely no alternative except failure, which is unthinkable. Miss Jamison is a very charming person. Not as sophisticated as Miss Leigh, but charming. I would suggest—"

Rupert rose. "Please say no more."

"You cannot refuse. It is logic—and logic is necessary at this time in spite of feelings. Make Miss Leigh your—"

"Motvia!"

"Pardon me, Your Highness, but—"

Rupert walked from the room without speaking again.

(The tangled web woven about Janet and her fortune is at last unraveled, in the climax of this alluring novel—which appears in the next, the May, issue.)

THE WILDERNESS SINGER

(Continued from page 25)

mountain trail. Then he turned and went on down toward Suleena.

THROUGH the trees, as Wolf neared home, he caught glimpses of his headquarters post. The plane was now safely anchored in the shallows. The small *Speedair,* which Cliff Rawlings used most of the time down at Century Lake, was tied up close beside the big craft.

Down the lake shore Professor McAllister was collecting fossil shells, relics of the ancient Jurassic sea which once had covered that land. In a flower plot beside the residence, Peg was cutting a bouquet, scissors in one hand, cigarette in the other. The stern lines of Wolf's face, lines put there by years of driving work, softened a little at that glimpse of her. These summer visits of Peg and her father were the most enjoyable period of the year for him. Always when they returned to Edmonton the house seemed empty for weeks afterward.

At his familiar whistle Peg glanced up, saw him, waved, and came tripping up the path.

"It's good to see you, Peg!" he greeted, his eyes sweeping from her trim brown pumps to her jaunty auburn hair. He gave her a kiss, as he was expected to do. "I'm sorry I was gone when you came."

"It's good to be back at Suleena. If Dad didn't have to lecture at summer session, I'd stay here till snow flies, and go south with the ducks."

Wolf laughed. She seemed to mean it, but yet he wondered . . . A man less assuming than Wolf would have known that Peg loved him and was hiding that love behind a light gay *camaraderie.*

In a way Wolf liked Peg, more than any girl he'd ever known, but deep in his heart, he did not respect her. Priding herself on being "modern," she had been free not only in her thinking but in her experiences with men. Wolf was loath to judge; he considered Peg a dozen times more admirable than many decorous girls he had met; but still he did feel there were a few things in life which a girl should reserve for her marriage.

Peg linked her arm through his, and together they started down the path.

"Did you kill the old silvertip, Wolf? Your people have been talking about it till I'm all scared."

"Yes, I got him." Thinking of those two unknowns who might strike at friends of his, he added: "But there might be some other bad ones around here, Peg. A person can't ever be sure. You shouldn't go too far away from the chateau unless with Loup-Ailé or me."

"What's wrong with your hand? Why, it's bleeding, Wolf!"

"Just a scratch. I spiked it on a devil's-club thorn when I was splashing a caribou fly."

Peg touched his wounded hand, patted it gently. The sensation of Wolf's kiss and the strength of his arms still lingered with her. Down in Edmonton she found herself always measuring other men by that unforgettable figure at far Suleena.

In the course of their casual talk she remarked: "I heard you wrote to Tavener and Rearick for life-insurance, Wolf. You're not expecting to die very soon, I hope."

"Can't ever tell, Peg." His smile was a bit hard at the thought of the ambushed rifles an hour ago. "Seriously, that insurance was just a business matter—to protect my creditors. I'm in the air a lot, and there's some danger to that—considering the conditions we fly under here. I don't want other folk to run my risks."

"How're your claims coming along? Everybody's been talking Century Lake all spring in Edmonton."

"Cliff and the outfit have put down test-holes on three of the seven. All they struck was some real nice gravel and black sand. Of course, I've got four more—to waste money on."

"If I owned claims in that field, I'd be down there looking after them myself."

"Sleeping right on the ground, I'd bet," Wolf laughed. "Oh, I don't know, Peg. . . . Of course, I wouldn't mind owning a half-million-dollar claim or two, but still . . . This fur ranching, and my other plans, they're a permanent thing. They're something I created, and I've got my heart in them. So I stay here and let Cliff 'tend to those claims."

They came out of the heavy woods into the semi-clearing. So far away from everything, so largely self-dependent, Wolf's home was like a little feudal-age estate. Fronting the Torndeek River on the west and the lake on the south, the grounds covered a space of two acres. The undergrowth and smaller trees had been cut away, but a score of towering pines remained, half-hiding the various buildings. Because he hated the bleak ugliness of the usual trading-post, Wolf had tried to build his own home prettily. The grounds were given to wildflower beds and lawn, and to graveled walks bordered by whitewashed stones. All trading affairs had been transferred a mile down-river to avoid having 'breeds and Indians loafing about.

The big ten-room chateau, built of the timber and stone of Suleena, stood in the center, with tall pines brushing against its upper story. Back behind it clustered the cabins, tiny sawmill, Weather Bureau station, carpenter shop, and the small ice-house filled with blocks sawed out of the Torndeek in winter. At the wave edge stood the broad low hangar where the planes were drawn to shelter when storms woke up the lake.

OUT on the river two of Wolf's *métis* in a sturgeon-head were running a bultow line. As they lifted out the wriggling fish, they kept calling excitedly: "Ha! *Un gros! Splaa! Un p'tit!*" Several of the Indian women were working in their gardens of quick-maturing vegetables. Far across the lake two York boats, sweeping a net between them, were taking whitefish for the fur ranch just down the Torndeek.

As they drew near the chateau, Peg swung the talk back:

"Tavener and Rearick sent their best field inspector—in fact, the head of their insurance department—down here to see you about that policy, Wolf."

"They did? Why, when? How on earth did he find his way back into this country?"

"She came with us."

"She?"

"Jean Laramie—Imogene Laramie—a friend of ours. She found she couldn't get down here any other way, so I told her to come along with us. Or Dad did—she was one of his students at the University. She'll go back out at her first chance, but she'll have to put up here till then. You probably won't object—she's easy to look at."

Wolf said nothing for a moment. Then he commented, dryly: "I'd guess as much, without your telling me so."

Glancing up at him, Peg saw a sardonic expression on his face.

"Well, she *is* pretty. Men, at least, think she's beautiful—men like Tavener. But how did you guess it?"

"No great trouble." Wolf's voice was a bit scornful. "I suppose they thought that if they'd send a pretty girl, she'd sign me up for an extra hundred thousand or so on the strength of her good looks. I resent that sort of tactics. It's cheap."

"But why shouldn't she have come?" Peg defended. "It's her regular work. She can't help her good looks, can she? Oh, you'll like her well enough. She's your idea of a nice girl. She's conceited and proud and awfully successful and superior—like you."

WOLF laughed a little at the thrust. "I'll make her welcome, of course," he assured Peg. "I'll try hard to be decent, even if it doesn't come natural."

They stepped around the west wing of the residence, and Wolf saw a strange girl just ahead of him, yonder under one of the great pines. Bending down, laughing, she was playing with a baby bear which one of his Indians had brought in and which had become a lovable nuisance about the place.

He noticed her supple grace as she skillfully parried the sharp little teeth and curved claws. How black her hair was! How pliant her body, how pleasant her quiet laughter!

She was wearing a black and white silk dress, neat small slippers, a light leather coat with silver-fox collar—expensive and dainty clothes. Though the plane had come more than two hours ago, she had not taken off her coat. That struck Wolf as odd. But then he guessed the reason: "She didn't want to give the appearance of having invited herself here. She came a thousand miles in answer to a business letter, and then wouldn't presume on anything. I'll have to make her know she's welcome."

With Peg, he walked on toward her. She heard their footsteps, rose, turned, and Wolf was face to face with her. She glanced at Peg, looked at him. At that first moment of their eyes meeting, Wolf's former uncharitable opinion of her fell suddenly to the ground. She was younger than he, young as Peg—slender, proud, with a girlish modesty that altogether rebuked that former opinion. Her black eyes, looking at him so steadily, searchingly, were alive with a magnetic personal-

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ity. The nameless charm about her, the witchery of her face and body, brought back Peg's envious words: "Men think she's beautiful."

Peg introduced: "Jean, this is Wolf Lingard." Quick to catch the nuances of like and dislike, she saw that their reaction to each other was not casual.

Wolf started to offer her his hand, then hesitated and bowed awkwardly in acknowledgment. He avoided her eyes after that first moment. Peg marveled: "Heavens! Jean has got him flustered! He's afraid of her."

Imogene said: "Peg probably told you I came on that insurance matter, Mr. Lingard. I didn't want to invite myself in your plane to your home, but I couldn't make any other arrangements."

Scarcely knowing what to say, Wolf was struggling with a vague memory; her low voice, the clear golden quality of it, stirred some sense of familiarity that was faint as a dream. It seemed impossible that he could ever have met her, for certainly he would never have forgotten. But the notion persisted.

He invited clumsily: "Why, I'm glad. . . . You mustn't feel unwelcome, Miss Laramie, because I didn't—because it was Peg that asked you."

"If you'll be going over to the Waterways shortly, I can catch a plane on south from one of those posts."

"Why don't you start walking back tonight, Jean?" Peg inquired ironically. "You know you wanted to get out of the city for a while. What was it you said—you'd 'love to lope the bush again'?"

Imogene flushed slightly. Wolf knew she had said these things in confidence. Peg shouldn't have repeated them.

He tried to turn Peg's tactless remark aside. "You made a thousand-mile trip as a favor to me, Miss Laramie. I'd like to be hospitable, in return for that. When you do want to go, I'll take you out to McMurray. Right now I know you must be tired. Won't you come up to the house?"

He led them into the living-room. Conscious of being host, he glanced around and thankfully noticed that Paula Brulette had tidied things up. In the big fireplace a fire had been kindled against the chill of evening, and fresh wildflowers had been gathered for the birchbark creels around the walls. Carpeted with grizzly skins, furnished with rustic things which Jacques Brulette had turned out at the carpenter shop, the room had always seemed respectable enough to Wolf; but now in the presence of his gentle visitor he thought it rather crude.

HE made apology: "I expect you'll find this place a bit rough-and-ready, Miss Laramie, compared to what you've been used to."

She turned her black eyes to him. "Why, I don't think so at all! It's just the opposite. I know what the usual fur post is like. The Bay has a few nice ones, but none as pretty as yours here. You've built very handsomely."

Wolf colored a little. She seemed to imply that when she first landed she had fancied him a remarkable person to build so remarkably. What must she be thinking of him now, awkwardly fumbling his rifle, conscious of his patched jacket and his bullet-torn hat.

Picking up her traveling bag, he suggested: "Peg and I'll show you a room. We'll have sup—dinner—whenever you like."

Upstairs he paused at a door. "I think this one will be best."

Peg flashed him a knowing glance that taunted: "Your room? Giving up your own room to her!" However, she did not betray him. Wolf was grateful to her for that.

Inside, he whisked a pipe off the dresser, slipped a bootjack under the bed, and prayed that his visitor would not notice the faint odor of tobacco in the room.

Leaving her, he stepped into his study, poured some antiseptic on his hand, bandaged it; and then went downstairs.

By the window, looking out at the river, he waited for voices in the hall above. He forgot about Professor McAllister, about his grim rifle-battle that afternoon, about those two unknown enemies whom Loup-Ailé was tracking down; for his thoughts were all with the strange splendid girl he had just met. The charm and sweetness of Imogene Laramie clung with him, as something he had never known before. Yet that faint expression of having previously known her kept coming back, vague, tantalizing.

Peg came on down and joined him.

"Well, what do you think of her, Wolf?"

"She's a—a most exceptional girl—"

"Yes, I suppose so. You ought to get an invitation to visit her in Edmonton, Wolf. Her apartment is quite a *salon célèbre*. It's a distinction, I understand, to be invited there."

"I guess so," Wolf said. "Yes, she gives the impression of— She comes from a good family, doesn't she?"

PEG'S smile was cynical. "My, but you are a fine judge of people! She came from somewhere in northern British Columbia—the Métis River country, I believe it's called. Her dad was some penniless free-trader, or something like that. He got killed a few years ago in some drunken knife-fight. She came to Edmonton at seventeen, without a cent or a day's schooling. She worked at anything she could get, while she was taking some business course. Then she became a secretary in the law firm of Tavener and Rearick, and put herself through the university that way. After she graduated, Tavener made her the head of their insurance department. That's how she climbed up."

Peg meant her account as a disparagement of Imogene Laramie. Wolf took it as high praise. Miss Laramie had risen from nothing, as he had. Her path must have been a lot harder than his, for she was a girl. But yet she'd gone through a university, had a good position and evidently a broad circle of friends.

"Do you know C. D.?" Peg asked abruptly.

"Who?"

"Attorney Tavener. People call him by his initials."

Wolf shook his head. "Not personally." He had heard a lot of the distinguished councilor, but never had met him. A masterly lawyer, a man of wealth and integrity, Tavener had lately entered politics and was being mentioned as the coming premier of the province.

"Why do you ask that, Peg?"

"Oh—nothing."

Her air of mystery told Wolf there must be something. He said: "You seem to've bracketed her and Tavener a lot."

"Per*haps!* Good reason."

"You're implying something, Peg."

Peg dropped her mysteriousness and became confiding. "You mustn't quote me, Wolf, but—Tavener's been wanting her to marry him since she was in her 'teens. They haven't formally announced it yet, and it's their business, of course, but—"

Wolf demanded, sharply: "She's not engaged to him?"

Peg drove her point home, and clenched it with sarcasm. "Of course she isn't, silly! C. D.'s only worth about a million, an' he's likely to be our next premier. She's got sense enough not to turn down a chance like that!"

Chapter Two

LATE that night Imogene stepped outside of the chateau and walked down to the river bank. Everybody except herself, it seemed, had gone to bed. The Indian and *méti* cabins were silent. Professor McAllister and Cliff Rawlings were asleep. Peg was up in her room, smoking, reading, and not at all sociable. Something queer had come over her in the last few hours. She had turned as cold as a shift of wind to the north. Poor wayward Peg—how little of idealism in her life! With no worries, no work, no goal, she had always been free to indulge whatever promptings she liked, had sacrificed the most precious possession of her girlhood on strange altars. . . . However much she liked Peg, Imogene could not excuse this last.

A young Indian, silent as a shadow, came up the river trail, glanced at Imogene coldly as he passed, and went on toward the chateau. With amazed eyes Imogene looked after him, "Why, you dusky young prince of indifference!" she thought. It was the coldest glance she had ever got in her life.

She turned back, gazed out upon the river. It was hard to realize that she was down in the far North, in the heart of the sub-Arctic Rockies, when just last night she'd gone to sleep in the hum of a city. That long flight, hundreds of miles down the Athabasca, Slave, Mackenzie, across a beautiful foothill country, across mighty range after range—she seemed to have come to the end of the world.

There had been a time when she hated the wilderness because of the memories it held, those bitter memories of her childhood on the upper Métis. But that time had passed. As she listened to wilderness sounds that she knew and loved, she felt she would gladly trade all that the city meant to her if only she could go to sleep with the song of pines and whisper of a river in her ears, and could be a part of the round of seasons in a country like Suleena.

When she glanced about again, she saw that Wolf had come out of the house. He was talking with the young Indian who had given her that cold look. It was evidently a matter of some importance; they were conversing in low tones, taking care not

to be overheard. A shaft of light from the living-room window gleamed on the steel of their rifles.

After a while Wolf came over toward her, bringing the Indian.

"Miss Laramie, I want you to know my friend Loup-Ailé."

Imogene perceived instantly that the relationship between them was not the usual hunter-guide sort, but a quiet comradeship. Taking her cue from that, she offered Loup-Ailé her hand and tried to make him feel at ease. But he refused to thaw. He gave her another cold look, nodded haughtily and simply walked away.

"He doesn't mean to be rude," Wolf apologized for him. "He just—ah—"

"—hates girls," Imogene finished. "I don't blame him—they are nuisances, aren't they?"

She was sorry for her remark. She turned it aside. Glancing at her wrist-watch, she exclaimed: "A quarter past twelve, and no darkness. It seems awfully odd—midnight, and just the same as day! I've been waiting for night to come, and it won't come!"

Wolf pointed across the river to a towering western range. "That's the sun you see up there on the peaks and *névés*. It's shut off down here in the valley, but up there you can see it around the clock. It just dips down toward the northwest and slides along the northern horizon and then starts back up again. We have about two months of that, here. You'd find this constant light gets old pretty quick. I'm always glad to see the dark again in August."

Thoughtfully, as he looked across at the western mountains, Imogene studied his lean features, his wavy hair, the lines of work on his face. He seemed tired.

"I hope you're not staying up out of courtesy to me, Mr. Lingard. I'm not a bit sleepy."

"Neither am I. I was intending to go down to my fur-ranch. The animals are running at this time of the day, and I get to see them." He added: "It's just a mile down the river."

"I'd like to go too," she suggested. "If I wouldn't be in the way—"

He seemed grateful for her company. From little hints, a glance, a stray word, Imogene realized that he was idealizing her. He'd given her his own room, thinking she did not know. He seemed to think that nothing at Suleena was good enough for her.

As he caught up his rifle from against a tree and they started down the river-trail together, it was she who made talk:

"People mention your fur-ranch quite a lot, Mr. Lingard. When you first began, the ranchers used to smile at your strange methods, didn't they?"

"Yes, they did." With a touch of pride he added: "But now, some of those same ranchers make this long plane trip down North here to look my place over and get pointers."

"C. D.—that's Mr. Tavener—wanted to make the trip, just to see it. But he couldn't get away."

WOLF shut up like a clam. The mention of Tavener jarred on him, stirring a deep primitive jealousy. In spite of Peg's sarcasm, he felt that Imogene would not marry Tavener because of his money or position but because she loved him; and

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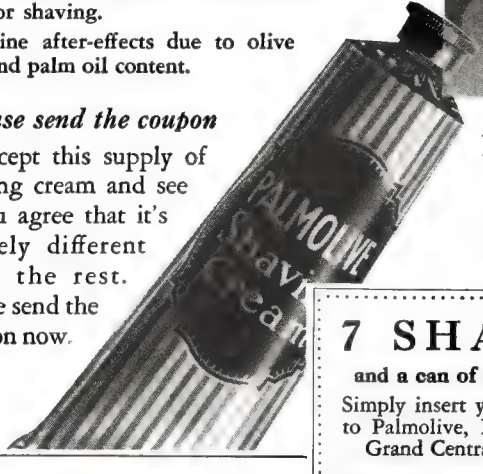

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he envied a man who could capture her affection.

All down the trail, he was silent, wrestling with that faint memory of having previously met her, and wondering how, on her salary, she'd been able to lay up fifty thousand dollars, as Professor McAllister had mentioned to him. She had made it all herself. That was certainly an extraordinary thing for a girl to do, starting from nothing. He thought: "She's as far out of debt as I am in! I wonder if she's going to leave in a day or two, or if she'll care to stay till the McAllisters go out."

Turning up along a stream, he took her inland from the Torndeek. Half a mile up, the little valley widened into a small basin. From the creek there a series of deep secluded hollows led back into the rocky, heavily wooded hills.

Across the mouth of the first three hollows Imogene saw lines of high fencing and swaths cut through the timber to keep trees from blowing down upon the wire.

"The silver and black breeding foxes are in these first two hollows," Wolf pointed out. "That third hollow has several overfalls and pools in it, and that's where I've got my otters. In the next I'm planning to keep my scrub foxes and yearlings." He did not add: "As soon as I can raise money for the fencing."

"But I don't see any pens. Are they up those hollows?"

"You won't see any pens! There aren't any! Those hollows are the pens. I got clear away from cooping wild animals up in tiny unnatural clutches. Notice the rock cliffs walling those hollows in? They're from a hundred to three hundred feet high all around. Nothing can get in, and nothing out. A few hundred yards of fencing across the mouth, and you've enclosed several thousand acres for the animals to range in. I lose a stray animal now and then through fighting, but it's only among the males in February. I haven't lost one in five years from the diseases that sweep other ranches. When I have to sell some foxes occasionally, I get blue-ribbon prices for the breeding stock, and the fur I send to auction fools the expert graders, because it's got the natural wild sheen."

Slipping up into the first hollow, they glimpsed several of the sly silvers, and saw a vixen leading out her litter of fuzzy cubs on a mouse-hunt. In the otter hollow, where Wolf was having the first real success ever achieved with that freedom-loving creature of wild streams, they watched a group of twenty-odd animals splashing and playing in an overfalls pool.

ON their walk home, in the morning sun of two o'clock, Wolf confided:

"As soon as I can swing it, Miss Laramie, I'm starting with pine marten, fisher and the rarer fur-bearers. There's simply no limit to the possible expansion of this ranching work. Hollows like these are strung down the Torndeek for five hundred miles!"

Imogene tried to imagine a fur ranch five hundred miles long. It seemed fanciful, but yet it was plainly possible. It took clear eyes to conceive such a gigantic project, courage to tackle it, hard work to drive it through. It took a towering person—but that person was on the job! She could understand Wolf's patched jacket, his rigorous self-denial, when he had such a stupendous vista ahead.

As she listened to him, she remembered a remark of Tavener's once, that a new race of men were springing up in the North. Young giants they were—flyers, engineers, courageous adventurers, who were taking to the air, opening mines five hundred miles from Steel-end, caring nothing for savage cold or paralyzing muskeg country or any other obstacle. Young of heart, they were bending the North to their will, doing the "impossible" of their elders. Flying by itself was a man's work, in sixty-below weather, in storms, with no base within hundreds of miles; and yet with Wolf Lingard flying was but a minor side-line!

At the chateau they got breakfast for themselves in the kitchen and took it into the living-room. Imogene noticed the radio.

"You must have a real need of that down here, Mr. Lingard."

"I get personal messages over it pretty often, and sometimes in the evening I listen to K-H-B. They've got Alouette."

"Then you've heard Alouette singing? I know her."

WOLF stared delightedly. "You do? What sort of woman is she? What's her real name?"

"She doesn't like to have her name known. But what do folks in the North really think of her? I've often wondered whether her reputation isn't mostly publicity—"

"It isn't! She's good. She's making a tremendous hit all through the North. Alouette is an institution with us. One time last winter when I flew over to Fort Smith, I asked a fellow what the news was, and he said: 'Alouette's sick; she'll be out two weeks.' That was the chief news of the day."

"What's her secret, do you think?"

"For one thing, she knows wilderness life from A to Z. I don't know how, unless she was born and raised to it. You never hear the real thing anywhere else, but she knows it and interprets it. She sings French and Cree and Chippewyan songs like a native. And timber-camp chanteys and the old *voyageur* chansons. And her own, too. They're the best of 'em all—her own. But her real secret—" Wolf pondered a moment. He tried to explain: "Life in this country is cruel in some ways, and in others it's glorious. A fellow has got to keep his eyes open to the splendid. If he doesn't, he'll break; he'll go native in six months. That's what Alouette does for us—she braces us up. A person can't disparage her ideals, because they're true. She knows what she's talking about."

Upstairs in her room, Imogene pulled down the window-shade, and with fatigue getting the best of her at last, she lay down on the bed. But she could not sleep—she was in a predicament, and had to get out of it first. For a while she debated ways and means. Finally, taking her dilemma boldly by the horns, she got up, scribbled a hasty note, stepped outside, slipped it under the door of Wolf's study.

When Wolf came up later, he saw the paper as he stepped inside. He picked it up, read it—read it with an intense shock of surprise.

Mr. Lingard:

I didn't mean to fish for compliments. I just wanted your real honest opinion, and you gave it, and I'm awfully glad that you like—

Alouette.

The note slipped from his fingers to the floor as he gazed at it incredulously.

Chapter Three

THE two weeks of Imogene's visit at Suleena were a chaotic, timeless blur for Wolf. He was clear-headed enough to know he was falling blindly in love with her. Common sense told him he should stop it at any cost—she was engaged; she was going to another man. But he was powerless; his habits of self-control were paralyzed. Imogene Laramie had come into his life like an answer to all his years of loneliness. The loneliness had always been there; he had always wanted her, but he had not realized it until destiny, disguised as a business trip, had brought her to Suleena.

A terrific energy burned in him those bewildered days; yet his work stood still, and he half-forgot that he owned a ranch and chain of posts. At times his conscience twitched him for deserting Loup-Ailé, who was trying desperately to run down those two unknowns; but that sense of guilt was fleeting. Cliff Rawlings sent him urgent summons from Century Lake, where his Gulch claim showed signs of being a fair strike. But he shoved that trip off: he could go when Imogene was no longer there.

The staggering discovery that she was the golden-voiced Alouette whom he'd listened to on winter evenings, coming back from cold raw trips, merely put her farther beyond his reach. She had horizons of her own; she had already won success. His horizons were still clouded. Who was he, to think she might like him?

That engagement to Tavener—he carried it around with him constantly, a numbing thing. The fortnight was bearable to him only because he knew, when he walked the landwash, that she was asleep yonder in his room, and that tomorrow he would see her and hear her voice and be with her again; but he foresaw the intolerable anguish in the months to come when he would walk the night lake shore and know she was a thousand miles away, in a city with the man she was going to marry.

On the last evening of her visit he asked her if she would go on a little trip with him. Imogene consented to the trip eagerly, as though she had expected it of him. In the queer light of twelve o'clock they went down to the landwash, Wolf carrying his rifle, their fishing things, a blanket for the canoe. Gliding past the anchored plane, they headed out across silent Suleena toward the southwestern shore six miles away.

Leaning back against the middle thwart in the comfortable niche he had arranged for her, Imogene watched the receding shore. Her right arm lay along the gunwale toward him, with some scintillating ring on her finger; and a jeweled comb in her splendor of black silken hair was darting cold brilliant fires. Studying the delicate profile of her lips and nose and throat, Wolf was thinking, as he drove the

craft along: "Tonight, here in this canoe with me; tomorrow at this hour, a thousand miles away!" A few hours would pass noiselessly, and then Imogene would be gone. Nothing at Suleena would change; the round of day and night, of spring slipping into summer, of mating and flowering, growth and death, would go on as before, and yet the whole face of his life would be changed.

The northern shore gradually became a mere dark blur as they progressed out into the middle of the big lake.

Imogene stirred. "Wolf, there's a canoe following us. I've been wondering what it was, and just now it turned a little broadside, and I made it out."

He glanced back. A quarter mile behind, a vague mottled shadow was keeping back at the limit of vision.

"It's Loup-Ailé, Imogene. I asked him to follow us."

Thoughtfully, she glanced at his rifle, at that mottle shadowing them, as though she had her suspicions. Wolf wondered whether she'd noticed the invisible guard that he and Loup-Ailé had put over her and Peg. Did she guess that Loup-Ailé had come along to keep the back-trail covered?

"I'm sorry to be leaving here tomorrow, Wolf," she said earnestly. "I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed these two weeks."

"I'm glad—if you found it pleasant," he stammered. He wanted to touch her hand so near him, to take her into his arms and tell her she must stay at Suleena always.

"The next time you get down to Edmonton, Wolf, you'll come to see me, won't you?"

A dozen emotions went galloping through him.

"I'd be glad. . . . It's kind of you, Imogene." But he knew as he said it that he would never go. How could he endure to see her again—after tomorrow?

She seemed puzzled by his evasion. Frowning a little, she looked at him for a moment.

"Wolf, I haven't offended you in any way, have I?"

Wolf missed a stroke of the paddle.

"You—offended me?"

"Yes. You didn't accept my invitation just now at all. I wasn't being nice, in return for your hospitality. I meant it."

"But I didn't know—I didn't want to be presumptuous."

"Well, you should have known! I wouldn't go—the way we're doing tonight—if I considered you just an acquaintance."

Wolf was bewildered as to how to take that. What on earth did she mean?

AHEAD of them the shore at the foot of Morning Sun loomed up through the mist. In a little while he made out the mouth of the Grayling River, and the clearing where Sam Carns' old trading-post had been located.

Guiding into the mouth of the Grayling, Wolf skirled past the old post, ascended the stream six hundred yards and landed on the rocky eastern shore. As he glanced around, he saw Loup-Ailé silently glide in, two hundred yards away, not intruding on their solitude but ready to back up his *tyee's* rifle with his own.

When Imogene stepped out, Wolf

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beached the craft, caught up his rifle and the fishing things.

They sat down on a rock beyond reach of the spray. Wolf noticed that Imogene had slipped her left hand inside her coat and was warming it against her body. Her breath formed white vapor.

"You're cold," he said. "Let me fetch the blanket."

"Nothing except my hands, just a little bit. I should have worn heavier gloves."

"Take mine, won't you?"

She shook her head firmly. "You wouldn't have any then. My left hand is all right."

"Then take one, anyway. Please."

She glanced at his big gauntlet. She seemed debating something.

"We might use—my right hand does need thawing. . . . I won't take it from you, but we might—we could use it together."

It gave Wolf an odd sensation to feel her small cold hand, so cold it was numb, slipping into the heavy glove with his.

A startling possibility seized him: Maybe Peg didn't know the truth about her and Tavener! Maybe Peg was repeating some gossipy rumor, or reasoning what *she'd* do if she were Imogene. They might *not* be engaged!

He looked up and saw Loup-Ailé coming out of the pines.

He was hurrying directly toward them, From his manner something had happened.

"What's up, Loup?"

Loup-Ailé wasted no words. "Those two men with whom you had rifle-talk, *tyee*, are yonder in Carns' old trading-post."

"*What?* What's that?"

"They came out of the timber above the clearing and crept down to the old building. They went into it. I watched from the clearing edge, but they did not come out. They are waiting there."

Imogene looked from one to the other of them, wondering what it was all about.

"Did they see us?" Wolf demanded. "Do they know we're here?"

Loup-Ailé nodded. "They know. They *sneaked* across the clearing. They must have camped last night up the slope of Morning Sun, and saw you from there."

"Let's get inside the timber," Wolf bade quickly. "We're too exposed here—if they'd happen to get impatient."

They stepped across the landwash into the pines, and found covert in a boulder jumble beside a little torrent. Wolf was swearing at his luck—to run up against those two unknowns now!

THERE was no lying to her about their predicament, so he told her the facts of his strange feud. She took the news coolly, as he'd known she would. He noticed Loup-Ailé watching her; in the young Indian's eyes he saw something like a glint of admiration at her steadiness.

Wolf tried to plan. Those bush-sneaking unknowns had cut off the way home.

He said finally: "Loup, you and Imogene stay here. Don't expose yourselves. Keep down in cover. I'm going to slip out there toward the open and look that place over. If I get a glimpse of them at that distance, it'll be just too bad."

Taking Imogene's bird-glasses, he crept out to the edge of the open. From a tangle of windfall and rocks he studied the old post intently. Everything seemed peaceful in the sunlit clearing. No sign, no stir, from those enemies waiting there to kill him. But a pair of little flycatchers, which evidently were nesting inside the log building, were perched on the roof, crying their excited *pee-whit, pee-wee.* Occasionally they darted down and alighted on the sill of an empty window, but always they bounced off again with their shrill little "snake call" of fear.

ALTHOUGH Wolf watched the window for a full ten minutes, bringing it close to him with the binoculars, he caught no glimpse of his enemies.

Moving carefully, he bent down a birch sapling, cut it off with his knife, trimmed away the branches and top. Taking off hat and jacket, he fixed them on the pole, padding the jacket with leafy branches and extending the arms. When the thing satisfied him, he raised it above his covert.

It was so perfect an illusion that sharp-eyed Loup-Ailé, scarcely fifty yards away, was taken in by it. Wolf smiled as he caught a low marmot whistle, thrice repeated, from the little glade. It was Loup-Ailé, warning: "Get down! Be careful!"

When he was ready, he cracked a dry stick loudly. A few moments later, he broke another. Then he waited for developments.

They came, swiftly.

At the squat log building a pair of rifles cracked out suddenly, splitting the dead silence with their ringing *kroom!*

As the first two bullets zipped through his jacket, Wolf gave the pole a convulsive jerk. With the pair yonder emptying their magazines at the lurching, staggering figure, with bullets singing over him, *splaatting* through jacket and hat and whanging among the trees, he toppled the pole backward, and it fell among the ferns and deerbrush.

His deception had results that he had not counted on. Back at the little glade he heard a savage yell from Loup-Ailé and a cry from Imogene—an inarticulate cry of overwhelming horror and anguish.

Fighting off Loup-Ailé's attempt to stop her, she sprang up and ran toward his covert, oblivious of those snarling rifles.

Wolf called: "Imogene! Get down, down, girl! I'm safe here."

His words halted her. Thirty yards away, she whipped down behind a boulder.

"Wolf! They didn't hit you? We thought—I saw you fall—"

He bade her in guarded voice: "Go back to the torrent, Imogene. Stay with Loup-Ailé. They didn't touch me."

Not knowing how much of this incident his enemies had heard and seen, or whether they guessed his deception now, he thrust his rifle through a chink between two logs and studied the building.

For a space of ten minutes he saw nothing. Then dimly, back several feet from the window, he made out a vague blurred movement. Leveling his rifle, he took careful aim and fired, sending a bullet through the empty panes.

At the crack of his gun a yelp went up, yonder in the building.

Uncertain whether he had killed or merely wounded, he lay motionless, waiting a second chance. Nothing moved; nothing stirred. A quiet settled over the clearing again, over the woods around him.

Wolf kept turning to see that Imogene was in safe cover. His blood was hammering, not at his danger, not at the fight on his hands, but at that cry of hers, that passionate cry when she thought he had fallen. It rang in his ears; it was a cry right out of a girl's heart.

"She wouldn't have cried like that, unless— It hit her harder than it did Loup-Ailé! I'm going to— When I get back there to her—"

Half an hour after his lone shot, he noticed that the two woods pewees had become bold enough to alight and stay on the window-sill. Presently they flew inside, came out, then went in again; and this time the female did not reappear. That meant she had gone back to her eggs in the nest. And that meant those two unknowns were no longer in the building.

Guessing what they had done, Wolf backed out of his covert, hurried up the mountain slope where he had view of the clearing, the Grayling, and the lake shore stretching eastward. A few minutes later he caught a glimpse of a canoe, four miles down that lake shore, whipping around a timbered headland and into the mouth of a small river.

"Must have only winged the one I hit," he thought. "They must have sneaked out of the post on the other side, and got down to the lake. That's Loup-Ailé's canoe they made their get-away in."

It was suicidal to follow them. On the narrow river they'd whipped into, they could lay a deadly ambush. Besides, he had another use for the next hour.

He turned away and dropped back down toward the glade.

ON his way down he stopped at a patch of snow lilies—small dainty flowers of a rare kind, and virgin-white as the snow that gave them their name. Picking a cluster, he took them along with him.

"Loup," he directed, after telling what had happened, "you go over there to that old building and look around and see if they've been using it for their headquarters. We'll meet you down at the landwash."

When Loup-Ailé was out of the way, he offered the cluster of lilies to Imogene. As she looked at the rare white blossoms and then at him, Wolf knew she realized why he was giving them to her.

Hesitant a moment, she took the flowers from his hand and pinned them at her breast. Long afterward, in brooding and desperate hours, Wolf remembered that incident of the lilies. . . .

"We needn't leave—just yet," he said. "Loup-Ailé won't be down there for some time. I'm sorry I put you to that fright, Imogene."

She did not answer him. A splash of sun, slanting between two pines, lay upon her head and arms and breast.

"Imogene—"

She did not look up.

"Why did you say we're friends, and why did you invite me to come to see you, when—when you're engaged?"

"When I'm engaged?" She started, visibly. "Why—why, what are you talking about?"

He plunged recklessly. "I mean Tavener. You're going to marry him?"

Imogene's black eyes widened; her lips parted in amazement.

"Am I going to marry Mr. Tavener?" She echoed the words as though they were preposterous. "Why, what on earth—

Wolf, what made you ask a thing like that?"

He fumbled for explanation. "I did—did think so. I was led to believe so."

"'Led to?'" she demanded sharply. "Where under heaven did you get that idea? Who told you that? I never in my life thought of marrying Tavener."

For all the tumult in him, Wolf realized he must shield Peg. Peg had gossiped.

"I—I—it was just my impression."

But Imogene nailed the truth. "Peg told you!" Her face flushed with anger. "Peg repeated that crazy rumor to you. She had no right to do that."

"Then it isn't so? You say it isn't so?"

"So you've been thinking that! Wolf, there isn't a breath of truth to it. There never was or will be. He's been a good friend; he's one of the best men I've ever known, and he—he did ask me; but Wolf, he's years older than I am, and I simply never thought of him that way."

She turned away. She made again as if to start back to the canoe.

"Jean! Don't go! You came like a dream here to Suleena. You seemed, you seem, as impossible as a dream."

A swift color had flown into her cheeks. She would not look at him. She tried to free her hands.

"Jean, look at me."

She lifted her head, and he met her eyes. There were tears in them—of shame, of anger, of love she could not deny. His heart went racing. He tried to say something to express the miracle of those moments to him, but he could only repeat her name. "Jean—Jean—" He found himself gathering her into his arms, and she yielded to his strength, with all the protest suddenly gone out of her. He kissed her hair, her forehead. Her own arm slipped about his shoulder.

Chapter Four

IN a slashing rain of a late July evening a big silver-and-gold De Haviland sat down on Cooking Lake, twenty miles from Edmonton, and taxied up to a private pier. Two men, wearing slickers and carrying their duffle bags, got out.

Gray, the pilot, pulled some ropes from under a seat, locked the cabin, began fastening the mooring-lines to the pontoon braces.

His companion, Dalbey, a man of thirty with alert sharp eyes and the suggestion of a faint hard smile perpetually on his face, jumped out onto the pier and made the lines fast as Gray tossed him the ends.

Together they followed a slippery clay road up a little hill to a store that supplied a cluster of resort cabins along the lake there.

Dalbey nodded to the proprietor. "Hello, Ed. Use your phone? Much obliged." Stepping into the booth, he closed the door, called an Edmonton number. A butler answered. Dalbey said crisply: "Speak to Mr. Faulkner. Important." He heard the extension phone ring in Hugh Faulkner's library. The receiver was lifted. "—Hugh? Dalbey talking. Gray and I just got in from Great Slave. We're out at Cooking. . . . You're sending a car? Thanks."

He paid for the call, bought a *Bulletin* to read on the trip in, and rejoined Gray.

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"Hugh invited us to stay at his place tonight."

"That's good," Gray remarked. "Hugh's a fine chap. If I had his million and a half bucks, I'd probably be high-hat as hell."

"Yeah, most of us. Another thing about Hugh, he don't set back and shove off the dangerous jobs onto his men. He'll tackle any trick himself that he'd ask you or me to tackle, Gray. You'll find that out when you've been with him as long as I have."

Dalbey was leaning forward, appearing to be most confidential. He had the trick of seeming to be talkative and to disclose all he knew; yet in reality he kept important things strictly to himself. Just now he was talking with a purpose—to influence Don Gray, who was new to Faulkner's service and not altogether at ease yet in it. The flyer was an extremely valuable man, but he had some old-fashioned notions in his head, and his conscience might start troubling him later on.

"Another thing about Hugh,"—Dalbey's points seemed a defense of a career and of a character that needed defense,—"he'll stand by his men till hell freezes over."

Gray sipped his tea and glanced at the *Bulletin* headlines. "I notice another write-up about that railroad from the Landing to Hay River. If that ever goes through, it'll shove Steel-end within four hundred miles of Suleena. Won't the Torndeek take a jump then?"

"Won't it! Hugh'll be sitting pretty, with the fur trading and other things under his thumb."

"You expect him to shoulder Lingard out of the Torndeek pretty easy, eh?"

"It won't be any *easy* job. Lingard's a tough nut. Ever meet him? But Lingard's sailing close to the wind, and hasn't any reserve. A couple of good hard smashes, and his system'll crack."

GRAY lit a cigarette, nervous after his nine-hundred-mile hop.

"Say, Dal," he asked, "is this just a business scrap between Hugh and Lingard? I've sort of felt there was something personal in it."

"Personal? Well, I hope! It was just slated for those two to collide, seems like. One little incident—it don't look like it amounts to much, but Hugh was real young then, and he never forgot it: He used to walk off with these Saskatchewan skating championships every year; but one year along came a dark horse, a young chap like him, and nosed him out. Made a clean slam of the whole meet—"

"Lingard?"

"Absolutely. Hugh felt that. And then—you remember reading about that Clearwater wildcatting scandal seven years ago? No? Well, Hugh was putting it across and standing to clean up handsome. Lingard was prospecting in that green-rock belt then. He got next to things and ripped the deal wide open. He hadn't any business butting in; he didn't lose anything. The papers gave Hugh the worst panning in his life. And there's been other things between 'em. As I said, those two were just slated to collide."

Dalbey was leafing carelessly through his part of the *Bulletin*.

He whistled. "Lord Almighty! Can you imagine? *Hoo-wough!*"

"What on earth're you going into a tail-spin about?"

Dalbey managed to control himself.

"Lingard's getting married."

"The devil he is! Who's the girl?"

From outside came the squeal of brakes. Dalbey slipped the fateful paper into his pocket, for a careful reading later.

"The girl?" He got up. *"That's the point—the girl!* Lord Almighty! Let's go."

IN the library of his home Faulkner was waiting for his two men and for Dalbey's report of what he'd accomplished down north.

A tall, athletic man, well-educated, in the prime of his early thirties, Hugh Faulkner was a personage in the province.

On the smoking-stand beside him lay a *Bulletin,* opened to the page which had staggered Dalbey—those two pictures bracketed together, that caption *"Laramie-Lingard"* staring up at him. He wanted to tear it, obliterate it with his hands, but it seemed to have some fatal kind of fascination for him, and he let it lie.

The paper's news was not news to him. He had heard it three nights ago at a party: "Imogene Laramie's engaged, I hear—" The casual words had struck him like a club-blow betwen the eyes. "To whom? When?" "To that man called Lingard, down north at Suleena. Just recent. Seems to have come on quick."

He had stumbled to the window and flung it open. Imogene engaged! And to Wolf Lingard! It had sent his world crashing out of its orbit.

When the two men came, he brought out whisky and soda. Faulkner presently asked:

"Any luck on your trick down north, Dalbey?"

Dalbey gave him a brief account, holding back some details which he meant to give later, when Gray was not present. And late at night, when Gray had gone to bed, Dalbey quietly left his room, slipped down the hall to Faulkner's private study, tapped and went in. Faulkner drew up a chair for him.

"You really lined Carns up, then, Dalbey?"

"Oh, nothing to it. He fell like a ripe plum. All he needed was a little encouragement and backing."

"Good! We'll put him to work. I guess we had him estimated about right, here—" Faulkner tapped a small mahogany filing-box that sat on the desk in front of him.

Dalbey nodded, understanding. That tiny filing-case, containing a few score notation cards, had cost him and two associates more than seven months' work, digging into Wolf Lingard's past and present, gathering every scrap of information that sometime might conceivably be put to use in the battle to knock him out of the Torndeek.

There were items in that case which would have astonished Wolf himself to know.

It was set down there that Peg McAllister loved him, and that he might be "got at" through her. That Trader Sam Carns hated him with a six-year-old grudge. That his gasoline caches along the Torndeek were getting depleted, and that he was bringing up a scow from the Arctic with two hundred barrels of gasoline brought from Vancouver by way of Bering Sea. That two certain men in the Stony Mountain penitentiary bore him and Loup-Ailé a deadly hatred. That the young Cree, Loup-Ailé, had once killed a Carrier sub-chief. That Wolf owned certain claims in the Century Lake field, and owed heavy accounts to certain firms in Edmonton.

Finally Faulkner said:

"Dalbey, we're going to get busy. You go to Century Lake tomorrow and get Forman. Then swing back past the Landing and get Davies. Bring them in. We'll open on Lingard next week with our heavy artillery."

Chapter Five

ON the evening before their marriage, Wolf called at Imogene's apartment. When he rang the bell, he heard her quick footsteps, as though she'd been waiting impatiently. Sometimes since that hour at the Morning Sun torrent, during the weeks that he was alone at Suleena and she in far-away Edmonton, her love for him had seemed like a mirage; but now, when the door was closed behind him her ecstatic embrace and kiss annihilated doubt.

She was clad in a black-and-white silk dress, with tiny silver-buckled pumps, an orchid at her breast. Feeling awkward in so dainty and feminine a place, Wolf went into the sitting-room with her. She had arranged the gifts there. A few were from his friends, the great majority from hers. They overflowed the tables, mantel, the window-seats. Sergeant Kulgren had sent a smoking set, which was all his ninety-a-month could afford. Attorney Merriman, an old friend of Wolf's, Superintendent Williamson of the Mounted, the manager of K-H-B, had remembered them. Chiefest of all the presents was a magnificent silverware set from C. D. Tavener. Though the card bore the name of the firm, to make it seem formal, Wolf knew that it was the attorney's own personal gift to Imogene.

"Loup-Ailé sent you something, Jean." He unwrapped one of the packages he'd brought, disclosing an odd beautiful present, a neckpiece of dark Keewatin otter with fastenings of carved virgin gold.

She pressed the soft rich fur against her cheek. "It's lovely, Wolf. And I—I thought he hated me!"

"Loup does hate womankind in general, but he makes exceptions. And I—I brought you a—something—"

"And I've got something for you. Bring yours in here, Wolf."

Wondering, he followed her through a little library-study into a deep private room, an exquisite place where the lights and colors all ran to violet; it was a sanctuary of her own, that violet room.

He unwrapped the first present. In a small cedar box he had brought her a corsage of mountain flowers packed in flinty blue glacial ice. "For tomorrow," he explained. "I thought you'd like to wear flowers from Suleena then. And this,"—he showed her the ring,—"it's for tomorrow, too."

He saw her eyes grow misty as he slipped the ring on, and she watched its brilliant fires.

"Wolf, you shouldn't have, darling. That's a *big* diamond—"

Wolf silenced the reproach on her lips. "Don't think of that part of it, sweet." He smiled enigmatically. "I bought it with my third present to you, Jean."

"Your third present?"

"Yes. I'll give you that present tomorrow. You'll know why, then. Won't you show me your presents?"

They were on her table, under a damask covering. "I was more practical than you were, darling," she half-apologized, lifting the covering.

There were almost a score, little things, expensive, the best she could buy—little things for his study, and dress-things that she'd noticed he needed. In the center lay a plain white envelope. His name was on it, in her swift slanting hand. Wondering, Wolf picked it up. A mere slip of paper was inside. He made out the words, "Received of." Puzzled, he held it nearer the violet-shaded reading lamp. And then he saw, he suddenly realized. It was a paid-in-full receipt from the Arctic transportation company for the airplane gasoline and oil of his Torndeek caches.

"Jean!" He whirled on her. "You paid that? Why, it was fourteen thousand dollars! Why, girl, you—I—I can't take that!"

"You'll have to. It's paid and done. And it's not much, not as much as I wanted—"

"Not much?" He stared at the slip of paper which had cost her more than a year's hard work, and he felt the inadequacy of his own gifts to her. Looking up, he said to her something which was significant. "Jean, I'll think of your good, too. I'll always think of your good, first."

SUPERINTENDENT WILLIAMSON called on them a little later. A girl, Freda Grayson, the daughter of a Dominion senator, came, and later the pastor of Imogene's church a university dean, the K-H-B manager—and Attorney Tavener.

When the attorney came in and Imogene introduced them, Wolf felt a certain lingering jealousy of the lawyer, because of the man's long friendship with her. But as he shook hands with Tavener, Wolf's jealousy died. In his middle forties, with iron-gray showing above his temples, the attorney drew his instant respect, and his pity, too. For five years Tavener had waited for Imogene Laramie, and now her marriage seemed to put an end to hope.

Peg McAllister came flouncing in while Imogene and the maid were serving coffee. She would not stay, nor accept any of Imogene's hospitality.

"I hear you're going to keep this apartment, Jean," she remarked.

"Yes. I—we're rather attached to it, Peg."

"You're wise." Peg laughed a hard little laugh. "It'll be a refuge for you in case of storms. Was that your idea?"

THE next morning, after the ceremony, it was Tavener, game to the last, who motored them out to Cooking Lake, where the cabined plane was waiting. With a final word of parting, he stepped back

A GLANCE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

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into his car, raised his hand in salute and drove swiftly off.

Sitting in the mechanic's seat beside Wolf, Imogene opened a panel, to feel the swift invigorating rush of air on her feverish cheeks. For the first time she and Wolf were truly alone with each other, husband and wife; and she strove to realize that she was going with him to his home, henceforth to be also her home.

Three hundred miles north of Edmonton she recognized Fort McMurray as they sped high over it. A little later they sailed out over an island-studded water stretching eastward out of sight, and she knew it was Lake Athabasca. Then came the slow broad Slave, the Grand Portage at Smith, and at last Great Slave.

They dropped down to Resolution there, for gas and a rest. Leaving Resolution, they headed out across Great Slave, a water-hop of two hundred miles; struck the Mackenzie *débouche*, and then swung westward into the mountains, leaving the Three Rivers country and the last trace of civilization. Within half an hour they were winging over the first snow-topped spur of the Rockies; and seventy miles farther on, they found themselves in the thick of the ranges, flying over a wild and trackless region.

Watching under keel, Imogene noticed the great change coming over the landscape. The flat country of the Three Rivers, with its appalling muskeg, stunted scraggly timbers and dead waters, yielded to mountains, to blue rushing waters, to magnificent pine forests and luxuriant vegetation. It was not far from Suleena to the Pacific at Juneau; the warm chinooks, whispering across the ranges from the *Kuro Siwa,* changed the whole face of the land.

When they were still a hundred and fifty miles from Suleena, Wolf pointed ahead through the propeller disk at a horseshoe range. Glancing along his arm, Imogene saw he was indicating a small blue-water lake nestling there in the heart of the mountains.

Looking up at him, questioning, she saw his lips fashion: "Shall it be there? It's a wild pretty place." And she nodded.

(Romance faces a reality strange indeed in the next installment of this colorful novel of Strong-woods life by the author of "Heart of the North.")

LOVE LETTER

(Continued from page 79)

of Linda with her smoke-gray eyes laughing at him if he had said that to her. But Mary-Anne did not mock.

"I suppose it's one thing for a man, and another for a girl," she answered a little vaguely, and opened her bag to take out a silver case and touch her lips with paste. Bill watched her. Her mouth had perfect curves.

"That lipstick certainly has all the luck," he said, and Mary-Anne replied that it was certainly true that New York gave the rest of the country ideas. . . .

They played ping-pong for a while at the long table in the library and then decided offhand to go to a movie. The last performance had begun by the time they reached the theater. Mary-Anne sat between Bill and George, and occasionally she seemed to Bill to be very close. It was about midnight when they took Mary-Anne home, and Bill had a glimpse of one more large, imposing house. She lived, he gathered from the talk, with her grandparents.

"Then I'll probably see you tomorrow night," she said to Bill, who had taken her from her car to the door. For there were new plans by now.

"It seems to me that I'm being a kind of nuisance," he protested.

"Of course not. Rose Garwin will be delighted to have another man at her party. Helen is going to call her about it in the morning, and George will get you there."

"And you're going to come?"

"Does that make a difference?"

HE looked down at her. Her soft little hat was pushed back from her forehead, and her face was clear and sweet. He wished that he could kiss her—and felt rather ashamed of himself.

"All the difference there is."

"Then I'll come. Good night. I hope you get your letter finished."

He asked George something about her as they drove back to the hotel after leaving Helen at home.

"That Appleton girl is a beauty, isn't she?"

"Yes," agreed George, "Mary-Anne's about as good a looker as we can offer out here."

"Or anywhere else. How does it happen that she hasn't been picked off?"

"She has been," said George. "She's been married. But it didn't take very well. The fellow wasn't much good, from what they say. I didn't know him. Anyway, he went to pieces on her. That's how she happens to be living with the old lady now. She's been there ever since she got her divorce. Mary-Anne is going to have a nice lot of money one of these days if she keeps on the right side of her grandmother."

Bill did not ask anything more. He made an appointment with George for the next day and went back to his room. The abandoned letter-paper still lay on his desk, and it reproached him. He decided to write a note to Linda at once. When he had been away from New York before, during these six weeks that he had loved her, he had often written her a late good-night note. Sometimes, even when they were in the same city, with events and people separating them, they wrote to each other.

"Dearest Linda: It's pretty late, but I want to get off a word to you, anyway. Tonight I went out to the house of a fellow I used to know in college, George Loomis. You'd like George. He's a friendly sort, and he and his wife certainly tried to show me a good time. They have a couple of children and a big house. There were some other people there for dinner, and afterward we all went to a movie."

He read that over. It was a flat picture. It wouldn't interest her. Then he went on, becoming more personal.

"I found your note here waiting for me, and it was grand to hear from you. Save me the picture you draw of yourself when you're addled with love. I'd like to see what your idea of it is."

The letter was dragging on him again. He yawned, and gave it up, deciding that if he were to do a good day's work tomorrow, he'd better get some sleep. Crossing the room, he looked at himself in the mirror. What was it that Mary-Anne Appleton had said about New York men looking different from others? He surveyed his full length and tried himself in a couple of attitudes to see what she might have meant. It was too bad that a helpless sort of girl like that should have had a raw deal. But that was the way things went.

As he went to sleep, he thought of Linda. It was his habit to take her into his mind in those last few conscious moments. But tonight the thought of her stirred and was uncomfortable. He must write her a long letter tomorrow. She'd get it by Thursday.

"DID you get a lot of work done today?" asked Mary-Anne.

They were in a ballroom. Bill was somewhat vague and still more indifferent as to the exact auspices under which he was dancing there. He knew that it was a private club; and undoubtedly from the look of the place and the guests, it was an expensive one. There had been a formal dinner beforehand, and such people as he knew by this time he identified by their first names rather than their last ones. Everybody had been very cordial. But they had left him more or less to Mary-Anne, as if she had a prior right. Bill was glad that they did. It didn't mean anything, of course, but he liked to look at her. That was what he told himself, because he did not want to admit that he wanted to touch her. He liked her shoulders and her slim neck above the length of champagne-colored lace that she wore.

"Yes," he said, "I had a fine day. Got a lot started, at least. There are some people I have to see again. It may keep me here until the end of the week."

"That doesn't seem long."

"You'll be tired of seeing me around."

"No."

He felt that delicious, disturbing thrill again, and wondered if he ought to tell her that he was in love with Linda. It was a rather embarrassing thing to tell. If he were actually engaged, it would be different. But Linda hadn't promised to marry him. It put a man in a curious position, especially as regarded other women, thought Bill with a certain annoyance. He'd point that out to Linda when he wrote to her tonight. He must tell her about this girl, too. Just mention her attractiveness, he decided.

"Did you get your letter finished?" asked Mary-Anne.

"What letter?"

"The one George dragged you away from yesterday."

"I certainly didn't have much time for letters today."

"Won't she mind if she doesn't get one?"

He wondered if Linda would mind. One thing at least was sure. She wouldn't complain. There'd never be a whimper out of her.

"It's a special treat not to get my letters," said Bill lightly. "I write an illegible hand; I can't spell; and I've nothing to say, anyhow. . . . There's the music again. Let's see how good we are this time."

"I adore dancing with you."

He looked down at her. She made him conscious of all his good points. That was the way he always used to feel when he was with girls he liked, and the way he had intended to feel about the one he married. When he was making enough money and was ready to settle down, he had meant to pick out the prettiest, most agreeable girl he could find, and be warm and comfortable in her appreciations. He had meant to feel competent and protective. But then one day Bella Ryder had introduced him to Linda Seyrle, and Linda had looked at him out of those smoke-gray eyes and not asked for protection at all. Since then Bill had been sometimes very happy and sometimes downcast. He had not often been comfortable.

"You're very good to me," he said to Mary-Anne.

"I like you," she said softly.

"And you caught that from me."

"Am I going to see you again?"

"I should say so. Will you have lunch with me tomorrow?"

WHEN he went back at three o'clock there was no one in the hotel lobby except a drowsy hotel clerk and a very alert redhaired scrub-woman. Bill went to his room, left a call for eight o'clock the next morning because he had an appointment at nine, and looked rather guiltily at the desk. But it was absurd to try to get a letter written tonight. A day didn't make any difference, and he would have plenty of time tomorrow.

He was wrong about that. There was less time on Wednesday than there had been on Tuesday for letter writing. It was partly because things were going so well. He had a couple of unexpected interviews that were very gratifying. The trip was going to pay for itself many times over even if he went back now; but it might be worth while staying until Friday on the chance that Chalmers Martin, who was a big investor and an important prospect, would be back in town. Besides, Mary-Anne wanted him to go to her house for dinner on Thursday night. The Loomises were going too, and had urged him to stay. It seemed ungracious not to, after all the kindness he had been shown.

On Wednesday, just before he went to meet Mary-Anne for lunch, he wired Linda a day letter. It said only that things were going well, and that he had been too busy to get time for writing. He sent her his love; but it looked rather unemotional and bleak, written on the yellow telegraph blank. There was no letter from Linda. He had had none since the first note. After all, thought Bill, there was no reason why he should do all the writing. And because he remembered what Mary-Anne had said about orchids, he sent her a couple of rather perfect ones, which she wore at lunch. She was very much amused when the waiter took her for Bill's wife, and she was so pretty that Bill was flattered.

That brought them to the subject of marriage, and Mary-Anne was frank about what she thought.

"It's always a gamble," she said. "How can two people tell whether they want to go on living together or not? They ought to make divorce easier—the way it is in Russia. I think people ought to be free."

Irrelevantly Bill remembered something Linda had once said about that. They had been in her apartment, and he had been urging her to marry him. He had said: "If you don't like me, you could always get rid of me. It's easy to get a divorce." And she had answered: "I think that's a stupid idea. Marriage isn't worth a thing unless you intend at least to have it last. It's no good unless you can face permanency and like it."

But of course Mary-Anne had been through a hard time. She looked rather sweet and pathetic, wearing his orchids and belonging to nobody. . . .

George Loomis dropped in at Bill's hotel that afternoon.

"What are you doing for dinner, Bill?"

"I'm having it with old Mr. Atherton at his house. He wants to talk business, and he hasn't been able to come down to his office."

"You'll land him," said George. "Everything going along all right?"

"Couldn't be better."

"You're making quite a hit here. If they do decide to establish that branch office, you ought to take charge of it yourself. There's a lot of money here."

"I suppose."

"And then there's Mary-Anne," added Loomis with a broad grin.

"Oh, well—I haven't been thinking of anything like that. I've only seen her three or four times."

"I've known that to be enough. And a man couldn't do much better. She's good to look at, and she'll have money some day."

"She's not in love with me."

"Mary-Anne would like to get married," said George, as if that were the answer. "I guess what most of these girls are looking for is marriage and not us, Bill. But that works out all right, too—in the long run. Well, I'd better go along and see if I've any business of my own to mind."

THE dinner with Mr. Atherton was successful enough, but Bill came back to the hotel reluctantly. Tired as he was, he hated to confront that desk upstairs again, or the thought of the unwritten letter, the letter that seemed to be getting actually remote, the letter that he was beginning to dislike as a duty. It was rather a shock when the clerk, handing him his room key, gave him also a thick envelope addressed in Linda's writing.

He read it once—then again—sitting in the upholstered armchair in his bedroom. It didn't seem credible, but there it was in black and white.

"I haven't written you since I had that letter you wrote me Thursday night, after you left me, Bill dear. I haven't known what to say. It was such a beautiful letter, and it straightened out a lot of things in my mind. If I've been hesitant, it's only because I couldn't bear to let you in for a smash. You must know that.

"Lips must look natural"

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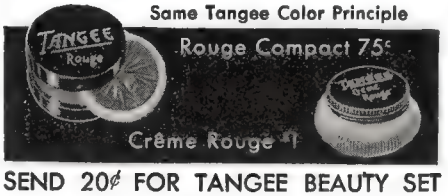

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And I've thought you needed a girl who'd be your wife and nothing else, who'd turn over her life to you. I simply couldn't do it. I can give you all the love I have, all I'm capable of, but that's all I can promise. I've got to go on being pretty much what I am, and you know what that means."

He did. He knew Linda, with her tangled family responsibilities and her several jobs, her vocations and her avocations. She was a New York girl, bred to the city. She did not loiter and look in shop windows. She made her way through the work and the play of the city with skill and directness. She knew where she was going whenever she started out, and there she went. Bill could almost see her now, tall, slim, sometimes not at all pretty, often beautiful, sometimes very much his love, and occasionally so absorbed in an idea that she couldn't be bothered with a caress.

He went on reading:

"I'll marry if you want me to—when you want me to. It's a promise. But you must be sure that I am the kind of person you want to marry; you mustn't cheat either me or yourself about that, Bill. And when I got your note with the roses, you seemed to be unsure again. Or did I imagine that?"

There was more. She had written much more, but Bill came back to that part of the letter. It left him very thoughtful. Was he so sure as he had thought he would be? He did not feel exultant. He was worried. Perhaps she might be right. Perhaps they weren't so suited to each other. It would mean immeasurable adjustments for her, and just as many for him. A thought of Mary-Anne came into his mind. Perhaps if he hadn't met Mary-Anne, he would be feeling different about this letter. He knew he should answer it. He even fiddled with the pen and drew some paper toward him. But it was no use. He didn't know what to say. It seemed incredible that less than a week ago he had written the letter that so stirred Linda. He couldn't recreate that mood. Wasn't that significant?

He was still undecided at Mary-Anne's dinner the next night. He watched her playing the part of the gracious hostess to her half-dozen guests. She did it very well. He could imagine himself sitting opposite her at dozens of dinners like this, and being very proud of that shining dull-gold head. And when she lifted her eyes to his occasionally and gave him a glance that shut out the rest of the company, he could imagine other things that heated his blood.

They played bridge. They killed the evening, waiting for its end and climax. Bill knew that both he and Mary-Anne were waiting for the others to go home. It was assumed that he would go with the Loomises, who stayed until the last.

"Can we take you to the hotel?" asked George.

"No, thanks," said Bill. "I'm going to walk tonight. It's only a mile or so, and I haven't had any exercise in two days."

"All right. Good night."

They stood listening as the Loomis car went down the driveway. The grandmother, who had made only an hour's appearance, had long since gone to bed.

"Well," said Bill, "I suppose I must say good night too."

She waited, leaning back against a dark oak door, and he drew her forward into his arms. Her touch was even sweeter than he had guessed, and more deeply alluring. She wasn't unsophisticated, this girl. That pretty little pose was dropped, almost at once.

He let her go after that first long kiss, and turned out some of the lights. "Do you want me to go, Mary-Anne?" he asked softly.

She shook her head.

"Why should you?"

He did not know what reminded him of it. Perhaps it was his own question. But suddenly he remembered what Linda had said. They had been in her apartment alone one night. Linda had no chaperon at any time. He had kissed her and known that she loved him, felt it in her tenderness. Then suddenly she had drawn herself away.

"You'd better go now," she had said.

"Do you want me to go?" he had asked then, as now.

"No," said Linda, "but you'd better."

"Why?"

"Good drivers know there have to be traffic-laws," said Linda, "when there are so many people in the world. It's just the same with this kind of thing."

Bill looked down at the girl who was still in his arms. But she had lost her charm. He didn't want her at all. She was too easy; she was too unimportant. He wanted something hard and important and fine. He wanted Linda.

"It's late," he said, and let her go. "I think I'd better run along."

"So that's the kind of man you are! Scared? That's surprising."

"Well, he said, "you surprised me too, Mary-Anne."

ONCE more he was back in the hotel room. There was the desk, that much-too-small desk. He sat down at it, and the leather-bound amusement guide fell with a crash to the floor.

"My darling Linda: How can I tell you how much I love you, how precious you are and how sure I am? There are no words—"

Yet he kept on writing them.

THE LONE WOLF'S SON

(Continued from page 49)

crime with the affair of Mme. Crozier's emeralds, and incriminating me, if possible. It is really too bad, my good Plon, that you have had only your labor for your pains."

"Undeceive yourself, monsieur." Plon was formidably unruffled. "To the contrary, I had little difficulty ascertaining much to my purpose."

"Splendid!" Lanyard swung about and put his back to the rail, the better to cover the Frenchman with mock admiration. "You have determined the animal's identity, then?"

"Oh, as to that, there was never any question. It so happens that I knew him at sight: one Etienne Carrel, sired by Montmartre and dammed by Times Square—"

"Pardon: you are telling me his father was a Parisian Apache and his mother an American, yes? But what a picturesque way to put it!"

"—equally at home in either country," Plon doggedly plowed on, "—speaking the thieves' cant of both like a native—but more partial of late years to New York, where protection is always to be had for a price; 'Eddie the Frog' to the American mobs, traveling second-class at present under the alias of Edward Farrel; known to Paris as— But why waste Monsieur's time telling him what he already knows?"

"This interview may end, for all of me," Lanyard protested, "at Monsieur's pleasure. I have confidence, however, the end is not yet—he goes such a long way round to get at his objective."

"Your impatience would be comprehensible if you were not so sure you already know it."

"Do you really insist that I made good my boast? I don't mind, if you like, venturing a shrewd guess."

"As you like, monsieur," Plon politely assented, not to be outdone, and on that portentously waited.

"Good. Your next move—following the groove that police-minds run in—should be to advise me that the prisoner has broken down and made a full confession—not neglecting to watch me closely for a start of guilt and prevent my defeating the ends of justice by jumping overboard."

"You admit, then," Plon demanded, pale with anger, "you would find yourself incriminated by his confession?"

"Forgive me," Lanyard begged; "I was wrong. As if I didn't know it is silly ever to expect the police-mind to take a joke! To begin with, my good Plon, I know his type too well—sullen, brutish, unimaginative—not to know that this Etienne Carrel could never trump up a 'confession' implicating the innocent that would stand up under even your prejudiced examination. Come, now, be a good fellow, make shorter work of this. We both have something better to do than stand here bandying compliments."

"You have reason." The detective sourly shrugged. "I will be frank with you. It is true, what you say: the prisoner made no confession. He declined point-blank to account for his presence in your cabin last night—or outside second-class bounds, for that matter. What he did consent to say, however, as good as accused you, or your son, of having stolen Madame Boyce's pearls. He denied having ever laid eyes on them till he saw them in my hands, upon his recovering consciousness; and he swore, in a fury that was unquestionably genuine, that you and your son had—in his slang—knocked him cold and planted the necklace in his pocket."

"What else did you expect?"

"Unfortunately for you, monsieur, the accusation is supported by certain evidence—not, I admit, conclusive, but for all that strong enough to dispose me to credit it."

"For example?"

"The prisoner is a man of less than average stature. He was plainly dressed in what Americans call a sack suit. The blue-and-white cotton handkerchief he wore as a mask was what they call a bandana."

"I myself made the same observations. What then?"

"The man of whom two stewards on night-duty caught glimpses as he ran down the passageway leading to Mme. Boyce's suite, when she was screaming the alarm, was as tall as you, monsieur, as tall as your son, and wore a dinner jacket; and the handkerchief over his face was a black one."

"So they say, your precious witnesses. But you and I know how untrustworthy is the evidence of eyewitnesses in times of excitement."

"It is true, they are apt to contradict one another. But these two agree."

"What of it?" Lanyard's amused attitude was flawless—a histrionic triumph over the catch at his heart. That wretched boy! "Are you seriously disposed to credit the frantic claims of a notorious criminal caught prowling with stolen property on his person, with no more support than the testimony of a couple of hare-witted stewards?"

"I have only this to say, monsieur." Here Plon timed an ominous pause. "Taking into consideration the fact that you have been involved already in two robberies, and have admitted that you know, while refusing to reveal, the identity of the thief who stole Madame Crozier's emeralds, I feel obliged to advise you—and this with the sanction of the Captain—that should a third such incident occur before we dock, you and your so-called son will be returned to France in irons."

"Many thanks, I'm sure." Lanyard did Plon a formal yet a burlesque bow. "My compliments to the Captain as well, on his forbearance."

"And one thing more." Plon held up his parting blow. "I had almost forgotten a message to you from the prisoner. 'Tell that dirty double-crossing rat,' he said—Monsieur will understand I am merely quoting the speaker verbatim,—'he's had his chance and muffed it. Now he's going to get what I promised him. Now—and no kidding—the punk gets taken for a ride.'"

TO do Plon justice, he made off without waiting to relish the tribute which Lanyard freely paid his back—a wry smile, a lift of a hand like that which acknowledges a touch in a bout with foils.

The man of the Sûreté had scored, and no mistake.

His lean, stooped form threw a moving stencil of spite on the pale scoured planking till it popped into the forward companionway door, leaving Lanyard to ask Providence what next—and resist the impulse normal to an outraged parent, to hunt his firstborn out and give him a good shaking.

Neither need he have had far to seek, had will-power and discretion been unequal to temptation. From the other side of the vessel, through the glass-screened 'thwartships walk beneath the bridge, critical comment on his appearance was all at once audible—the voice a woman's and unmistakably an American's, untuned and throaty, yet so quick with *gamine* humor that its whole effect was not unpleasing.

"Not really! *That* distinguished-looking bird with the silver patches at his temples and the air of a diplomat on court parade—don't ask me to believe *that* was ever the Lone Wolf. My dear, I can't bear it!"

NOTHING to be gained by pretending to be unaware of personalities so surely pitched for him to catch: Lanyard, his brows at a mildly apprehensive angle, the corners of his mouth pulled down in deprecation, turned toward their author.

It was not for him, however, to single that one out in the party trooping toward him through the passageway.

To the tune of laughter the van of the party turned the shoulder of the superstructure, and a vivid and sprightly figure detached, towing Maurice by an arm, to fling Lanyard a hand crusted with jewels.

"You mustn't mind my foolishness, M. Lanyard; I was born feather-headed, and there's no cure for that, you know—"

"Pardon, madame: there is always decapitation."

"Oh, priceless! But anyway, I'm Tess Boyce, of course; and I've heard such a lot about you, I'm simply mad to know you—and I do admire your taste in offspring."

"Madame is too kind." Persevering lips at length located a naked knuckle. "I feel safe, however, in saying that her approval of my efforts to found a family is shared by the family in question."

"And you don't feel called upon to shy at me, even if I am the anathema of the *Times* and the sweetheart of the tabloids? As if I was to blame for my rotten luck in husbands! But don't you think it's nice of you to be so broad-minded? I do—I mean I do really. And just look at all the swell mob I've brought along to meet you."

Lanyard weathered a hubbub of introductions—there were eight, all told, in the party—with the feeling that he had seldom met an odder assortment: the women all pretty nonentities, the men every one as plainly of some consequence. The inference seemed fair that the Boyce was less afraid of beauty than of brains and breeding, in what she happily termed her "girl-friends," but demanded of the men who danced attendance on her rhinestone-studded heels that they be at least men of substance. Of the three—aside from Maurice—in her train this night, one was a successful producer of British révues who happened to be technically a Christian, one an ochre-tinted Indian prince, with turban and jeweled aigrette complete but otherwise even more British than his faultless English or the Sackville Street cut of his evening clothes, and the third a cosmopolite elegant, who turned out to be after all a mere American, and who was seemingly unconcerned to cut any figure but one of complete patrician leisure.

"Listen!" The woman's husky accents rippled with good-nature. "This is what I call simply grand, meeting you like this, just when we're all fed up with being nice people and ready to head into the open-air café and be loose and social."

She took Lanyard's arm and consent for granted, but retained her hold on Maurice, and marched the two aft at a

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pace so smart as to suggest that she actually needed to replenish a depleted store of spirits. Yet once settled at table, it surprisingly developed that she was athirst for nothing more ardent than Perrier with a slice of lemon.

"Not me," she replied to Lanyard's hinted astonishment. "I never liquor up any more. A person can't afford to, in my line of business. I got married just once when I was pie-eyed, and that was plenty; when I came out from under the ether—what do you think?—Friend Husband broke the news to me that he didn't have a nickel."

She crowed to see a shadow of pain cloud the chiseled features of her elegant compatriot.

"Look at Freddy Isquith suffer—as if he didn't know I can be the lady when I have to! I ask you, Monsieur Lanyard, is that any reason why, when we're all just folks together, I shouldn't relax and be natural?"

"Madame pays me a high compliment."

"Who, you? Listen, dearie." Tess Boyce openly fastened a warm hand on one of Lanyard's. "You couldn't have been the sporting proposition they tell about if you weren't all human."

"But that was long ago, madame."

"Oh, yeah? You tell it, Lone Wolf—your cub's right here, getting his earful."

She leaned back to look at Maurice and see how he was taking it, and laughed at both in malice so frank and friendly that it would have been stupid to take umbrage. And intimations visited Lanyard of the answer to a question which till then had seemed past understanding: Why did men persist in marrying this woman—men of quality and position, especially, such as her name had been exclusively associated with since her predilection for holy wedlock had come to have news value?

She wasn't by any standards pretty, yet beside her "the girl-friends," with their prettiness sleeked to beauty-parlor pattern, seemed dolls. Her features were all rudely formed, a few were bad beyond argument: her mouth over-large, its loose expressive lips assuming ever and again, according to her mood, aspects of peculiar depravity; her lively gray-green eyes with their incongruously heavy lids as often windows opening on a sultry wilderness. The mask of a clown, a grisette and a jade in one, breathing an allure for the adventurous that now was comprehensible; in the idiom of Lanyard's adopted fatherland, a good devil.

AS for the taunt she had cast him, whether in mere mischief or in more ingenuous humor seeking a chink in his armor, Lanyard wasn't so easily to be drawn.

"Madame is at least courageous." He nodded meaningly to a forearm mailed in bracelets almost to the elbow. "If one is not mistaken, that is simply asking for it."

"After last night, you mean." The woman tossed her head and laughed. "I'm not afraid. It was the first time anybody ever caught me napping—and I snapped out of it in time to see him beating it, and yell like hell, at that. What's more, I don't know a safer place for the cracked ice than on the person."

"Why not in the purser's keeping?"

"Too much bother. I'd be at the poor fish all the time to put this in his safe and take that out—I'd drive him looney and go nuts myself." She broke off to sign a denial to Maurice, who was waiting to ask her to dance. "No, thanks, nice thing. I'd rather stay here and make up to your old man. Grab yourself an armful of Estelle there, and give it a whirl instead."

"There's no accounting for tastes, of course." The boy sketched an impish salute. "The loss, madame, is yours."

"Great kid," Tess Boyce drawled, watching him lead the other young woman away to the music, "and one dream of a dancer, if I'm any judge. Look how light he is on his dogs. . . . Funny thing about last night," she harked back: "I wasn't asleep, really, just dozing; and all of a sudden I had a sort of feeling there was somebody else in the room, if you know what I mean; and I opened my eyes, and there was. He was stooping over my dressing-table, where I'd left a lot of this junk—too tired to put it away. Honest, I couldn't believe my eyes—it seemed so cheeky, I thought I must be dreaming. Only for a moment, though—only till he switched off the night-light. He must've sensed I'd waked up, I guess, though I hadn't stirred a finger or breathed hard or anything, because he didn't stop a second—just blacked that light out and took it on the lam. And then I cut loose."

"You were able to identify the prisoner, then?"

THE eyes that widened to Lanyard's were almost too guileless.

"If they hadn't caught him with the goods on, I'd never've believed it was the same fellow."

"I see: he darkened the room too quickly."

"Not so quick that I didn't get a snapshot of a man a head taller, anyway, than the yegg you and your son helped pinch. Putting out the night-light didn't make such a difference, you see—it was so dim and the moon so bright. I could see him like a silhouette, if you know what I mean, between me and the windows, as he dived for the door. I'd never have believed the gorilla they found my pearls on could have moved like that—silent as a shadow, sure-footed as a cat, and graceful! I couldn't think of a thing but a panther."

"Yes." Lanyard nodded, without flinching from the stare of those wonder-struck eyes. "Only a few minutes ago, oddly enough, M. Plon and I were speaking of the unreliability of eyewitnesses, how excitement invariably colors and distorts the evidence of our senses at critical moments."

"Wouldn't it slay you? Why, if it hadn't turned out the way it did, if they'd left it to me to pick out the burglar out of a line-up of passengers, I'd have bet my left leg it was that hopeful of yours, just going on the way he walks."

"Then he is fortunate indeed."

"I see what you mean." The woman of a sudden sloughed her show of naïveté: the wide eyes narrowed and gave out wicked glimmers; the wide mouth went into its wickedest twist. "Because he's the Lone Wolf's son."

"I'm afraid that would have counted against him, had Fate left it to you to identify the thief."

"Sure would. He just don't know his luck. I'm pretty easy-going, monsieur, if you know what I mean; but if I hadn't got that rope back! Why, they're just everything I've got to remember my last husband by, those pearls, and some fancy black-and-blue spots that are almost faded out already."

The thin ascetic lips of Mr. Isquith, a taciturn third party to the talk, writhed in mild anguish; and the Boyce, marking this, gave way to gusty mirth.

Lanyard seized the first excuse he could, with good grace, to withdraw his person as well as his mind from the party. And as soon as he was out of sight, Isquith leaned his prim mouth to the Boyce's ears.

"Nice work, kid," he breathed, "—very, very pretty! The way you got the wind up the old fox was a treat. Keep it up, now, that's a good girl; don't let him forget a minute he's sitting on a powder-barrel and monkeying with matches; play him off against the punk—and we've got 'em where we want 'em, him and his whelp, right in the hollows of our little hot hands."

SMART knuckles on his stateroom door haled Lanyard back, hours later, from the far horizon where waking consciousness dips under. Full-witted in a twinkling, he made a light, then sensibly demanded through the panels to know what was wanted. No name passed in response, but the nasal deliberation of the voice outside sounded authentic. With no more hesitation he drew the bolt. A grin of apology wreathed the pipe in Crane's teeth as he entered.

"Don't bawl me out for ruinin' your night's rest," he begged, and re-shot the bolt himself as Lanyard went back to bed. "I just figured I'd better give you this buzz before the tip-off, if any. I may be wrong; but if I'm right, the less confabulatin' I and you do behind closed doors from now on, the better."

"Figure to yourself that I have every confidence in you. Make yourself at ease, my friend, and when the spirit moves you, more lucid."

"I only want to know what you know, if anything." Crane draped himself on the foot of the bed and tamped his pipe with a vague air which Lanyard took to screen keen observation. "About this kid of yours and the Boyce outfit: What's the idea of all this fuss they're makin' over him?"

"But you already know, I am sure, about the service Maurice did Madame—"

"Yeah, I heard about it. I'm just a back number, of course, and nobody ever tells me anything—"

"But you have been invisible all day—busy with your own affairs, presumably; one has had no chance for a chat with you."

"O. K. But it's hard to forget old habits. I can't seem to break myself of pickin' up pieces that people leave about, careless-like, and fittin' them together. I've got a pretty good idea of what happened in here last night. Every time I think about it," Crane with iron gravity professed, "I bust right out laughin'."

"'Laughing?'"

"At the idea of a lad barely out of his teens tackling a tough egg like Eddie the Frog, knockin' him for a goal and fishin' a mess of stolen pearls out of his poke."

"To be accurate, it was that good Plon who found them—"

"It would have been," Crane with ambiguous readiness agreed. "He had to do something, naturally, to cop himself a piece of credit. These French dicks are the hottest ever, to hear them tell it—it wouldn't have looked right to let an amateur up and pry him right out of the picture."

"You do not like M. Plon, I take it?"

"I don't think as much of him as he does, that's a fact. And what he thinks of me is nobody's business."

"You are—if the question is not indiscreet—professionally at odds, then?"

"It isn't that, so much," Crane said with an utterly open face, "as that he'd thank me to 'tend to my own knittin'. That ruckus last night wouldn't have come off if he hadn't been up-stage with me. I tried to wise him that Jack-knife and English Archie probably had heelers planted somewheres on board, but he wouldn't listen. That sort of thing was likely enough, he admitted, on an American ship or maybe a British; but—dirty work on decks that were legally the same as the sacred soil of that dear France? 'Monshoo lee A-may-ray-caine was pleased to be comical'."

"It is your belief that this Etienne Carrel is an understrapper of our smoking-room friends?"

"I'd bet money on it. If things hadn't turned out like they did," Crane pursued, studiously tamping his pipe again—to show that Lanyard was at liberty to look as he liked; he wasn't watching, "I'd 've guessed they sent him in on you to put the fear of God in your innocent heart—figurin' maybe you didn't realize what an iron-clad combination you were buckin'."

ON this, Crane paused with a frank grin for Lanyard, as much as to say: "Well: that's that. I've let you see I'm nobody's fool, but well-disposed. But if you don't think it's time to make use of me as a friend, if you prefer to keep your counsel yet a while, there's no harm done and something gained: we understand each other." To which Lanyard returned a smile of entire comprehension.

"And I'm keepin' you up, and you don't know what for yet."

"I am not impatient—I who never spend a minute in your company without profit. You were speaking of Madame Boyce and her friends, intimating that you questioned their motives in making much of my son."

"They're a hard lot." Crane gravely nodded. "That little lady has never been known to do nothing for nothing. If she's pickin' up with your Maurice now, it's for a purpose. She's as cold as they come—never been in love yet with anything but a big bank-balance."

"Oh, come now! Surely a little dinner, a social evening, is no more than a polite return for service rendered—"

"You'd think so; but you don't know all I know. Let me tell you there's more community of interest than people dream of between the underworld and the high-steppers in New York's night life. Tess Boyce wouldn't last a week—bummin' around night-clubs and lookin' like Tiffany's show window, the way she does; she'd go the way Dot King went, and be found cold in bed some morning without as much as a rhinestone, if she didn't have protection, if she didn't stand in with the racketeers. Take this Isquith mug she's so thick with: Where'd he come from? Where'd he pick up his money? Who gave him his license to act like that, as if the run of folks were dirt beneath his feet, when he's trainin' all the time with Tess Boyce and her kind? If he was the heavy ass-tocrat he lets on, he'd rather be seen dead than in such company. What's this Sultan of Swat, or whatever his name is, taggin' along with the likes of Tess for? I'd admire to tell you."

"Please do."

"When I know for sure, I will. Just now, I'm here to tell you something I'm sure about. After you'd left that party flat this evening—"

"You saw me with them? But I looked f r you before I came below and couldn't find out."

"Yeah; not bein' seen when I don't want to is part of my art. After you cleared out, somebody suggested a game of contract. They took a table in the smokin'-room and kept the stakes high and the liquor flowin'. The Pasha of Phut is a nut about cards: Isquith plays a mean hand: and Tess Boyce is no slouch; but the coin they let that kid of yours win was something sinful. The session broke up about half an hour ago; Isquith blew off to bed and so did His Royal Nibs—and pretty sore he was, too, bein' the big loser. Tess took your boy for a walk on deck—said the night was simply too divine for anybody to turn in so early.

"Awhile later I accidentally passed behind them while they were holding the rail down in a dark stretch of the boat-deck. If the young one's left ear wasn't blistered, it's a miracle—her red head was so near it. I heard her say: 'You're too smart, big boy, to let him put that line of bologny over on you. You know as well as I do, all this stuff about reformation is just elocution.' Then the wind got in my pipe and sparks caught her eye, and she looked around and saw me. So I ambled on and minded my own business. All the same, she'd seen me. So I came on down to wise you before she could broadcast the tip-off. By tomorrow mornin' they'll be spottin' me every minute—or else I'm crazy; I won't feel safe in passin' the time o' day with you above a whisper."

"But why?" Lanyard remonstrated. "What conceivable end has Mademoiselle Boyce to gain by poisoning Maurice's mind against me?"

"I might make a guess, but if it wasn't good, she could sue me for criminal slander. Wait till I know what this Freddy Isquith's right name is and what His Tan Highness is doing so far from home, and makin' whoopee with tramps—and maybe I'll tell you. But if it was my boy, I know what I'd do," Crane pursued, rising and giving Lanyard's hand a hard squeeze: "I'd horn right into that line-up, edge Maurice out, and keep both ears open to catch their signals. Good night—and don't forget to lock the door behind me."

IF Lanyard lay wakeful till nearly dawn, mulling over the new questions which Crane's call had opened, the new aspects it lent old ones, and all to no profit; if he dropped off at length on no more comfortable finding than that he and his son

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both were meshed in a web of intrigue that would tax his every resource to break, yet must be rent lest it strangle his hopes for Maurice and uproot his own life from the place in the sun he had struggled so to give it; if he turned up on deck, in consequence, hardly before noon, feeling as old as Time and as useless as an inferiority complex, he permitted nothing of all this to glimpse through his countenance.

AND the face of the day, too, was unruffled, as fair as if it had harbored only happy ends for mortal cares—as fair as a pretty woman's smile, as Fay Crozier's for him when Lanyard found her taking life lazily in a deck-chair.

"How nice of you to turn up looking like that, so wise and kind, just when I'm feeling put-upon and misunderstood!" A wave of a hand perhaps a thought plump but still as young as her daughter's consigned Lanyard to the vacant chair beside her. "Do sit down and tell me you believe with me that exercise is stupid, dieting a fallacy, and nothing one wants to do either unwise or immoral."

"Exercise is for adolescents, dear madame," Lanyard dutifully assured her, "—something for them to do with their bodies who have nothing to do with their minds. Diets are insults to any connoisseur of food with a fair digestion. Nothing is immoral except doing the things that bore one."

"Charming man you are," Fay purred, "—so understanding! That brat of mine has been giving me the devil all morning. It seems I'm a glutton and a drone and a felon."

"'Felon,' madame!"

"Well, potentially—because I wanted to duck the duty on those damn' emeralds, and still froth at the mouth every time I think how much I'll have to pay through the nose before I can land them. I shall be broke for months!" Fay wailed. "That wretched husband of mine keeps me on a rigid allowance, you know, and positively refuses ever to let me draw advances—never will get cured of the notion that tyranny is the way to teach me a lesson!"

"Why not land them in bond, then? The customs will hold them till you find it less bother to pay—"

"And give up swanking it over all the women in Southampton next week? That's how much use you are!"

"Sorry." If Lanyard wouldn't trouble to look anything but entertained, he did offer to abandon the topic: "Have you by any chance seen anything of my child this morning?"

"He's somewhere about," the disgruntled lady shortly answered, "—with Fenno. Taking exercise!" she snorted. "Just before you came up, they were pounding the deck together like a pair of monomaniacs —so many laps to the mile, so many miles to the hour! What they're up to now I haven't any idea. Anyway," she resumed, declining to be put off her grievance, "I've already wirelessed my bank to have somebody meet me on the dock with the money."

"May one, without the least desire to seem officious, venture to hope Madame dispatched at least one other message?"

"What about? What for?"

"In point of common prudence—for the protection of the emeralds."

Fay made blank eyes.

"But has it not occurred to you, madame, that—in view of the two attempts to steal them already—it would be well to provide against possible further attempts, which can now be made only after they have passed through the customs?"

"Don't be silly. The emeralds won't be out of my possession a single instant after we land. My husband's going to meet me; one of our own cars will take us to our town-house for the night; the next day we'll motor straight out to Southampton. And as you say, I've had two warnings. Anybody that thinks he can get those stones away from me now will have to do it over my dead body."

"And do you seriously suppose he would hesitate to? Surely the police news in your newspapers is such as to satisfy us that your new school of hold-up operatives seldom stick at murder?"

"What are you driving at, my friend?" Lanyard marked with relief a flicker of real dismay in the famous blue eyes. "Do you know something you haven't told me?"

"The reasonable inference from what you yourself know should be enough. These two attempted robberies—and particularly the bold and brutal nature of the second—surely are proof enough that your emeralds are being hunted by a gang of criminals as unscrupulous as enterprising. The third try will unquestionably be made at the first opportunity."

"But I supposed—of course!—that the Boyce burglar was the same one who had robbed me, and once he was arrested, that was the end of that."

"He was in all likelihood a simple cat's-paw for the brains that planned the business. You must understand, madame, criminals of his class are seldom more than instruments doing the bidding of intelligences too clever ever to show their own hands."

"You do alarm me," Fay Crozier ruefully confessed. "What do you advise?"

"Instruct M. Crozier by wireless to have some safe-deposit company meet the *Navarre* with an armored car, take charge of the emeralds and store them in its vaults till you wish to wear them."

"What a head!" Fay Crozier cried, beaming. "What a master crime lost when the Lone Wolf retired on his honors!"

"Then you will—"

"I bet you my life."

"I am most happy to believe it."

WITH this Lanyard rose: Fenno, all aglow, if only from walking, and somehow prettier than he had ever seen her, was approaching with Maurice—who, it wasn't possible to overlook, likewise wore a deeply contented expression.

"So there you are!" Fay Crozier snapped. "I should think you'd be ashamed to come back from exercising looking like that, and putting your poor old mother in the wrong. In my time children had some consideration for their elders. . . . Young man, your father's been asking for you."

"I called on him three times in his cabin this morning. That is, I tried to, but each time the steward told me he had not yet rung for his coffee."

"We've been watching them get the mail plane ready for its take-off," Fenno put in. "It's terribly interesting."

"When do they launch it, child?"

"Sometime this afternoon. Think: it will be in New York by nightfall! And this poky ship not till late tomorrow. The pilot says there's room for two passengers. I should simply adore the experience—"

"Should you?" Fay asked in an absent-minded voice.

"Wouldn't you, Mother? Why not? What an adventure!"

"I much prefer to die on a dry bed with my shoes off."

"I have a message for you, my father," Maurice reported, "—or an invitation, I should say, from Madame Boyce. She wants to know if you will lunch with her and M. Isquith and the Rajah today, and afterwards play contract. They wanted me to give them their revenge—the cards ran large for me last night, but I had to beg off for this afternoon because I'm giving Fenno luncheon."

"In that event,"—Lanyard, with a lightened heart, gave his shoulders a whimsical lift,—"how can I refuse?"

"My dear Lanyard!" Fay Crozier remonstrated. "After all! Of course, we mustn't judge Maurice harshly, he's so young and inexperienced; but you are a man of the world—you owe your self-respect something."

"Ah, but seriously, madame: seeing that it's the honor of family, in a sense, that my son won heavily last night—"

"And that you're an incurable card-hound, and a bid to a bridge-party to you is the same as smoke of battle to an old war-horse—all the same, I must say I don't just see you slumming!"

LANYARD on his part perceived, at the outset of that afternoon at cards, no reason to repent his readiness to substitute for Maurice. Not only was he glad to think—what, recalling the light in Fenno's eyes that morning, the shine of his son's, he could hardly be blamed for believing—that the girl was making famous progress in her campaign to "save" Maurice, but his old infatuation with the game quickened to the discovery that he was pitting his skill against cardsmen worthy of his metal.

Of the four, Tess Boyce was the poorest player, although by no means to be despised, whether as partner or antagonist. Isquith, preserving his patrician pose whether winning or losing, played with a cool-headed precision rarely met with outside the ranks of experts; in all the sitting Lanyard failed to see him fumble once or make a single misplay. The Rajah of Ladore, in whose suite the game was staged, had manifestly studied under the British masters till they had no more to teach him: only in respect of bidding was his game second-rate. There the others had him at a definite disadvantage. The Boyce and Isquith were adept in the American technique, and Lanyard no less, thanks to the native card-sense which had enabled him to grasp at a glance its superiority to the methods in vogue all over Europe; while the Rajah was handicapped by acquaintance only with the bidding practice of the British, still, in that day, owing to their reluctant swing from auction to contract, at a stage of retarded development.

But the best of cardsmen could have made little of the hands the Rajah held. The ill run of luck that had been his the night before, today stood by him. Lanyard soon grew reconciled to the prospect of losing a rubber when the cut for partners gave him the Rajah. His own cards were nothing to crow about, even though strong enough, for all that, to enable him to hold his own and now and then score a gain. He was playing for the least stake at the table, a quarter a point. The others, making theirs half a dollar a point at the outset, and carrying Lanyard, when they cut him, for the extra quarter, doubled their stakes at the Rajah's suggestion when he had lost his third rubber and, again at his suggestion, toward the end of the sitting, jumped to two dollars a point. Like many of his race, a passionate gambler, he was a poor loser. At first morose, he grew sullen, and toward the end angry. Many thousands down and still holding wretched cards, he cut for the last rubber in a temper that lent the atmosphere a tension distinctly unpleasant.

"I will make you a sporting offer, madame," he said to Tess Boyce, who was Lanyard's partner, while she was dealing the first round: "a pound a point—I should say, five dollars."

"Not this baby!" Tess shook her flame-colored tresses, laughing. "I haven't got the wealth of the Indies to back me. Tell you what I will do, though." She dealt the last card, and signed to the others to put off picking up their hands. "I'm mad about that stone." An enameled finger-nail tapped a pigeon-blood ruby on the dark, small, royal hand. "I'll play you for that. What do you say? I'll bet everything you have lost today, to me, to Mr. Isquith and to M. Lanyard too, against that ring."

The Rajah, with a thin, angry smile, hesitated.

"How much is it, Freddy? How much is His Highness down to the three of us?"

"You are thirty thousand up." Isquith consulted the ledger on the back of his score-pad. "Monsieur Lanyard fifteen hundred. I have won eighteen thousand five hundred."

"Fifty grand!" The woman was visibly dashed for an instant, but rallied. "All right: I said I'd do it, and I'm game. I haven't got that much jack with me, though. Only about thirty thousand in cash, I'm afraid."

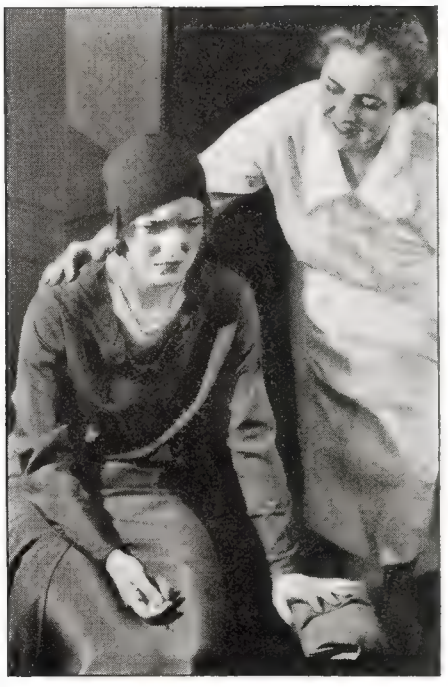
"I will trust you—provided you lose—to settle with me when we get ashore," Isquith offered. "And if you need more money than you have about you, I shall be only too glad to let you have it."

"And my small gains," Lanyard chimed, "—you may pay me when you like, madame."

"I'll say that's handsome." Tess Boyce took up her gold-mesh bag, fished out a stout sheaf of American bank-notes, snapped off the rubber band that bound it, and counted it out at the Rajah's elbow. "Thirty grand, I make it," she announced, "—leaving me barely five hundred to tip and squeeze through the customs with. Well, Your Highness: how about it?"

THE thin smile was as fixed as if painted, the eyes it framed incandescent. With a sharp *"Done!"* the Rajah stripped his finger of its rings, deposited the ruby upon the bills, and picked up his hand.

Tess Boyce as the dealer had the privilege of uttering the first bid.



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"Four hearts," she made it before her cards were fully sorted.

This the Rajah smartly topped with "Four spades!"

Lanyard studied his hand. He held three hearts to the king. Five diamonds to the ace and queen, five clubs to the king, knave, ten. Following an established convention of American bidding, he overcalled the Rajah's bid with, "Five spades" —which amounted to informing his partner in so many words: "I have support for your hearts, some side strength, and can promise you that if hearts are trumps, the Rajah's spades will never take a trick."

Isquith passed: the Boyce calmly called, "Six hearts;" the Rajah, snappishly, "Six spades!" Whereupon Lanyard made his strength in clubs and diamonds known by saying: "I double."

Isquith said: "I pass." The woman announced: "Seven hearts!" The Rajah doubled, and his double standing, led the ace of spades, which, when Lanyard's hand went down, the declarer trumped in dummy. Then, having drawn the adverse trumps in two rounds of play, she happily exposed her hand.

"No use playing it out," she said. "I have the king jack of diamonds, a singleton ace of clubs, and my losing spades I can slough on the set-up diamonds and the club king. Grand slam bid, and we score the first game."

"One moment, please." The accents of the Rajah were strained, his eyes like live embers; the skin of his face was gray beneath its stain; upon his temples veins stood out like buried cords. "I protest. Monsieur Lanyard's bid of spades when he held none was unethical—"

"Your Highness must know," Lanyard protested, "that such an overcall is a recognized American convention—"

"But a false bid, unfair and fraudulent, which would unquestionably result in the bidder's expulsion from any British card-club."

AFTER a moment Lanyard in iced accents pursued: "Your Highness, in other words, accuses me of cheating."

The thin, set, dark smile held; the black eyes burned but never gave to Lanyard's challenge; three dry syllables, hard as stones, slipped the full red lips:

"As you like."

"Monsieur!"

Without memory of having stirred, Lanyard found himself standing with a hand lifted to strike. This, however, Isquith caught and stayed.

"Don't be a fool, Lanyard!"

"The advice is sound," the Rajah remarked. He had not budged. His eyes of cold fire still held Lanyard's. "I must tell you, monsieur, my servants here hold my person sacred. If you should be so mad as to attack me, they would kill you without an instant's grace."

Lanyard used an instant to confirm this statement with evidence apparent at a glance: three stalwart and turbaned natives of the Rajah's suite were closing in on him, all lightly poised, ready to pounce. And all at once he ceased to struggle against Isquith's restraining hand.

"Very well," he said with a shrug of disdain. "If you prefer to avail yourself of the refuge of a coward—"

"Words mean nothing to me," the Rajah sneered. "What to me are hard names uttered in anger by a common card-cheat? Well?" he interrupted himself to snarl at a fourth servant, who had entered from the anteroom. "What is it?"

"A sahib at the door, Highness, asking for Lanyard sahib."

The Rajah made a sign of indifference.

"I have not finished," Lanyard declared. "I will be back."

HE turned and strode out, to find Maurice with excited eyes awaiting him.

"Forgive me for interrupting the game," he half-panted, and gave a nervous half-laugh. "I couldn't wait; there isn't time; the mail-plane takes off within ten minutes—"

"What of that?"

"Fenno is going with it. Her mother consented of a sudden, and has offered to treat me to the last untaken seat. If you have no objection, monsieur, I shall accept."

"And leave me—"

"Only for a day, my father. I should be heartbroken if I couldn't go. It means —you must know—it means much to me to be with Fenno. Tomorrow night you will find me waiting at your hotel. It's the Walpole you mean to stop at, I think you told me?"

"Yes."

"Then you consent? Oh, thank you!" The boy fervently embraced his father. "Forgive me if I run—I haven't a minute. You'll be on hand to see us off, won't you?" He went, without pausing to hear the reply, at a headlong pelt down the passageway.

Lanyard took a moment to collect himself before going back to the scene of the card-game; and when he did, caught the host in the act of replacing the telephone upon its bracket.

"Be good enough to sit down, sir," the Rajah welcomed him. "Or do as you please. . . . The Captain promises not to keep us waiting."

Lanyard frowned in perplexity. "'The Captain?'" He saw Tess Boyce gazing on him with a curious look of shame in her gray-green eyes, Isquith back in his chair at the table at once ignoring him and looking bored, the Rajah covering him with a mocking face. "'Waiting?'"

"I have telephoned him, for help in dealing with a new development of this lamentable business."

"Indeed?" Lanyard's eyebrows took a supercilious climb. "You will only make yourself a laughing-stock if you base a charge of cheating at cards on my use of a bid known to and employed by every good contract player. The choice is yours."

"Unfortunately for you, sir, I have called on the ship's authority in view of another question entirely. The ruby that I had staked on this game is missing. You saw me place it on those bank-notes on the table there. Well, it has vanished. I am determined that no one shall leave these rooms till the ring is found. It should not, however, be difficult to pin the guilt where it belongs. Mrs. Boyce and Mr. Isquith are above suspicion. But you, Lanyard, if I am rightly informed, were once called the Lone Wolf."

(The Lone Wolf and his equally adventurous son achieve even more breath-taking exploits in the next installment—in our forthcoming May issue.)

ISLAND OF DESIRE

(Continued from page 75)

times, then emptied it, filled it with sweet water from the creek and set it up on some stones in the stern of the boat, in such a manner that he could draw the water through the spigot.

For the next two hours he and Greta gathered coconuts. The girl tied a rope about each of her ankles and walked up the long leaning palms, native fashion; plainly it was work she was accustomed to. When they had about four dozen coconuts in the boat, they returned to the house and brought down all of the charts, the two sextants and the chronometer, the *Valkyrie's* documents and log, the shotgun, rifle and spare ammunition, and cached them in the boat also. The sun was low over the horizon now, so Greta took her father's binoculars and led Kilgore through the sparse jungle to the crest of the highest point on the island. He swept the horizon with the binoculars, and far to the southeast caught the topmasts and topsails of a schooner.

"Larson's a fox," he exulted. "He's still lying off the island, but so far away that the schooner isn't visible to the naked eye from the beach. I daresay this crest is only visible to him from the masthead, and then only through his long glass. I think he's started making up to the island again, and he'll be sure to show some sort of light occasionally."

The girl took the binoculars from him and swept the island to the westward and along the beach. Kilgore, gazing in the same direction, could make out the native population on a headland a mile or more distant. Presently the girl lowered the binoculars and put them in their case.

"Your Captain didn't make the reef, Robert," she announced quietly. "He was halfway there when it happened. I knew it would." She placed her arms around him and rested her head on his breast for a minute, as if the tragedy she had just witnessed had unnerved her. He realized how keenly that lonely soul yearned for sympathy and companionship; it occurred to him she was thinking of her father and stabbed by the thought of leaving his bones behind, and facing again the terrors of the wide and ominous sea. And his thought was right in this. "Some day," she whispered, "I'll come back and get him."

"I wouldn't," he urged. "He was a sailor, and it was never a matter of sentiment to any sailor where he finished his voyage. Just now, Greta, you have no time to grieve. . . . The tide had started to ebb when we left the beach, and unless we hurry, by the time we're ready to take off, there'll be insufficient tidewater in the little lagoon to float our boat out to deep water. And it will be dark before we can get the mast stepped and the sail bent."

SHE nodded agreement and they returned to her house. The oars, the mast, halyards, mainsheet, spritsail and jib were cached along the rafters in the main living-room, so he got them down, wrapped them in a single bundle and tied them together. Then he rolled up the two woven grass mats on the floor and tied them into a bundle she could carry; finally he picked up a crude earthenware jug filled with coconut oil, gave one final glance around the habitation they were about to abandon, and walked out.

Greta followed with the roll of mats. Arrived at the boat, she helped him step the little mast and stay it; to bend the sails to it was a matter of ten minutes; they shipped the rudder; and the girl took her seat on the rear thwart, while Kilgore waded behind the boat and shoved it out into deep water. Then while she bent to the oars, he scrambled aboard, shipped a pair of oars and helped her row. Night was falling fast, as it does in the tropics, so Kilgore laid a compass course to clear the northern end of the island. When the canvas began to flutter, Greta Gunderson shipped her oars and tended the sheet; presently it filled; and the boat, heeling gently, moved easily out across the bight. The northerly end of the island bulked darkly in the gloom as they rounded it and headed east.

"What course, skipper?" the girl queried casually.

"Directly southeast, Greta."

"We'll take a reach due east for about half an hour, then tack into the southwest. Can't point this craft up into the wind. She won't sail within ten points of it, and she'll go to leeward. Wish we had a center-board. You be the lookout, Robert, and leave the handling of the boat to me. I'm capable."

HE sat on the stern thwart beside her and stared off into the gloom toward the southeast, hoping against hope that before long he would sight the white masthead light of the *Dashing Wave*. Out in the open sea the trade-wind blew fresh and true; the sea rolled in long swells; and the little boat, with a bone in her teeth, made a soft hissing sound as she scampered along at a rate that Kilgore figured to be about eight miles per hour. They sat in silence; the mystery of the sea and the night, and the knowledge that they were bent upon a cruise that was extremely hazardous, was not conducive to conversation. From time to time he glanced at the luminous face of his watch, shining softly in the darkness.

"Time to come about," he said presently. "Go forward and haul over the jib sheet. I'll handle the main sheet."

They came about gently to avoid undue strain on the dry and ancient ropes, and ramped away into the southwest for another half-hour, then came about on the starboard tack again. But still no friendly light from the *Dashing Wave* cut the darkness, so Kilgore unrolled the grass mats, and with his sheath knife cut one in three long strips. Along half the length of one strip he poured some of the coconut oil, and struck one of the dozen matches he had remaining. When the dry, oil-soaked matting flared into flame, he stood up and waved it in a great circle around his head. In about a minute it became a huge flare, lighting the sea around them; he held it until it threatened to burn his hand.

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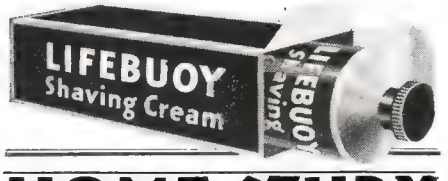

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he explained. "At least Larson told me it was."

He waited about ten minutes, then lighted another flare. Still no answering signal came out of the night, so presently he lighted a third flare. "As usual, I suppose the lookout on the *Dashing Wave* is having a nice little nap," he declared disgustedly.

"Look!" the girl cried, and pointed off the port beam. Straight into the night a blue light arched into the sky. It burned for half a minute, but while it burned, Greta jibbed and headed toward it. A few minutes after the blue light had faded, a white light shone faintly. "Masthead light set to guide us, Greta," Kilgore cried joyously. "Old Larson was coming up on the island with his lights doused, but he's bolder now. He's about three miles distant. We should be aboard in half an hour. I'll burn another flare so he can get a compass bearing on us; then he'll put the schooner under power and come ramping down on us in jig time."

He was right, for ten minutes later they could make out the red and green side lights, proving the *Dashing Wave* was headed straight for them. So they furled their canvas and got out the oars. When the red and green lights appeared not more than half a mile distant, Kilgore burned another flare, and almost instantly another blue light burned from the schooner. In its glare they could make out dimly her towering spars and rigging; the light died, but three minutes later another arched into the sky, and by its light Kilgore saw that the schooner was luffing up into the wind and about to heave to and pick them up.

They approached her from the port side, and Kilgore shouted to throw over the Jacob's ladder. There were a couple of lanterns at the rail now, and he saw they were throwing the ladder over. "They'll heave us a rope, Greta," he called. "Stand by to pick it up as I haul in alongside."

GRETA caught the rope one of the crew flung at her and made it fast to a bronze ring in the bow; as the boat bumped in alongside, she reached for the ladder. "Stop that," Kilgore ordered crisply. "You stay here until I go aboard and make a reconnaissance. With you safely aboard, it would be easy enough for Larson to shove me off and sail away with you."

The girl sat down meekly and watched him clamber aboard—saw a pair of brown arms reach down over the rail and help him up. In about three minutes he reappeared and came down the Jacob's ladder to the water's edge. "Please hand me the sack with the sextants, chronometer and charts," he said, and then he swung them up to a man on the ladder above him; next he reached out a hand to Greta to steady her, and as her feet found the first rung of the ladder, he followed. She heard him order the crew to run the *Valkyrie's* boat in under the schooner's davits and haul it up, to be swung in and lashed on the deck later.

"Why don't you set it adrift? We shall not need it, Robert," the girl suggested.

"It's a good sound boat. All it needs is paint. It should bring fifty dollars in Tahiti," he replied, and she smiled in the darkness at his practical suggestion—the first implication, she realized, that she was about to reënter the world of dollars and cents. He helped the crew get the boat aboard, and when he went aft to the wheel, she followed him—heard him order the helmsman to lay the schooner on the wind again on a course due northeast; as her sails filled and she leaned gently over, she saw Kilgore, in the faint light that flooded up the companion, do a little double-shuffle; she heard the snapping of his fingers—and then his voice was lifted in an ancient song of the sea that Larson had taught him.

With the same abruptness and pleasure which he had quitted his former life, he was now returning to it, and there was a song in his heart as well as a song on his lips. When the chorus was done, he slipped an arm around Greta, demanding: "Isn't life grand, darling?"

And to his vast surprise "darling," to whom this moment meant so much more than Kilgore could ever realize, put her flaxen head down on his shoulder and wept as if her heart would break. The floodgates of five years of yearning, of loneliness, of suppressed emotion had given way before the pressure of this moment of supreme happiness, and for about five minutes the girl was almost hysterical. Kilgore held her close and said no word, since in that moment speech would have been profanation. But at last when she had grown quiet he said:

"I'm hungry. I hope you are. I've told the cook to shake up a swell supper—canned peaches, potted chicken, mashed potatoes, coffee and hot biscuits. While he's preparing it, we'll go below and have a look at poor old Larson."

"What's the matter with him, Robert?"

"He was hurt in the fracas with the natives. When I climbed aboard and found he wasn't on deck, I went below and found him in his berth, too weak to come on deck."

She followed him below, and in the uncertain light of a kerosene lamp swinging from the ceiling, they gazed down on Larson who, clad in cotton pajamas, lay on top of his berth. What with the heat of the cabin and the fever that racked him, he was drenched in perspiration. But there was the light of a great welcome in Larson's sea-blue eyes; he smiled up at them and said huskily:

"Glad to have you aboard the ship. Yes, by yiminy. You are welcome. And you are lucky."

"I knew you wouldn't desert us, Mr. Larson."

THE Swede smiled ironically. "Not while you had the sextant and charts, Tommy."

"You wouldn't have deserted us even if you had the sextant and charts," Kilgore persisted. "You're a ten-minute egg, but you're not rotten clear through."

"Thank you, Tommy. I knew you'd bring the girl if you could, so I've been standing off by day and in by night. I knew I could trust you to burn a light to bring me up to you." He turned to Greta. "Tommy," he said, "is a man with brains and courage. I love him."

"So do I, Mr. Larson," the girl replied without embarrassment.

"Then in Papeete you should marry him."

"If he is willing," she replied, and Larson's glance turned to Kilgore inquiringly.

"This is the first intimation I have had that I'm an engaged man, Mr. Larson," said Kilgore, "but it suits me marvelously. Miss Greta and I will be married in Papeete. She must have somebody to take care of her, and it's a job I crave."

LARSON smiled, as if he had just thought of something rather funny. "Since I failed to capture the bride," he said presently, and his auditors noticed he was speaking with an effort, "I shall be a sport and give her away." And a little chuckle rent him. "Tommy, you remember the money I received from my pearls in San Francisco?"

"Yes."

"You and Boots,—who is in hell, I hope,—thought I had banked that money in Papeete. But I did not. It is all in United States gold certificates of five hundred dollars each, in a very heavy Manila envelope, sealed and in the safe of the owners of the *Dashing Wave*—Gibson & Company, in Papeete. The envelope is plainly marked as my property, and I have a receipt from old Gibson for it. He doesn't know what the envelope contains—thinks it's a life-insurance policy and my private papers—probably some certificates of stock in some South Sea company. I trust no banks. I had a feeling I was one who would not come home from a voyage, and I would not have my heirs bothered with the expense and legal procedure incident to probating my estate. All my life I have made short cuts to my objectives—and some I have been a little sorry for. Well, Tommy, that envelope is in old Gibson's safe and subject to delivery on my order and the surrender to Gibson of the receipt he gave me. It is an old custom of skippers and ship's officers to use the owner's vault as a safe deposit for their valuable papers.

"Well, you will write out an order on Gibson for my envelope in his safe, and I will sign it, and the girl, here, can sign as witness. Gibson's receipt is in the bottom drawer of my locker yonder, under the piece of paper on the bottom of the drawer. You will write the order instructing Gibson to deliver my envelope to you. It is my wedding present, Tommy. I would have taken the girl and sold her to a German trader on—but it doesn't matter. I'd told him about her, and he wanted her. I'd have sold her to him and then double-crossed him by sending her relatives to claim her later—and for that I would have been rewarded. I wanted her; but unlike Boots, I was not such a fool as to think I could keep her. And only a fool tries to keep a woman against her will. This is no common woman. In the end, she'd have killed my foolish German. He could never have claimed her. So you see, Tommy, I have not been so unlucky, after all."

He closed his eyes and lay there quietly, while Kilgore and Greta exchanged looks of amazement. The mate was as casual in his avowal of a villainous intent as he was in his moments of magnificence.

"I notice the girl calls you Robert," Larson went on languorously. "That confirms my suspicion. I am a fool and always have been, my boy, but never an unintelligent fool. When you came aboard the schooner at San Francisco, I was bothered in my mind about you. Your face was very familiar, but I could not place you until you admitted a knowledge of navigation and airplanes. Then I remembered. It was your photograph I had seen in the newspapers while we were lying in San Francisco. I knew you then for the lost army flyer, Robert Kilgore. But I said nothing. A man's business is his own, and I saw that for reasons sufficient to yourself you desired to disappear, and being thought dead, start a new life. . . . Captain Kilgore, I have respect for but two qualities in human beings—intelligence and courage. Morals are a question of geography, and I was never troubled with a duty-complex. Always I have taken what I could get away with, and I have noticed that all men who are not cowards do this, only they deny it because they are moral hypocrites. I deny nothing. Well, I had read your military record in the newspapers, and I studied your face. There was one very fine picture of you in the rotogravure section of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. I said to myself: 'By yiminy, here is the face of a fighting man who lives only because he knows how to fight fiercely and intelligently.' Yes, I studied your face, And when things commenced to happen on the ship—when you whipped Boots Kendrick, I saw, in the manner of your doing, that you were a gentleman, and I did not want you aboard the *Dashing Wave*. On an ordinary cruise—yes. But on the mission we were bound, I knew you would be dangerous. I saw you were a fellow who upsets applecarts for the love of upsetting them—and I tried to lose you in Papeete—for your own sake as well as mine. I thought Boots would kill you. I thought perhaps I might have to kill you if you interfered after I had disposed of Boots. And I did not want to do that. I liked you. You were good to me. You taught me navigation. You were good company, and I found social diversion in your conversation.

"All the time my admiration for you grew, and the thought came to me one day that I would find you useful. You would kill Boots for me. I have shot and cut and beaten many white men, but I have never killed one. It makes trouble, and only a fool fails to avoid avoidable trouble."

HE opened his eyes and looked at Greta Gunderson. "I give you a man," he said solemnly. "I could have killed him and kept you for myself had I desired. Sooner or later I would have got you. I knew where you lived. I could have taken you in broad daylight while your people slept. But when this Robert Kilgore elected to fight to save from—well, from whatever might have occurred—a woman he had never seen—well, he interested me. I like to have my judgment of a man verified. So now you have him, and I warn you that never again will you find such a man. Not a penny has he, but he is a very rich man, because nothing will daunt him, and he will fight for you and treat you gently. You will find happiness with him—very great happiness, young woman. So cherish him and bear him sons and daughters. And I give him my pearl money, not as an atonement for what I planned to do, for I am not repentant, but as evidence of my admiration. And he must have money to go back into the world he has left. I cannot use my pearl

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money now. I shall never command the schooner *Dashing Wave*—"

"What the devil's wrong with you?" Kilgore demanded.

"I was outrunning the king and his warriors through the channel," Larson went on patiently. "They were about three hundred yards behind, and though they paddled like fiends, they could not draw up on me. And then the damned motor betrayed me—cut out on one cylinder. From eight knots under power I dropped to five—and I had to stop the motor to gain time to make repairs. I knew it was a foul spark-plug—only half a minute to remove it and screw in another. Just then Boots staggered up on deck—so I tied a life-preserver around him and flung him overboard. He had it coming to him. He flung you overboard once, didn't he? Well, then let him try his own medicine. I knew the natives would stop to pick him up. He was the man they particularly wanted. The king would be satisfied with Boots—so I sacrificed him to save myself and the crew."

"What a practical rascal you are," Kilgore murmured.

"Always," Larson agreed without humor or rancor. "In one minute I had that fouled spark-plug out and a new one in, and we picked up our old speed again. But only one canoe had dropped out to pick up Boots Kendrick; the others had gained rapidly and were within fifty yards of our stern when I came back on the poop again. I had an ax, and I'd armed the crew with axes to repel boarders. I wasn't afraid they'd catch me now, but they were throwing stones from slings, and some of them came aboard. Still, we could see them coming and dodge. But what I didn't see was three natives in a canoe coming up the channel from the open sea. They'd been out fishing beyond the barrier reef, and they had fish spears. As we passed them, they stood up and hove their spears—and one took me in the belly. Fatal, of course, in the absence of prompt medical attention. I suppose, if a capable surgeon could have had me immediately, an operation would have saved me. But I've managed to last long enough to pick you and your man up, Greta Gunderson."

"Blood-poisoning," Kilgore suggested.

HE nodded. "I suppose so. Slow death, at any rate. I'm burning up; in a few hours I'll be delirious, so write out that order on old man Gibson, and I'll sign it. If he demurs at handing you my envelope, tell him that before I passed out, I told you enough things about him to hang him; and if he still demurs, choke him and cuff him around. He's a bully and a coward but he wouldn't steal from me. He'd be afraid. Don't tell him I'm dead until you have the envelope, and be sure to open it in his presence and count the money. Twelve thousand dollars, even. The old fool might defy you if he thought I was dead. . . . Get me a drink, Tommy; I need it."

Kilgore propped him up on his pillows and gave him four fingers of brandy neat.

He found the receipt from Gibson in the bottom of the drawer and drew up an order for the envelope in the latter's safe. Then, as an added protection, he wrote a will for Larson, whereby the latter bequeathed all of his estate, of whatsoever nature and wheresoever situated, to Robert Kilgore. When Larson had signed both, Greta and the cook, who had had some schooling in Papeete, signed as witnesses.

"Thank you for this little windfall, Mr. Larson," Kilgore said feelingly. "Are you certain there isn't somebody else nearer and dearer—"

"Shut up," Larson growled. "I'm more than nine years old. I know my way about. Bring a mattress up on deck, and then bring me up. I feel like an animal here."

Kilgore, the cook and two seamen carried him up on deck, using the mattress as a stretcher, and laid him on the poop close beside the wheel, where he could give orders, and keep his failing eye on things to the last. Then Kilgore and the girl ate dinner, and Kilgore laid out the course for the helmsman. Meanwhile the cook had cleaned out Boots Kendrick's stateroom and changed the linen on the bed for Greta.

With the schooner rolling away on her course and the watches set, Kilgore examined Larson's wound, while Greta stood by with an electric torch. The spearhead had penetrated just deep enough to puncture the transverse colon, and the wound was red and inflamed. Apparently it had not bled much. Although he was unskilled in surgery, it seemed to Kilgore that, had the mate received prompt medical attention, the injury would have proved operable.

"I wish I knew something of surgery, Mr. Larson," he complained. "I'd patch you up, and you might get well."

"That would cost you twelve thousand dollars," the Swede reminded him. "It's far more profitable to let me die."

"Mr. Larson, you are being unkind."

"Sorry, Tommy. Of course you'd do it. I know you're a sport. Well, would you really care to try?"

"Of course I would."

"Then I'll help you. I had two years of pre-medical in the university. Sharpen your pocket knife, then boil it in hot water for half an hour. There are rubber gloves in the medicine chest, and I think you'll find some carbolic acid. Make a strong solution in water that's been boiled; wash your hands well, then lave them in the carbolic solution and slip on the gloves. Wash me with the solution, but don't have it too strong and burn me. There's sterilized gauze in the medicine chest. Widen the wound, stick your finger in and pull out the transverse colon; then wash the wound out well with sea water—one of the finest disinfectants possible when you haven't something better. There are needles and sutures in the chest. Sew me up as best you can, inside and out, put a pad of sterilized gauze over the wound and bind it with adhesive tape. Then let Nature take its course."

"We've no anesthetic," Kilgore urged.

"I'll hold this girl's hand," said Larson.

WITHIN the hour, under the light of the electric torch, the rude operation was done. Then Kilgore stripped the man and washed his perspiring body in sea water, covered him with a light cotton blanket and left a quart of brandy to his hand. The clinical themometer registered a fever of a hundred and four and a half, but at midnight it had dropped half a

degree, and Larson was drunk and sound asleep. Kilgore, gazing down at him, felt a vast admiration for the mate. Whatever his faults, a lack of courage was not one of them.

Kilgore stood watch all night. Greta slept. In the morning the girl came on deck after breakfast. "Go below," she ordered. "I can stand a watch. I didn't live a year aboard the *Valkyrie* without learning something." She gently thrust the helmsman away from the wheel. "I'm so ashamed, Robert. Why didn't you call me at midnight? I've slept eight hours." She gave the wheel a spoke or two and cast a speculative eye aloft. "Before you go below, Robert, suppose we get the topsails on her. And the fisherman's staysail?"

"A lot of sail to douse if we get a williwaw," he demurred.

"Nothing risked, nothing gained," she retorted. "I have a nose for weather, and we should step along at eight knots instead of four. And you might try some beef on the main halyards. There's a bulge in the mainsail. Flatten in the jibs and let's try the lift of a flying jib, if you have one." She glanced brightly down at Larson. "Hello! Aren't you dead yet?"

"By yiminy," he murmured, "you're a man's woman. And I would have sold you! No, I wouldn't—after I knew you."

"No? What would you have done?"

LARSON considered this soberly. "Nothing. I would have let you do it."

"You're a very hollow villain, Mr. Larson. Feeling better now?"

He reached for the clinical thermometer. "Tell you in a couple of minutes. The schooner steers beautifully, doesn't she?"

"Better than most, I think."

"I love her," he replied. "And I'll never command her. If I did," he added, "I'd paint her and ask old Gibson what he intended to do about that."

He stuck the thermometer into his mouth. Five minutes later he took it out and studied it intently. "No, I do not feel better," he decided.

Greta stood her watch until noon. The trade-wind blew steady and true, and there was nothing to do but hold the schooner on her course; under her full spread of canvas, she ramped along at nine knots. Kilgore relieved Greta at noon, after taking a sight and working out his position, and she went below, to reappear after luncheon clad in a pair of shorts made by cutting off the legs of a pair of dungarees. She had found a cotton shirt and a belt in Boots Kendrick's bureau, and appropriated both; her golden hair hung in two great braids down each breast, and she wore one of Kendrick's old uniform caps. Kilgore noted the play of well-developed muscles in her bare arms and legs, and decided she was physically fit to stand a watch—that she knew more of the art of sailing a schooner than he did.

Larson, flat on his back on the mattress in the shade of the mainsail, looked at her searchingly, then at Kilgore. He nodded as if to say: "She'll do." Then, with his eyes, he summoned Kilgore to him. "Our technique wasn't good enough, Tommy," he whispered. "You didn't catch me in time. You washed the wound clean enough, but inside—down below—peritonitis—foreign matter down in the abdominal cavity. I'm up to a hundred and five, and I'm throbbing inside—burning up. Good Tommy! You did your best. And I did my worst."

"I can't judge you by your worst, my friend. Only by your best. I've found something fine in you—like a streak of gold in country rock." Strangely, Kilgore was much affected.

Larson's great hand reached out and touched his—a benignant sort of touch. "I would not have sold her to the German planter," he whispered. "I couldn't—after knowing her even a little. You will be very good to her, will you not, Tommy? No common woman, my boy. I have known and loved women the world over, but never have I met one like her. For her sake you must go back to your world."

"You have made that possible, you strange devil! And I must have been a little bit crazy when I left it."

"Worry—pride—fear—the fear of a brave man. So you ran away! Well, God had you by the hand—not that I believe in God. A mere metaphor, Tommy." He was silent, picking at a callous spot on his left palm. "I will die hard," he promised. "I am no weakling. I'll have delirium—and I'll say things I should not say. It would not be nice that she should hear me. . . . You are very kind, Tommy. You forgive your enemies. Yes, you are a knight-errant—noble—you are Sir Galahad, and I am Modred, and have enjoyed the rôle until today. Well, no mewing about it. When the girl goes below—find an excuse to send her. . . . I ask it as a favor to which I am not entitled."

Kilgore called to Greta, stretched out now on the top of the house in the shadow of the mainsail. "Greta, please go below for a little while."

"Certainly, Robert." She scrambled off the house and disappeared down the companion into the cuddy.

"She obeyed without question. A marvelous woman, Tommy. A million other women in her fix would have demanded to know why you desired her to go below. This is remarkable. It means that your life with her will be one of peace. Help me up, Tommy. I must go—below."

KILGORE assisted him to rise. Larson staggered to the backstay and stood leaning against it a minute; his glance swept the sky, lingered on the towering spars of the *Dashing Wave* and her cloud of white taut canvas. "She is very beautiful, and I shall never command her," he said softly. "And I am a nuisance here now, and will be a greater nuisance a few hours hence. I knew you couldn't save me, but it did you good to try. Thank you, Tommy. I am a happier man for having known you. Good-by."

He lurched over to the rail, flung himself upon it, tipped downward and disappeared, with a flirt of his long legs, overside. Kilgore stepped to the taffrail and looked back into the schooner's foaming wake. Almost a minute passed; then Larson's head and shoulders were visible for a few seconds—Kilgore saw the long arm come up—saw the huge hand waved to him in debonair farewell as the man rose to the crest of a swell—and sank. Nor did Kilgore see him again.

After a while he called to Greta to come

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up on deck. She stood a moment at the head of the companion and swept the poop with her sea-blue glance. "Perhaps that is better, Robert," she decided. "That man had a conscience and suddenly discovered it."

"Once," Kilgore replied, "he was somebody."

"He was a Viking," she answered. Then she climbed back on top of the house, into the grateful shadow of the mainsail, stretched out and went to sleep. Kilgore, watching her, realized that life had granted her a great boon. It had, to a large extent, paganized her—and to a pagan, death is nothing at all. He felt a sudden revulsion at his own upbringing because it had taught him that death is terrible. He had known what it means to be afraid to die; he had been caught in the meshes of a belief that forces man to make of life a long preparation for death. Well, for the future he would live his life, making of each day a joyous preparation for another day of life. To him, in that moment, came a keener realization of the sweetness of life, when life is lived bravely, cleanly and honorably, *sans* conscience, qualms and regrets. He felt as if, in all that vast expanse of waters, he had suddenly been cleansed.

Poor Larson—how could anybody possibly have understood the man when he had never understood himself!

THEY were a month beating up to Papeete, and throughout the entire voyage Greta did her six hours on watch and six off; she took her place among the ship's company as readily, as casually, as if she held a mate's license. There was not a minute during the voyage when she or Kilgore was not on deck; those were long days and nights of sleeplessness and anxiety. Kilgore worried over the girl, feared he was working her too hard; on the other hand she worried over him, fearful that he was not securing sufficient rest between watches. For the time being they were not lovers but shipmates. Love must wait, and an alert sensitiveness to their position indicated to each that the native crew should have no food for gossip when the schooner reached Papeete.

They crept into that lovely little harbor at dawn one morning, under motor power and with sails neatly clewed up. Within the hour they had been given pratique, so Kilgore had the *Valkyrie's* boat lowered away and he rowed ashore. Two hours later he returned with a straw suitcase.

"I saw old Gibson just as he got down to his office, Greta," he announced. "He didn't know the *Dashing Wave* was in until I appeared. He jumped to the conclusion Larson is still aboard and had sent me up for the envelope, so he honored the order without protest. I didn't tell him anything about the voyage or the death of Kendrick and Larson. He's waiting for them to come ashore and report. The money was in the envelope, so I've bought you some clothing so you can go ashore. Canvas shoes, stockings, a wash dress and some undies. Climb into them and we'll go ashore. Then you can buy all the good clothes you want for the voyage home. I've secured tickets on the *Aorangi*. That's her, lying at the dock yonder, and she sails for San Francisco at noon. We have no time to get married. French authorities demand birth-certificates from the contracting parties—got to prove you've been born before you can be married. Hurry, girl. I want to get you aboard the *Aorangi* and on the high seas before this story breaks in Papeete."

While Greta was ashore, on a shopping rampage for the first time in nearly six years, Kilgore managed to dispose of the *Valkyrie's* boat, sextant and compass for the equivalent of three hundred dollars gold, which he solemnly handed to Greta when, at a quarter of twelve, they found themselves settled aboard the *Aorangi*. Kilgore was arrayed in the habiliments he had worn when he came aboard the *Dashing Wave* in San Francisco, while Greta was dressed in tropical garments that did not fit her, since she had had no time to make alterations. She did not seem to mind this, however. Since emerging from young girlhood, she had not known the competition of her sex in matters of dress. Dress with her was a necessity, not a luxury; she knew nothing of styles, and it had been long since she gazed into a mirror.

"You'll suffer from cold in those flimsy garments when we approach the coast of California," he warned her, "unless I do something about it. I have a plan. There appear to be some forty or fifty women aboard, and surely the warmer clothing of some of them should fit you. You'll be the sensation of the ship within an hour after sailing, and a lot of the women passengers will be mothering you and yearning to take care of you. When you get to be pals with the right ones, trade 'em out of some clothes."

He was vastly relieved when the *Aorangi* pulled away from the dock, for he had been expecting a gendarme to appear, take him ashore and question him regarding the missing Kendrick and Larson. He had written a very complete account of the voyage and left it with the cook of the *Dashing Wave* to hand to Gibson when the latter, growing weary of waiting for the schooner's master to call upon him, should decide to go aboard the *Dashing Wave* and investigate. Kilgore knew there was no wireless station at Papeete; hence the French authorities could not order the vessel to return with him and Greta in order that the latter might testify at any official investigation. Indeed, he doubted if there would be any investigation, since the schooner was registered under the Guatemalan flag, and Kilgore thought it unlikely that there was a Guatemalan consul in Papeete. If there was, then the testimony of the crew of the schooner would have to suffice.

HE felt again a thrill of freedom, of irresponsibility, as the vessel cleared the harbor. He was going back to the world upon which he had turned his back; he was returning to life and as Robert Kilgore, former captain of the United States Army air corps. He would have to explain things, be the storm center of national publicity again; but this time the reporters would scent romance and play the story up for days. Well, it couldn't be helped. He would have to face it. Nor did the prospect of having to do so seem so fraught with distress as he had thought it would. Of course his old friends would think him a queer fellow. . . . Well, let them. He had Greta, and her opinion of him was all that mattered. The world could go hang. He had

twelve thousand dollars with which to face the world again; before that should be spent, he would have found his niche in civil life. Of Greta's probable fortune he had no more knowledge than the girl herself, and this was comforting. At least this removed him from suspicion of being a fortune-hunter. . . .

He was aware that he was standing at the rail, that Greta Gunderson stood beside him and held his hand, as a little child holds the hand of a parent. She was bareheaded, since in Papeete she had been unable to purchase a hat that had not been made for women with bobbed hair. So she had gone without it. The hand that held his was hard and calloused; the sweet face upturned to him was innocent of cosmetics save that applied by sun and wind and rain, and he thought it glorious. Over him there came a surge of that protective instinct that assails men when they have found their mate.

"Poor child!" he murmured. "I must take good care of you."

IN San Francisco the waterfront reporters scrambled up the *Aorangi's* companion the instant the steamer was given pratique. Down into the purser's office they swarmed, with their photographers, seeking that which all shipping reporters seek aboard every incoming liner—celebrities. And this time the purser had a *story* for them. . . . Within ten minutes Kilgore and Greta were being photographed; Kilgore told his story, with shy additions from time to time from Greta. Nor did Kilgore bother now to conceal his identity, which made another national story. However, the interviews aboard the *Aorangi* were but the beginning. Fearful that this marvelous source of marvelous copy might escape into the world, Kilgore and Greta were followed to their hotel, where the sob-sisters and fancy newspaper writers went to the attack. The afternoon papers carried the romantic story, profusely illustrated with photographs, and Kilgore, ever one to exploit his opportunities, handed Greta over to the snappiest of the female newspaper writers for a shopping tour.

About five o'clock that day telegrams began arriving from all over the country for Kilgore. Mostly they came from old friends in the service, and as he read them, it occurred to him for the first time since he had resigned from the service to save himself from a general court-martial, that life was singularly sweet, after all. He still had his friends; here were scores of them welcoming him back from a supposed grave, showering him with congratulations on his approaching marriage. "Wonderful, kind, lovable people," he mused, "but I wish somebody would offer me a job." And as if in answer to this wish that was almost a prayer, he had a telegram late that night from the National Seaboard Aircraft Corporation that read:

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He wired his acceptance immediately. When Greta came in, she found him quite dumb with happiness—so much so, indeed, that he hadn't the faintest realization of the happiness the day had provided for her.

"Something has happened to you, Robert," she cried, and ran and took him in her strong young arms. "You will tell your Greta at once."

He stared at her owlishly. "Darling," he said, "it pays to advertise. Do you still think you want to marry me tomorrow?"

"But of course, you silly Robert—of course!"

"Then we'll be married," he decided. "I've discovered I can afford you." He lifted her glowing face up to his.

THE END

BIG TIMER

(Continued from page 33)

they're not in my class. You should've seen that bunch I had at the Hot Spot last night! They were so hot they'd make a furnace seem like it was making ice cubes. I shot the wad on giving them a good time, but they were worth it. Broadway and Jerry go together just like ham and Swiss cheese—especially on rye! We stayed at the club most of the night—sure that's why I'm yawning today—and I ended up by treating everyone to champagne and everything.

Don't snap at me like that, Janey. Tut-tut! Is that a nice way for a girl to talk? Eddie's got your sandwich all ready—see? Now, eat it and those bad words at the same time.

Oh-h-h! Look what just blew in! Yes, sister, what can I get for you? I haven't seen you around here before, have I? If I had, I couldn't've forgotten you. Look, Eddie, what's come to brighten up our corner! Aw, *all* right, *all* right. I know you came here for food, but you're going to get a break and get a load of me, Jerry himself, at the same time. Eddie, Red Hat here wants tomatoes on toast with lettuce and mayonnaise. What? . . . . And she don't want the toast burned. As if Eddie would! Not for *you*, anyway. And a frosted chocolate.

Double chocolate for you, sister; that's the kind of a big-hearted guy I am. Look me over. Say, did anyone ever tell you what a cute pair of eyes you got? Oh, they did, did they? You're pretty fresh, aren't you? Like the brunette with the boyish bob I was with last night. Some warm wench. Yeah, I gave a big party for the chorus of "Four in Hand" over to the Hot Spot. It was Jeannette's birthday—that's the brunette—and I had to do a little something for her. She had a bottle of champagne for every year, too. And she's not a minor. She sat there on my knee with a bottle in one hand and—

Oh!

Hello, Dot. I didn't see you till just now—I'm busy. Huh? Yeah. . . . No. . . . All right, if you say so, but we been to your mother's for dinner twice this week already. No. . . . Sure! All right. No, I won't. Yeah. . . . Yeah. . . . What you doing downtown with the kid? No, Junior, Papa don't want you to have any ice-cream. Not after the way you was sick all last night and kept Mamma and me up till all hours!

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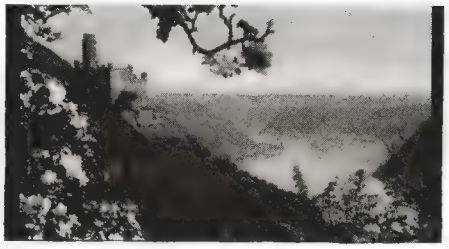

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A VISIT TO CHINA

(Continued from page 69)

practiced all the vices. "What hospitality!" exclaims Li-Po. "What squandering of money! Red jade cups and rare dainty food on tables inlaid with green gems!" The great race was suddenly enamored of beauty, and lavished honors upon those who could create it.

At the head and height of this Rebirth was the Emperor Ming Huang. A man complex and contradictory: he made war and wrote poetry; he exacted tribute from distant lands, and gave handsome gifts to artists and scholars, poets and philosophers; he levied taxes mercilessly, abolished capital punishment, and endowed a college of music; he began like a Stoic, denouncing luxury and pleasure, and ended like an Epicurean, appropriating the concubine of his eighteenth son. (Most of us *begin* like Epicureans and *end* like Stoics).

IT was Sun Yat-sen who put an end to the old China. See him, an impecunious young physician, drunk with the dreams of a republic, then of socialism, then of communism, traveling from port to port in secrecy and fear, collecting from ten thousand laundrymen all over the world the sinews of revolution. The corruption of the mandarins and radicalism of the students combined to make straight his way. The old system of examination for office had decayed into venality under the Manchus, and the Chinese people had lost respect for their basic institution—the democratic eligibility of every Chinese youth to the trained aristocracy of Chinese officialdom. Those students who had gone to European or American universities returned shorn of their ancient faith in ancestor-worship and a myriad gods, and enamored of votes, caucuses, primaries and politicians—they would have democracy. Even the merchants thought of it; perhaps under democracy industry would grow, and they would be free to rule the roost as in all capitals of the West; they too sent furtive subsidies to Sun Yat-sen, and saw without mourning the fall of the Emperor, the election of Yuan Shi-kai as president, the desecration of the Hall of the Classics (where the writings of Confucius were carved in stone), and the overnight rejection, by militant youth enthroned, of all the old ideas and ways.

That was far back in 1911. One would have supposed that the chaos of revolution would by our time have been replaced with order; but in truth the chaos is worse than ever before in living memory. For China was poor, and could not build the army that would have given her unity; she was divided into eighteen provinces, each seeking its own good and ignoring that of the commonwealth; no sense of the whole, no loyalty to the country cemented these four hundred million men into a nation. The ruthless *Tuchuns* who ruled the provinces raised their own taxes, their own armies, their own opium, and pursued their own ends. Now, as when the Mings fell, there is no China; there are only generals.

Even the Nanking Government is but a general; and Chiang Kai-shek, that charming young Methodist, has not made up his mind whether to be a George Washington, or a Genghis Khan. He is a Christian now, for the Christian bankers at Shanghai have the money he needs, and hate like him his greatest foe, the Communists. He cannot forgive Russia for organizing his army in 1926, and teaching him how to capture one province after another by fire and word; nothing alienates a man like an obligation, and only saints can remember without rancor the favors to which they have been subjected.

We cannot blame Chiang, for though Borodin was a genius, the present Communists of China are madmen. The poverty of China is their happiness; only when men are destitute are they willing to share their goods. One hopes that it is merely the press of the West that has fastened upon the robber gangs of a disordered nation the name of Communist; surely the ruthless discipline of the Soviet has not reached these rioters who prowl like ghouls among the remains of China's dead glory, and kill like fiends for gold. Sometimes, seeing how chaos devours the people, one would welcome the stern hand of Russia upon these millions; but the subtle and perpetual acquisitiveness of the Chinese makes them poor material for the Communist experiment. Either a Napoleon must come, or the pounds and dollars, the francs and marks and yen of Japan and the West will bolster Chiang Kai-shek into a frail supremacy and a precarious order and peace.

COME to Pekin if you wish to see the colors and smell the odors of decay. Through four hundred years it was the gay capital of China, pink with archways and palaces, redolent with perfumed ladies of the court, and stately with subtle mandarins who knew how to condescend from philosophy to love. Go see those palaces today: tawdry tinsel, whose gaudy paint is peeling from the rotting wood; no material more durable than lumber, no structures loftier than the Temple of Heaven, no architecture of Egyptian grandeur, or Greek perfection, or Roman strength, or Gothic imagination, or Mogul grace; only a consumptive prettiness in decay. Stand before the *Grand Hotel de Pekin*, where in older days diplomats made *liaisons* and history; now it is abandoned to humble transients like ourselves. Before its doors a hundred coolies wait with their frail 'rickshas, ready to waylay the alien with solicitations as he comes out, and with imprecations if he dares to walk; while the plaza roundabout, which once was green with grass and trees is now an unwatered waste of dirt and mud. Even important streets have no other pavement than nature gave them; ten thousand 'rickshа runners and two million feet fill the air with dust; and the crafty Chinese, learned with suffering, wear black cloths over mouth and nose as they walk or ride. In this air, rich with the germs of an excapital long since careless of its sanitation, are the makings of countless diseases; hardly a visitor but leaves it with a bacterial souvenir. The old question unsympathetic Westerners once asked—"Which is the filthiest city in China?"—will soon cease to be in doubt: Pekin will win.

In the stores the poverty that has come of overpopulation and civil war is hidden

by the influx of tourist wealth. The tradesmen are genial and intelligent, and as honest as our mania for bargaining will let them be. In the streets people are visibly dying of starvation; but in all their suffering they retain their ancient courtesy, and offer no violence to strangers whom they picture as bulging with gold. At the rug-shop, where thousands of dollars pass over the counters, the doors are open, and a curious crowd gathers to see the rich foreign devils; but though there is endless jabbering, it conveys no sign of ill will; the Chinese know how to die in peace. At the Temple of Confucius, however, where the shrine of the soul of old China stands deserted and desolate, a flurry of desperate beggars, repulsive with disease and redolent of death, whirls about us and almost invades our pockets; and at a restaurant door in a little alley our Chinese friend has to frighten away from us, with loud shouts, the crowd that has discovered, from an occasional indiscretion, that we are not immovable to their suffering. Even India never showed us sights more pitiable. Five millons of these people will starve to death between the writing and the printing of these words.

BUT at Shanghai everything is youth and rejuvenation. At the dock, patriotically garbed in the somber cassock of his race, is the young reformer and philosopher Hu Shih, greeting us as old comrades at Columbia University; his handsome and jolly face, his great eyelids and soft eyes, his gentle manner and tolerant speech, blot out for a while the tragic decadence of Pekin; here, perhaps, is the new China growing, as there was the old China in the rigor of death. He takes us to a famous eating-place where stately waiters, every one of them looking as profound as Confucius, serve us a twelve-course dinner consisting of nothing but duck, while sing-song girls wearing hot-water bags over their stomachs entertain us with horrible music. Hu Shih explains that the profundity which we discover in the waiters as in most Chinese, is facial rather than cerebral—due to the large, drooping eyelids that give them always an air of meditation. In truth, he suggests, there is much excitability behind this surface calm.

As Hu Shih talks to us, the new China begins to take form in our minds. We understand with far more sympathy the rebellion of Chinese youth against Confucius, against that old conservative's exaggeration of filial obedience and national loyalty, against the scholastic traditions of blindly memorizing the Confucian classics, against the corruption of the examination system, against the Manchu stolidity and stupidity that had so long and disastrously resisted the arming of China with Western science and industry. Hu Shih knows the problems that the industrial revolution has brought to Europe and America; nevertheless he understands that China too must come that way, and make a path through factories and slums to the wealth and power which alone can protect her from the White Peril of the market-hungry West. He will have no sentimentality about the passing of customs made dear by age, about the break-up of the family, or the abandonment of the "wisdom of the East" for the "machinery of the West." "Civilization," he says,

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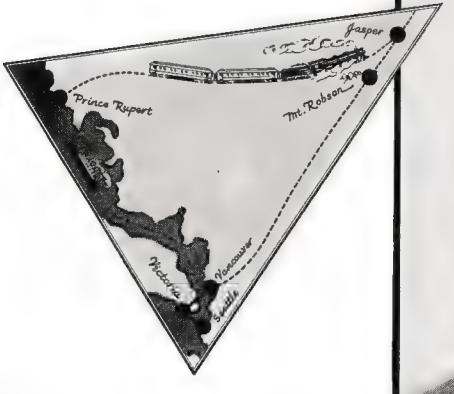

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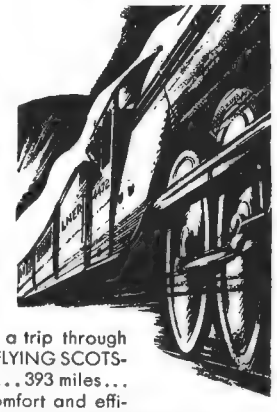

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"sank into medieval darkness when man became weary of the task of fighting his natural environment and sought refuge in the life of the spirit." What must be must be; the East must go West, learn the tricks and weapons of the West, and then again be capable of self-defense and freedom.

He shows us the factories on the outskirts of Shanghai, and admits that the Chinese are being exploited there mercilessly by the Japanese, the English, the Americans and the Chinese. He acknowledges that coolies there receive fifteen to twenty cents for a long day's work in which they often have no respite for lunch, but must eat as they toil; he knows only too well that the chaos of revolution has so impoverished the people that men turn to banditry in rage and despair, and then make chaos worse by exacting tribute from merchants, in the best American fashion, as the alternative to being robbed or killed; he knows that for a Chinese family of six to have an income of one hundred dollars a year, or to have one-fifth of an acre to till, is rated as prosperity. These things seem to him a grim but inevitable interlude, a stage that must be passed through; soon these sturdy laborers will change their ancient guilds into modern trade unions, and lift this crude early Nineteenth Century capitalism into some measure of justice and decency. Already the unions are strong in Shanghai and Hongkong; already some factory laws have been passed; and though strikes often fail, the boycott often succeeds. Yes, if one has patience, he need not doubt of China's future; here in its soil are richer mineral deposits than anywhere else; and its people are the strongest and most industrious, the thriftiest and most stoical, on earth.

WHAT most amazes in Shanghai is the cultural and moral revolution, beside which the political revolution seems merely a hackneyed story often told. This same modest and quiet Hu Shih startled all China, in 1917, by suggesting the abandonment of that complex literary language whose five thousand characters had so far divulged from spoken Chinese as to be intelligible only to the literati; like Dante in Italy, he insisted on writing—even philosophy—in the actual speech of the people. Apparently he has won; nearly all Chinese periodicals and textbooks are now published in the one thousand characters of Pei-Hua, the language of the common man. There is a corresponding revolution in thought: Confucius is in disrepute; the great heretics of the Sung Dynasty are all the rage; European philosophers are studied devotedly; and young China listens enthusiastically to the skeptical socialism of Bertrand Russell and the open-minded instrumentalism of John Dewey. To China, Dewey is the greatest of Western thinkers since Kant; for in Dewey, all modes of living are experiments, and all forms of government or production are judged not by their antiquity or their sanctity, but by their material and spiritual results. This, of course, is just the philosophy which a reborn nation needs.

Confucius is dead, after twenty-four hundred years of domination, because his philosophy, like Chinese civilization, was based upon the family, and the family is now in decay. Industrialism has liberated the young man from his omnipotent father, and the young wife from her merciless mother-in-law; the city calls to all with its mobility of persons, its variety of stimulation, its flexibility of mores and morals; the individual job has made the individual free; the power of the family and the clan is gone.

Nowhere in the world is moral change so rapid, not even in Russia or America. The old religions—Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism—have disappeared from the cities and have retreated to the villages to die; the urban temples are visited only by old women and destitute priests; heaven has fallen, and the earth has come into its own; science and technology are now the only gods. Instead of religion, there is nationalism, that same wild passion for the unhindered sovereignty of oneself and one's state which in Reformation Europe broke the waning authority of the Church. Instead of the old peacefulness is a barbarous militarism; the soldier, once the laughingstock of the Chinese stage, has risen to honor, riches and power; Chiang Kai-shek has made military training compulsory in the schools; China has decided that it must learn from the West not Christianity but war. The traditional courtesy, which once descended to all the people from the imperial and provincial courts like rivulets falling from the hills, is yielding to a hard and brusque directness rivaled only under the Soviet. The Revolution has destroyed everything, and trusts it will be able to build all anew.

Here in the streets of Shanghai behold the Chinese girls: Twenty years ago they would have been concealed in their homes, submissive to an ancient domestic slavery; today they are taking to European skirts, as their men are taking to coats and pants; and together they dance, to a queer mixture of Chinese and American jazz, the steps that were popular yesterday in cabarets of the West. The Pekin *Leader* offers, as a retreat to weary mortals—

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Nietzsche thought Asia was right, and Europe wrong, in the treatment of women; but today Asia yields, and European ways win. Chinese girls rebel at the thought of having their marriages arranged by their parents; they insist upon mating at the call of desire, and demand all the poetry that in the West has created romantic love. They have long since refused to bind their feet; to make up for it, they are bobbing their hair, and powder has replaced their complexions. Sometimes the young people leap into the distant future, and engage in trial unions without any recourse to law; it is enough, they feel, if they send out cards announcing their "Bertrand Russell marriage" to their friends. The new woman of China objects to concubines, so long the privilege of the Chinese male—though the law still retains this custom where the wife fails to bear a son.

Chinese girls fought alongside their lovers in the student uprisings that liberated China from Japan and Europe; now they study beside them in a hundred colleges which have imported coeducation from America. The Nanking Govern-

ment has limited suffrage narrowly, but it promises a golden future in which all men and women will vote, and ladies may become *Tuchuns* and presidents. Even now there are women members in the Supreme Council of the Nationalist Government, and—more important still—in the Central Executive Committee of the Nationalist Party, which governs the Government. Indeed, if gossip may have its say, it is the versatile ladies of the Soong family who, by marrying Sun Yat-sen and Chiang Kai-shek, and standing at the side of their clever brother, the Minister of Finance, share with the bankers and merchants of Shanghai and Hongkong the power behind the Nanking throne. The Soong Dynasty has begun.

IS China, then, dying, or reborn? Like some monstrous dragon that might be its renovated emblem, it seems to be senile at one end and youthful at the other. But everywhere is chaos; and as one looks and ponders, the words of old Confucius come to mind: "He who thinks the old embankments useless, and destroys them, is sure to suffer from the desolation of overflowing water." It is a terrible price that revolutions must pay for cutting down the old and planting the new; for a long time life will be less beautiful, and less firmly rooted, than before. The traditions and customs of a people are like the memories and habits of the individual; let them be suddenly interrupted, or too quickly changed, and the result resembles insanity. If we could persuade radicals that change must be gradual to be permanent, and could persuade conservatives that change must be!

Perhaps the interruption is not as complete as it seems to one who, loving philosophy, is overfond of order and unity. Revolution is less disruptive in agricultural than in industrial countries; even while governments fall and rise, and youth buoyantly replaces age, the land remains unharmed; and simple peasants, strong of limb and loins and unaware of change, plow the furrow, plant the seed, and reap. So today in China, though the brain is disordered and the central ganglia are almost destroyed, the spinal reflexes of the great leviathan suffice to carry it on; the cradles are still filled, the rice-fields are still watered, the tea leaves are still gathered, and the silkworm still spins its frail cocoon. In the end disorder cures and balances itself with dictatorship; old obstacles are roughly cleared away, and young growth is free. Revolution, like death and style, is the removal of rubbish, the surgery of the superfluous.

China has died many times before. She will be born again.

NEW LEAF

(Continued from page 57)

thought Frederica would be there to drive him home. She knew that he was coming on this train and that he liked to have her meet him. Perhaps she was sick. . . . Nonsense—she was never sick. Still, he was worried as he flung his suitcase into one of the mangy taxis; and his worry mounted on the drive homeward. He ought to have telephoned her house to find out if anything was wrong. He ought to drive past, and stop in. But she lived clear across town; it would look silly. He'd call her up when he got home.

Nothing could be wrong. Of course she was always out in her car, but she was an excellent driver. But there were bad drivers, drunken drivers. Suppose her car had been hit by one of those intercity trucks that tore along as if they owned the road, or by a liquor truck, that wouldn't stop! He could see her lying somewhere in the wreck of her car, bleeding, unconscious, alone in the rain—

The taxi turned the corner; he saw his house lighted up. Something must have happened. In a lather of anxiety, he ran up the walk, let himself in—and heard music from the radio, a jazz air. His impetus carried him across the empty parlor; he stopped at the door of the dining-room, speechless with disgust.

She wasn't helpless and alone in the rain; she was here dancing with Phil—Phil, who wore one of Max's suits. His father sat at the table, more cheerful than he had been for a year. There was a bottle in front of him—one of the half-dozen bottles of old rye that he had kept locked away for medicinal use, ever since prohibition; and three highballs—Frederica knew Max didn't like her to drink. . . . The music stopped; but the dancers still stood swaying to the rhythm till they felt an alien presence at the door.

"Hello, Max!" said Phil cheerfully. "You see I'm back again."

Max turned to his father.

"What's all this? You told him last year you were through with him."

"It's all right," said Henry W. Hazen pacifically. "The boy has turned over a new leaf. —I've had your dinner kept warm for you."

"I dined on the train. . . . The car didn't meet me. Is Johnson sick?"

"I forgot to tell him, in the excitement. . . . Max, what do you suppose this crazy boy wanted? He said he was broke, and he asked me to give him his old job in the office, at thirty-five a week. I told him I'd give him a job all right—as second vice-president."

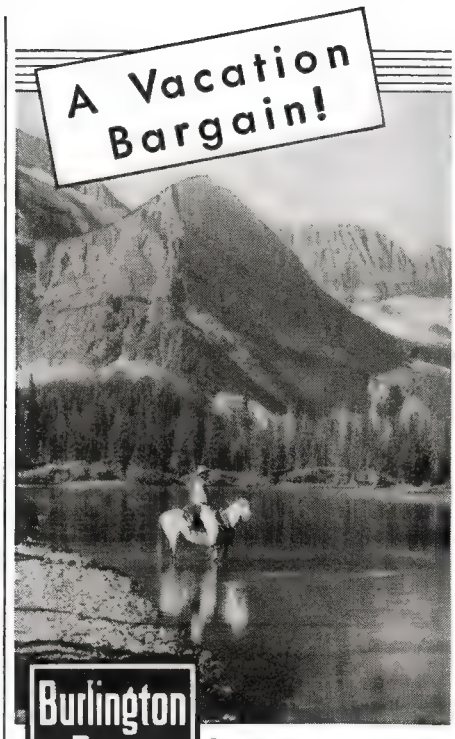
"Second vice-president?" Max exploded. *"Phil!* What's the idea?"

"You know you and I are both overloaded. We've talked of getting a man to handle certain things. But we don't need to hire an outsider, now. Phil knows the business, and at last he's home to stay."

"Home to stay?" Max laughed sourly. "Well—maybe he is. Why not? You'd give him your last nickel, if he asked you for it. You never gave me anything I didn't earn. I've been working for you ever since I got out of high school, and you've given me one share of stock, to qualify as director. The rest of my holdings I've bought out of what I save."

"You know, son, I'm going to leave you the majority interest."

"So you've said; but you've never given me anything yet. But Phil—you gave him fifteen hundred shares last year—a third interest in the business you built up, and I've kept going. Money you and I had made—and what did he do with it? He blew it all on women! You know



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that; Frederica knows it too. And now when he comes home broke, you make him second vice-president; and I find him wearing my clothes and dancing with my girl!"

Frederica gasped; then, in a torrent of fury—

"Am I your property?" she demanded. "I'll dance with anybody I want to dance with! If you don't like it—"

"Well, it makes me sick to find everybody falling over him—"

"You make me sick!" she blazed. "You ought to be glad your brother's ready to straighten up and cut out the nonsense! But if you're going to act like this—I'm going home!"

"Wait," Phil begged her. "Max is absolutely right. Just let him get it off his mind, and then maybe he'll sit down and have a drink with us. . . . I know I've been a fool, Max. But I've reformed."

"Oh, you've reformed, have you? Well —that's good business. You sold your stock last year, and Father had to buy it up at a stiff premium to keep the Knittex people from getting hold of it. But he'll probably give it back to you, now that you've reformed. . . . What a damn' fool I was not to go out and raise hell! Then I could reform too."

"Max," said his father, "your attitude is unfair and unchristian—"

"It's worse than that!" cried Frederica. "If I'd ever known you were like this—mean and envious and hard— Well, it's not too late!"

SHE tore off her engagement-ring, flung it on the table; she turned and ran out; they heard the front door slam behind her.

Max would have followed her, but Phil caught his shoulder.

"Easy, old-timer! Let her blow off steam. Then go round in the morning and kid her along. Crawl a little—not too much; tell her she's the loveliest thing you've ever laid eyes on; tell her you need her—pet her a bit—and she'll come round all right."

"Oh, that's how it's done, is it?" Max snarled. But already his fury was draining away; he felt cold and frightened. If he lost her—

"You think I haven't been fair to you," said his father after a pause. "But son, you know that all I've got will be yours some day. If I make more of a fuss over Phil than I do over you—well, it's as if he'd risen from the dead. And you've always been around."

"It's all right, Dad," said Phil with his famous smile. "I don't blame Max. And I won't let you give me one share of stock till he admits I've earned it. . . . Come on, Max. I know I deserve to be kicked all the way from here to Buffalo. But if I can take hold and give you and Dad a little help— Let's have a drink, and forget what's happened."

Max shrugged. He hardly ever drank, but maybe a highball would be good for him now. He picked up the nearest glass from the table.

"I'll get you a fresh one," said Phil. "That's Fritzi's."

Max slammed it on the table with a spattering crash and stamped away to his room upstairs. . . .

Phil came down yawning to breakfast, and found Max alone at the table.

"Sorry," he apologized. "I'm not used to getting up so early."

"Early? It's a quarter of nine. Have you forgotten that executives are supposed to be at work at eight? Father left long ago. But I waited because—well, I made an ass of myself last night," Max said gruffly. "Sorry. My nerves were all shot, and when you called her Fritzi— I always call her Frederica. Fritzi seems rather cheap."

"Don't blame you at all," said Phil, pouring his coffee. "And what you said about me was the plain, cold truth. But this time I've really turned over a new leaf. You just watch me."

"If you're really going to settle down, we can use you. And if I lost my temper last night—well, I'm closer to this business now than Father is. We were just about on the rocks in 1920. You didn't know it; you were in prep school. But we were. Father was still thinking in terms of war profits and couldn't seem to carry us through. I had to take hold and do it. So I know just how hard it is to keep this business going profitably—better than he does. Every now and then he gets some wild idea, and I have to hold him down."

"Father—wild ideas? You astonish me!"

"Well—we've got a big reserve; have to carry it, with business as uncertain as it is now; we paid part of the last dividend out of it. He wants to take some of it for a new building. I know the one we've got dates from 1870, and it might have a little more light and air. But we simply can't afford it, till business picks up a good deal. . . . We've been having threats of labor trouble too—"

"Labor trouble? In Marbury?"

"It's nothing to joke about. We've had to lay off a good many people this last winter. You'd think that with our record for steady employment they'd see the sense in waiting till we can take them on again. But they drift away to the cities; and the ones that stay show an ugly spirit. Last week there was an agitator in town."

"That was bound to happen in these times, Max."

"The American plan," Max corrected, "has always been good enough for Marbury. But we've got a spineless mayor who wants to run for Congress in the fall; he's let this fellow go round and do a lot of talking. I'd thought you might take charge of—well, what they call personnel work. I've got my hands full with sales and production; and finance, with his outside interests, keeps Father busy. If you started trying to deal with this radical propaganda—well, our people might listen to you. You're a Hazen—and one they don't know so well."

PHIL finished breakfast, lighted a cigarette.

"Phil, you must realize that this business runs close to the edge. If we run this business as a philanthropy, it will go broke. And what happens then? Do the Hazens starve in the gutter? No, we've got plenty laid up. But other people starve in the gutter—or move out of town. This mill's the life of Marbury. If the mill closes and the hands move away, the whole town goes broke. We can't do that."

Phil nodded; every word of it was true.

"You've got to make things pay," Max told him. "Somebody's got to earn every dollar that gets spent, and it isn't often the spenders that earn it. . . . I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything personal—"

"The application is inescapable," Phil sighed. "I know you and Dad kept this business going when I was out raising Cain. And I've come so near starving in the gutter myself that— Well, I may have notions about the business, but I won't forget that you're the boss."

The tinkle of the telephone came to them from the front hall.

"Probably Father," said Max, rising, "wondering why we're so late."

But the maid reported that the call was for Phil. He was gone a long time, while Max fidgeted; then he came back, grinning.

"Fritzi's cooled off," he announced. "I told her you had too; so you'd better go over there right now and square yourself."

"I'll see her this evening. You and I ought to be at the office."

Max's curtness hid an immense relief; last night, when he thought he had lost her, he had realized for the first time how much he wanted her. He wondered how you told a woman things like that. . . . His stammering abasement touched her, that evening, more than she cared to admit; she put on his ring again, and promised to think about a date for the wedding. She could see that Phil's influence was softening him already.

THE reform of Phil Hazen was the wonder of Marbury. Every day he was at the office from eight to six. In the evening he sometimes pursued his researches in personnel work in the streets along the river, where the mill hands lived, getting acquainted with them, trying to persuade men who had been laid off to wait for better times instead of moving to the cities. But more often he was out at parties—dances at the Country Club, dinners with one of the twenty-odd families who constituted society in Marbury.

They had been a little afraid of him, at first—especially the parents of marriageable daughters. He danced beautifully; his traveler's tales of far countries had a heady fascination for girls who lived in a mill town; his famous smile seemed to brighten all of Marbury. But before he had been home two months, the parents of marriageable daughters began to wish he would put the seal on his reformation by marrying and settling down. At parties he took one cocktail, no more; he got into no scandals with women. It was known that his father was paying him a good salary already, and he'd certainly inherit a considerable interest in the business; his brother had publicly admitted that he was taking hold well. Now that he had lived down his past, he was the most eligible bachelor in town. But though he was cheerfully agreeable to all the girls, he showed no particular interest in any one; if he took a girl anywhere, or took her home, it was his brother's fiancée, whom he dutifully squired on the evenings when Max was working late at the office. . . .

Invitations to the wedding of Frederica Landon and Maxwell Hazen, to take place on July 27th, went out on July 6th. That

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"Old Town Boats"

afternoon Henry W. Hazen went to New York, to get a new cutaway in place of the old one that was too large for his shrunken figure; and that night at dinner in the gray brick house, with his restraining presence removed, the tension between Max and Phil broke out into their first open quarrel—if you could call it that, when all the quarreling was on one side.

"I tell you that's no better than Communism!" Max shouted at last. "You've done a good job backfiring against that Red, but what's the use if you start preaching his ideas yourself?"

"Listen, Max. I know how those fellows feel—the ones who've been laid off. And you don't. You've never had to worry about money."

Max laughed contemptuously.

"I know," Phil admitted. "But worrying about notes at the bank isn't like worrying about when you're going to eat."

"If I hadn't worried about notes at the bank, this mill would have closed long ago, and everybody'd have been laid off. . . . Those notions of yours are fine, Phil; but somebody's got to pay for them. Somebody's got to pay for everything. That's my job—to run the organization so that it pays—pays wages as well as dividends. . . . No, I don't want to hear any more of this," he protested as Phil started to speak. "You promised when you came home that you'd remember I'm the boss."

"So I did." Phil grinned wryly, and rose from the table. "I'm going downtown," he announced. "Yes, I may see some of those fellows. But don't worry. I'll remember that you're the boss."

HE managed to say it so as to make it an insult, Max reflected as he went out to his car, and drove across town.

Frederica was waiting for him on the porch, in sleeveless white, a spectacle that should have cured any man's grumpiness. But he frowned as he saw that she wasn't wearing stockings. Of course it was a stifling night, but he thought she should always wear stockings.

"Isn't it hot?" she said, kissing him affectionately. "How'd you like a glass of beer?"

"Beer? Where did you get any beer?"

"Phil got me some. I don't know where."

"One of those speak-easies along the river, I'll bet. If the mayor had any backbone, he'd close them up. But Phil—he knows he's got no business going into places like that!"

"It's the only place he can see some of the men he has to see."

"Oh, that's his story, is it?" Max sat down, mopped his forehead. "I just had a devil of a row with him," he confessed. "It started when he asked me to take back a foreman who got drunk and missed two days of work. I told him if we once began doing things like that—"

"Why shouldn't you take the man back? You took Phil back, and look how splendidly he's straightened up! Phil knows how a man feels when he's done a thing like that, and you don't."

"No, I don't. I never got drunk and laid down on my job. Maybe I'd have done better if I had. It seemed to pay Phil pretty well."

"Max, why must you be so— Phil's had a lot of experience, and some of it was rather dreadful. That's what makes him tolerant."

"He's always been tolerant—especially of himself."

"Oh, you're insufferable! . . . Max, do you know what's the matter with you? You're jealous—jealous of Phil."

"Jealous?" He stared at her, and knew it was true. He'd been ashamed to recognize it, but now that she'd given his feeling a name— He'd been jealous ever since that evening when he came home in a lather of anxiety, and found Phil dancing with his girl.

"Yes, jealous!" she said miserably. "Everybody likes him. He's tolerant, Max, and he has charm. He's popular everywhere—especially with the mill hands; and you know you're not. He could have anything he wanted, in this town. There's talk of running him for mayor—"

"To hell with that!" Max broke in. "That's not why I'm jealous. I'm jealous because you always stand up for him! Frederica, if he's been trying to make love to you—"

NOW she was white. "Max, he never did!" she protested. "He's always been—scrupulously fair. . . . And there have been times," she went on in stony desperation, "when if he had tried to make love to me— But he never seemed to want to."

Max sat still, and felt as if he had been hit with a hammer.

"So if he'd wanted you—" he said at last. "Well—no wonder. He has time to take you to parties; I have to work evenings at the office. He can talk about places where he's been, people he's known; I can't talk about anything but the business and the home town. And he knows how to talk to women. He's had plenty of practice—"

"Max!" she broke in.

"You know it!" he cried. "You know he's had twenty women. . . . Why, he's keeping a woman right now, in Miami."

"*Wha-at?* I don't know what good it would do him to keep a woman a thousand miles away," she said. "But how do you know? How do you know?"

She faced him, flaming, insistent. He wished his fury hadn't led him into this atrocious blunder; but it was too late to back out now.

"They made a mistake at the bank," he said. "They sent me his personal checks, as well as mine. I was going through them, before I noticed; and I saw a check for fifty dollars to a woman named Irene Sandler. She'd endorsed it; and it had the stamp of a Miami bank. . . . I meant to give him back the checks, but we got to quarreling. And I didn't mean to tell you, Frederica—"

"Maybe it's a good thing you did," she said drearily. "But will you please go home now? I don't want to talk to you: I don't want to see you—" He tried to protest. "We're neither of us able to think straight tonight," she said. "Maybe I'll want to see you tomorrow. But please, please leave me alone now!"

When he had gone, she went down to the darkened end of the porch and lay down in a Gloucester hammock, shivering with silent sobs—till she heard footfalls on the porch steps, and a lazy cheerful voice: "Fritzi? . . . Oh, there you are!"

PHIL had gone downtown to a speak-easy; his father had locked up the medicinal rye, and he didn't dare keep his own liquor in the house. Ridiculous to be treated as a child, he thought over his first drink. He'd earned it; but still—He took another drink, and another; the first time since he came home that he'd had three drinks in a row. . . . Over the fourth drink, he decided that he couldn't stand Marbury any longer.

At first it had been enough that he ate, and wore clean clothes every day; but in that year of absence he'd forgotten the deadly stuffiness of the place. He'd had ambitious ideas at first about what he could do at the mill—things that Max couldn't do: liberalizing the policy, modernizing the attitude. What a joke that was! Max was still the boss; nobody could do anything with Max. . . . He didn't need to stay with his job now. He'd saved five hundred dollars from his salary—forced to live on his good behavior, he hadn't had much chance to spend money; and last week, in a speak-easy where they made books on the Saratoga races, he'd won seven hundred dollars on a horse. Twelve hundred all told. And he could be elected mayor. But who'd want to be mayor of Marbury?

Twelve hundred wasn't much; but when so many stocks were selling far below their real value, it might be run into a fortune. And there was a bootlegger in the river streets who always carried a lot of money, and would cash his check.

Half an hour later he stood on a downtown corner, with twelve hundred dollars in his pocket. There was a train to New York at ten thirty; he'd go home and pack his clothes. But Max might be there; that would mean a row. He'd better wire Max from New York to have his clothes packed and sent on to him. . . . But before he went, he ought to say good-by to Fritzi.

She was a nice kid, he mused as he set out toward her house. If she hadn't been his brother's girl, he might have made love to her; he knew that there had been times when, even as his brother's girl, she had wanted him to. Considering that he hadn't kissed a woman since Roselle left him, he was astonished at his own rectitude. But it wouldn't have been decent to do that to old Max. Fritzi was about the only piece of brightness that Max had ever permitted to come his way; she'd liven him up. It wouldn't be much fun for her, poor kid; but after all, she'd be marrying the Hazen-Knit Mills. She might feel an occasional urge for excitement; but as between a black sheep and a solid citizen, she knew which side her bread was buttered on.

SHE sat up in the Gloucester hammock; he felt an electric tension as he sat down beside her.

"Fritzi, I've come to say good-by. I'm taking the ten-thirty train to New York."

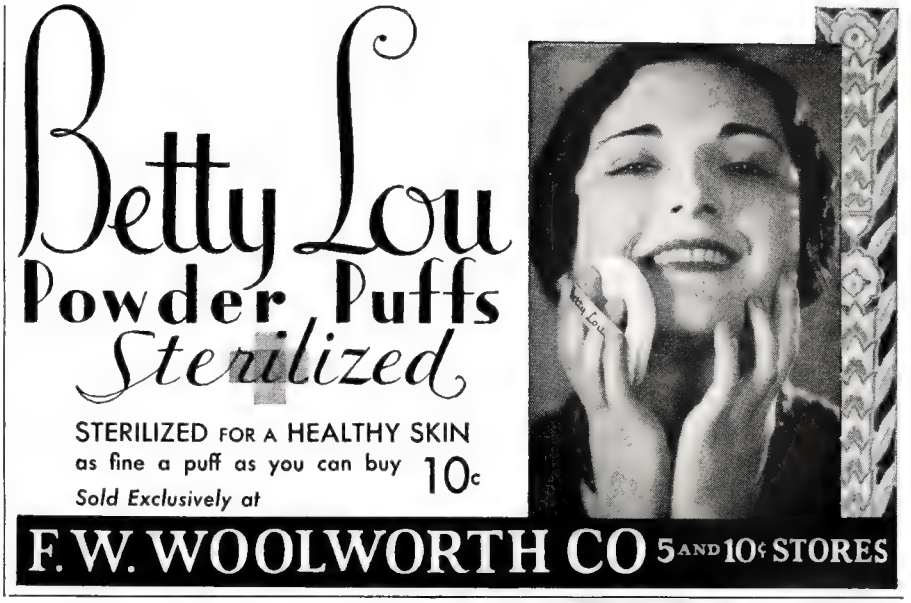
"Why, Phil?" she asked, very quietly.

"Because I can't stand—all this any longer."

"Oh, I knew it! You—you never said anything, but I knew it!" And as he stared at her: "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Well, I've got twelve hundred dollars—"

"That won't last long, in New York."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"I'll make more," he told her, "considering how ridiculously low certain stocks are selling. But I won't spend it till I've got it. This summer I'm going to take a bungalow on Fire Island Beach. You can live for next to nothing out there—nothing to do but swim, and take sun-baths, and then swim some more—"

"It sounds like heaven," she said, "after Marbury."

"Then in the fall," he pursued, "I'll come back to town. And after Christmas I'll go down to Florida and get a bungalow on the Keys—"

"Florida!" Reluctantly, she had remembered; she turned on him, her eyes blazing. "Phil, are you keeping a woman in Miami?" His perplexed amazement was immensely reassuring. "Or—or paying blackmail?" she persisted.

"I certainly am not! Whatever made you think—"

She told him, and he laughed.

"Poor old Max!" he said. "He's got a romantic imagination. This woman was the cashier in a restaurant where I used to take my meals. She knew I came of a rich family, and she lent me money to come home on—which I paid back, out of my first month's salary. That's all."

"Then you weren't—she wasn't—"

"Good Lord, no. Why, she was old enough to be my mother!"

She slumped back against the cushions, crying unashamedly.

"Fritzi, dear! I know I've been a pretty bad egg, in the past. I—I'm not fit to touch your hands," he said, touching her hands. "But ever since I've known you—" He dropped her hands, stood up, shivering with an astonishing onset of desire. "If only I'd met you in time!" he groaned. She reached up a hand to his, drew him down beside her.

"You did!" she said, laughing through her undried tears. "You did—thank God! Because it would have happened just the same, even if I'd been married to Max. . . . Phil, take me with you—on the ten-thirty train."

"My dearest!" His arms went round her. "You know I want you. But to ask a girl like you to marry me, on twelve hundred dollars—"

He didn't want to ask anybody to marry him, on any amount of money; he hated the idea of being tied to one woman. Of course he'd marry Fritzi, if she eloped with him; but perhaps it was just as well—

"But I have forty thousand," she said. "Father and Max want me to keep it in five-per-cent bonds; but it's my own money, to do with as I please. With my capital and your experience, we'd be rich in no time!"

"Fritzi! I—I never knew a woman like you," he stammered.

"That's been your trouble, darling—you've known the wrong kind of women. I'm sorry. . . . But that's all over now."

He kissed her then, long and fervently. Even as his lips clung to hers, he reflected that he shouldn't let her do it; it wouldn't be fair. You never could tell about the stock-market. And it wouldn't be fair to Max. She wasn't a piece of property; her relation to Max had nothing to do with her relation to him; but still, he felt that it wouldn't be fair. Max was a one-woman man. It would be a dirty trick to steal his—another echo from Sunday school—his one ewe lamb.

"Oh, darling!" she gasped. "I want you so much!"

He yielded to the inevitable.

HENRY W. HAZEN came home from New York at three o'clock that afternoon with his new clothes for Max's

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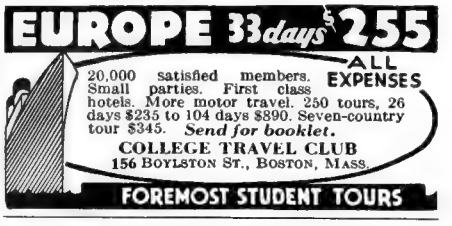
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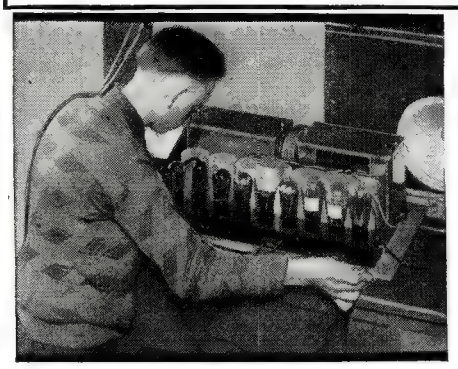

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wedding, and found Max waiting for him at the station.

"Max! What's the matter? Why aren't you at the office?"

Max told him, fighting hard to control himself.

"We got a telegram from New York today," he finished. "They're at the Ritz, for the time being."

"I see," said Henry W. Hazen. "Help me into the car, son. I—I don't feel so very well. The trip must have tired me."

He said no more, and Max said no more, till they had come home. Then Henry W. Hazen read the telegram, read it over again.

"So he's resigned his job," he said. "What are they going to live on?"

Max laughed, disgusted.

"On her money—of course! She telegraphed her father to sell her bonds and send her a certified check, so she could reinvest it."

"I see. . . . Well, son, there's only one thing to do: We'll have to bring them back, give him back his job. He won't have so much temptation to run through her money, if he's getting a good salary."

"He won't earn it! He only makes trouble! Probably he means well," Max conceded. "But he's never got it through his head that a business has to earn a profit before it can do anything else."

"Maybe he'll steady up, now that he's married a nice girl. Anyway, he can't hurt the business so long as you're there to keep things going."

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"So that's my job, is it? To keep things going!"

"I know it's hard, son. But somebody has to keep things going."

"Why must it always be me?" Max demanded. "I've worked hard all my life; I've tried to behave myself and live decently. And what's the use? What do I get out of it?"

"You'll have your reward—in heaven," his father added prudently. But now Max, too, remembered something from Sunday school.

"There is more joy in heaven," he quoted, "over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just persons that need no repentance. . . . For every prodigal son there has to be somebody to keep things going; and the prodigal gets the break, even in heaven! I ask you—is that fair?"

"Jesus never said it was fair," observed Henry W. Hazen. "He said it was the way things happen. He'd seen it happen, I'll bet, in His home town. . . . As for what you get out of it—have you been working for what you get out of it? No. Mostly you work because it's your nature, just as Phil gets drunk and wastes money because it's his nature. You know that poem about the sons of Mary: 'They have laid their burden upon the Lord, and the Lord, He laid it on Martha's sons.'"

"It isn't fair!" Max insisted. "I wonder how things would keep going if we sons of Martha decided to turn over a new leaf."

"You wouldn't," said his father. "You couldn't—any more than Phil. Once in a while it happens; but generally there's nothing on the other side but the same old story."

"Yes," said Max after a pause. "I guess you're right; I might as well be my type. . . . Don't worry, Father; I'll keep things going."

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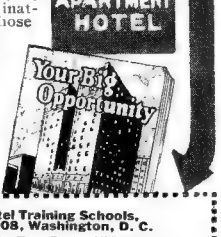

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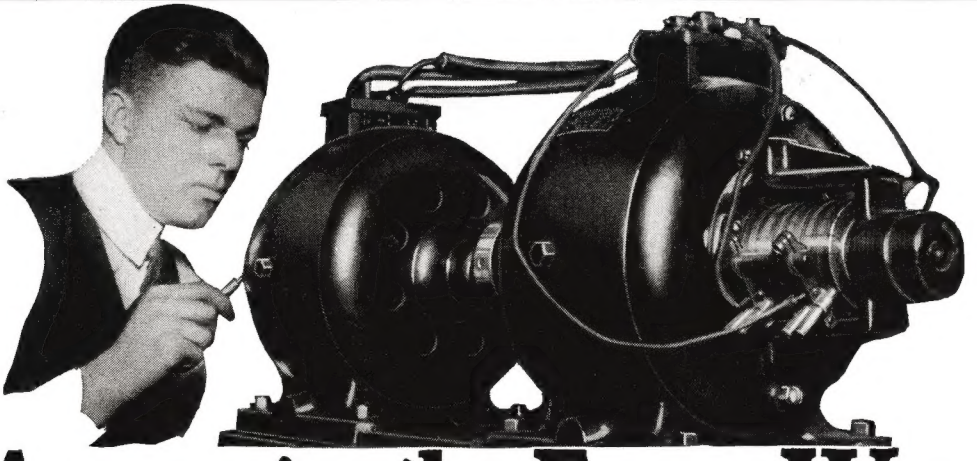

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Here are a few of hundreds of positions open to Coyne-trained men. Our free employment bureau gives you lifetime employment service.

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Dont' worry about a job, Coyne training settles the job question for life. Demand for Coyne men often exceeds the supply. Our employment bureau gives you a lifetime service. Two weeks after graduation, Clyde F. Hart got a position as electrician for the Great Western Railroad at over $100 a week. That's not unusual. We can point to Coyne men making up to $600 a month. $60 a week is only the beginning of your opportunity. You can go into radio, battery, or automotive electrical business for yourself and make up to $15,000 a year.

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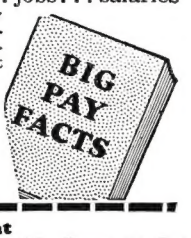

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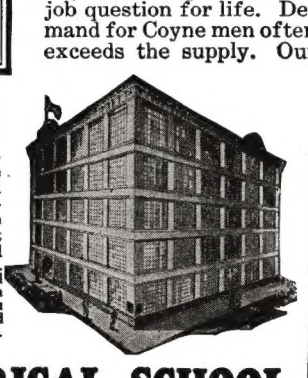

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The "Teen Age"

LOOK at that fine boy of yours, brought safely through childhood ailments. Now, as he enters his "teens", while he is still growing, he must build his health to guard against tuberculosis—a mortal enemy of those in run-down condition.

Adolescence is a critical age in physical development. It is a period of special strain—when growth and change are rapid—and when health and strength must be kept at the highest possible point.

Your boy may be tempted to over-tax his strength and undermine his vitality by striving to compete with older and stronger boys. Or your daughter may risk her health by too much social activity added to her school work, or by dieting in an effort to keep slender in emulation of some screen celebrity. Low vitality and under-nourishment make boys and girls especially susceptible to tuberculosis.

During the early "teens" the development of tuberculosis of the lungs is usually so slight as to cause none of those familiar symptoms of the advanced stages of the disease—loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough. The first symptoms in adolescence may be listlessness, overtiredness, failure to gain weight, night sweats.

But in the late "teens" or early twenties, in event of low vitality, tuberculosis germs—especially in case of re-infection or heavy infection—gain headway. The tuberculosis deathrate reaches its peak among women at about age 22 and among men at about 42. Many of these deaths can be prevented.

Perhaps during no age in life are annual physical check-ups more important and valuable than during adolescence. And should you have any reason to suspect the presence of tuberculosis, consult your doctor as to the advisability of having the tuberculin or x-ray tests to find out whether or not your boy or girl is threatened.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, to anyone who requests it, a copy of its booklet, "The Care and Prevention of Tuberculosis." Ask for Booklet 431-R.

The Metropolitan prints this message to aid in the intensive April campaign of the National, State and local Tuberculosis Organizations to safeguard boys and girls in the "teen age" against tuberculosis.

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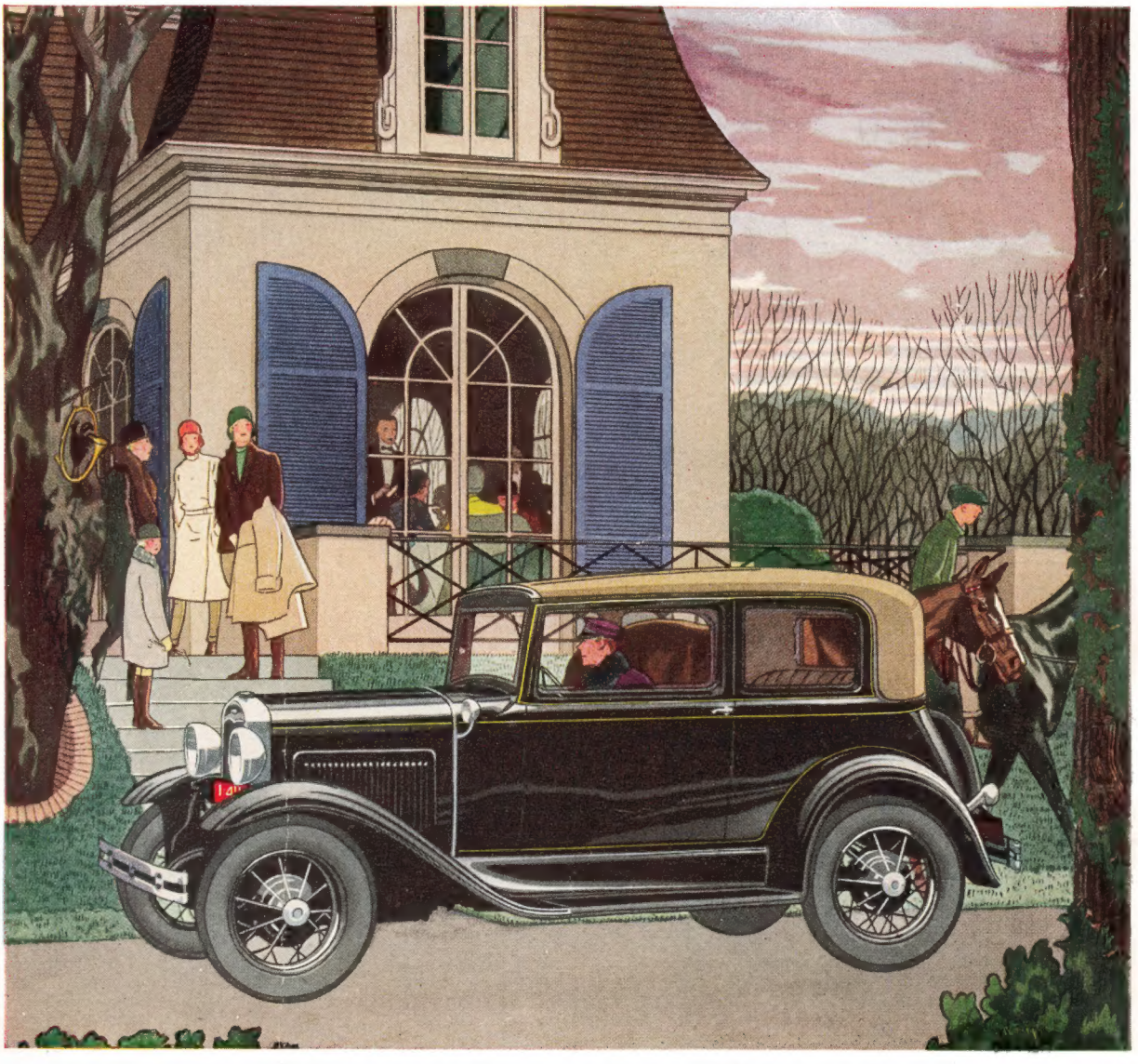
The New Ford Victoria



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The striking lines of the Ford Victoria are especially apparent in the graceful sweep of the straighter, lower top, the slanting windshield and the curving bustle back, with the spare wheel set at a conforming angle. There is a suggestion of continental design also in the shape and size of the side windows and the intimate interior arrangement. The comfortable, deeply cushioned seats are upholstered in luxurious mohair or fashionable Bedford cord, optional with the purchaser. Appointments and hardware reflect the mode and manner of a custom-built automobile.

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The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so "TOASTING"—that extra, secret process—removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

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